

P. o. angl. 156 6

Henry, J.

MY BOOK.

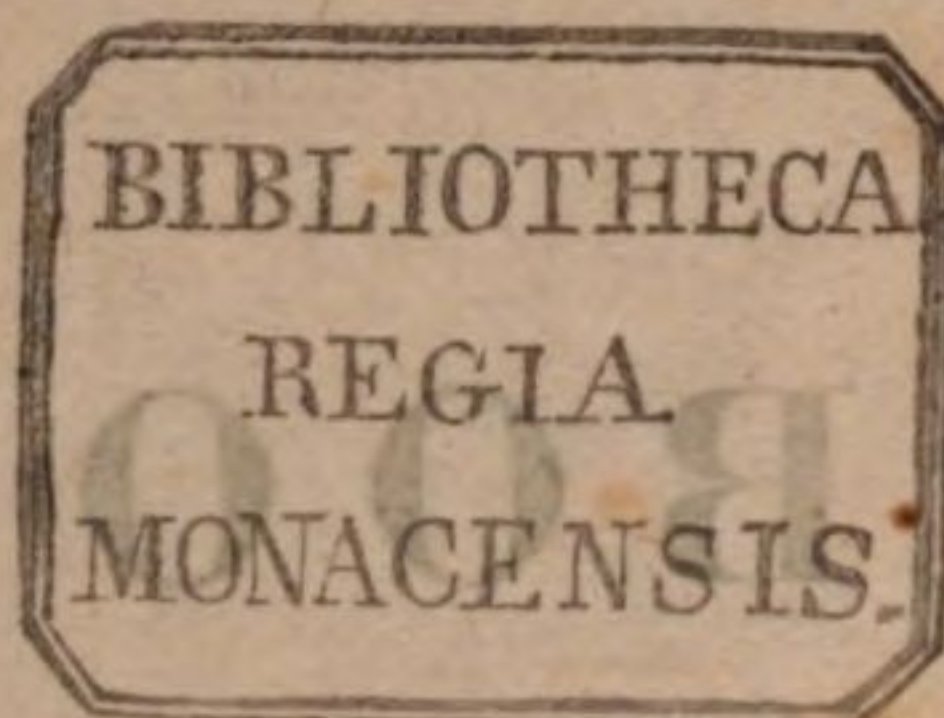
MY BÓOK is tó mysélf so líke,
Ánd there 's so féw mysélf who líke,
I féar there 's féw my Bóok will líke.
Íf I had cáred to páint less líke
Únadmóred Náture, ánd more líke
Dáubings of Bóz, Phiz, ánd such líke
Cáricatúrists, móre wóuld líke
Mé ánd my Bóok, féwer díslíke.

MY BÓOK is a bazáar
In wíhch my poems áre
Each óne a separate shóp;
Íf in thís one you don't fínd
What 's exáctly to your mínd,
Íntó the next one póp.

JAMES HENRY.

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN,

JUNE 2. 1853.



BOOKSELLER.

Búy this bóok, it is a góod one,
Fúll of sénse and wít and léarning.
Thínk of thé poor áuthor píning,
Hálf fed, hálf clad, in a gárret.

Hé has máde me his recéiver,
Fáithfully with him I 'll réckon.
Búy his bóok, it is a chéap one,
Fór three shillings yóu shall háve it.

Thánk you, Sír; of thése three shillings
Thréé pence cléar goes tó the áuthor,
Óut of which he 'll páy the prínter;
Í 've the bálance fór my tróuble.

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 8. 1853.

POET'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The Régistrý preserves the dáte,
Thirtéenth Decémber, Nínety éight,
When first the spindle óf my fáte
Begán to twirl, and át Fiftéen
Of Hóggín ónce, now Cóllege, Gréen,
In the Írish cápital óf our Quéen,
I éntered ón this mórtal státe,
Néarly two thóusand yéars too láte,
A chúbby, hándsome, héalthy bóy,
My fáther's pride, my móther's jóy.
At twó years óld I 'd léarned to wálk
Ánd my half-nátive lánguage tálk;
Fórtý months ólder wént to schóol,
Whére I was fórced to live by rúle,
To spéll, make figures, ánd to hámmér
Hárd at the quirks and quérks of grámmar.
My Máster wás one Jóseph Húttón,
Black brówed, black dréssed, black évery búttón;
Grim, féruled týrant! skilled to rúle
By féar, not lóve, his ill-taught schóol;
Who cóuld of Christian chárity préach,
Yet knéw each schóolboy bý his bréech.
At tén I first begán to dánce;
At twélve I 'd wírtten a románce
Fúll of the Arábian táles and Hómer,

Minérva, Márs, and cáliph Ómar.

At fóurteen, sént to grópe for knówledge

Amóng the mónks of Trínity Cóllege,

I léarned each hád an íncome cléar

Of twice five húndred póunds a yéar;

For which he tóok an óath to préach

Staunch órthodóxy, ánd to téach

Saint Pátrick's rising génerátion

To knów, by cértain cáculátion,

How mány tímes four póps make éight,

And why a cúrved line is not stráight.

Fiftéen and hálf yéars óld, one dáy —

'Twas in this flówery mónth of Máy —

A páir of blúe eyes béamed on me

So sóftly, swéetly, ténderly,

I áll at ónce forgót books, knówledge,

And órthodóxy ánd my cóllege;

All vánished, líke dissólving víews,

Fróm my young bráin, or, if ye chóose,

Fróm my poor héart, and in their pláce

Came áirs angélic, fórms of gráce,

Vísions of cónstancy and trúth,

Dréams of unchánging lóve and yóuth.

I gázed, I wished, I hóped, I síghed;

She smíled, looked sád, and dróoped and díed;

Ánd I had wépt, ere quáite sixtéén,

Upón the chúrchyard híllock gréen,

That ánswered cóldly tó my síghs:—

For éver clósed those bríght, blúe éyes;

Corrúption, clóds and wórms dwell hére;

Awáy, young mán, dry úp that téar.

Ígnorant, árdent, ánd seventéen,

Médecine 's a glórious thíng, I wéen:

How néar a Gód is hé who cán
Assuáge the pángs of bróther mán,
Smóoth the sick píllow, ánd, with bálm
Pótent the thróbbing púlse to cálm,
Wóo to the áching líds coy Sléep,
And plúnge the sénse in Léthe déep. —
Five yéars, long yéars, I visitéd
Éarly and láte the póor man's béd,
Lived midst contágion, fílt and gróans,
Póred over déad men's móuldering bónes,
Or with the anátomiser's knífe
And mícroscope tracked súbtle Lífe
Fróm her outwórks through nérve and véin
Ínto her dónjon ín the bráin,
And thénce to hér outwórks agáin,
Báckwards and fórwards, róund and róund,
O'er ál th' enchánted cástle's gróund —
In váin! in váin! — I béat the áir —
She há's been hére, she há's been thére;
Her fóotprints théy are évery whére;
Bút the fay's sélf — put úp thy knífe —
Thou séek'st thysélf, thysélf art Lífe.

A Dóctor léarnéd at twénty twó,
Gréat is my wónder Í've so féw
Sick cálls; what cán the réason bé
Scarce ónce a mónth drops in a fée?
There 's Dóctor Láncet — cúnníng féllow! —
Pósting bý in his cárriage yéllow;
I dóubt if hé could díagnóse
'Twíxt Scárlatína ánd the Róse,
Yét his door knócker 's ídle néver,
Ánd abóut he 's gálloping éver,
Paying mínute vísts tó the sick,

And writing récipés so quick
His pills and pówders, draughts and dróps,
Jóstle in the chémists' shóps.
I knów five times as mûch as hé,
Yet rárely cómes a cáse to mé;
What is — what cán the réason bé?
I 'll ásk himsélf — who knóws so wél?
Knóws, to be sùre — but will he téll?
I 'll try. Betide the wórst that will,
Small wáy is máde by sitting still.
Knock knóck, knock knóck:— “Doctor at hómé?”
“Yés sir, step ín.” “Doctor, I 'm cóme
To bég you 'll téll me, if you pléase,
How 'tis you gét so mány fées,
So kéepe in ápple-pie condition,
While Í, no léss a góod physícian,
Pérish, almóst, of inanítion.”
The Dóctor smíled, and shóok his héad:—
“I thínk I knów your cáse,” he sáid;
“Yóu study síckness ánd deséase;
Théy have no móney, páy no fées.
Í study mén, and mén to pléase;
Mén have the móney, páy the fées.”
“But if the pátient chánce to díe?”—
“Why, thén *God* killed him, ánd not *Í*;
Déath is *God's* will — must bé endúred —
Áll that recóver *Í* have cúred.”
I bówed and thánked him, ánd saw cléar
Two thóusand stérling póunds a yéar,
Fame, liveries and yéllow cóach,
Ón the left hánd, make théir appróach;
And wéepeing Hónor ón the right
With óutspread wings ready for flíght:—
“Stáy, Honor, stáy, we 'll nótt part só;

Together through the world we 'll gó:
Fold úp thy wings —" and, ás I spóke,
Vánished into thin áir, like smóke,
Coach, liveries, and income cléar
Two thóusand stérling póunds a yéar.

Till twénty éight my déstiný
Képt her best gift in stóre for mé —
A sécond sélf, than sélf more déar —
My páper 's blótted — 'tis a téar:
Four yéars two mónths agó this dáy
In Sóuth Tiról a córpse she láy.
Wreathed róund with líly and with róse
In yónder márble vâse repóse
The rélics óf her fúneral pýre,
The cinders thát survived the fire.
Still twénty yéars the lótt be míne,
Fresh róses róund that úrn to twíne
Ánd on the gárland dróp a téar,
Ás I renéw it yéar by yéar;
Then cóme, my child — my Kátharine, cóme —
That úrn is mý long-chósen hóme;
There láy my cinders, and each yéar
Hónor thy párents with a téar
Ánd a fresh wréath; and, whén at lást
Thou too through life's long déath hast pást,
Rejóin thy párents in their úrn,
And thére with thém to dúst retúrn,
Háppy if sóme kind héart a téar
Dróp on that úrn the fólloving yéar,
Or háng fresh wréath of rósemarý,
And sígh, and sáy:— "I knéw the thrée."

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 5. 1853.

POET AND MUSE.

Now, wáyward Múse,

You 'll nót refúse

To síng a sóng,

A vérse or twó

Of sómething nów,

And nót too lóng.

Síng it yoursélf,

Poétic élf,

It 's yóu 're inspired;

You 've drágged me thróugh

Both óld and nów,

Till Í am tíred.

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 14. 1853.

EDWARD AND ROSALIE.

There 's a knock at the door, there 's a pull at the bell,
There 's a step on the stair, and she knows the step well;
The work drops from her hand, and she bounds cross the floor,
And the same arms enclasp her, that clasped her of yore —
That clasped her at parting, when o'er the wide sea
To the wars Edward went, from his fair Rosalie:—
“Now, Edward, my Edward, thou look'st thin and pale;
What 's befallen thee, my loved one? What can Edward ail?
Hast been sick, or a prisoner? or travelled too far
And too fast home again from the long Turkish war?”
“I have not been prisoner, I have not been sick;
And who to his bride home e'er travelled too quick?
No, Rosalie, Rosalie — But I 'll not speak
The fatal word out — rather let my heart break.”
“Speak it out, renegade — for the Crescent I see
Glittering here on thy breast, where the Cross used to be —
Speak it out, renegade — then for ever farewell —
From this hour I 'm the cloister's — thou hearest the bell.”
“One moment, one moment, my Rosalie, stay —
I 'm no longer poor Edward; I 'm rich Osman Bey;
The steed 's at the door, and not far off the sea
Where the ship rocking lies that shall this night with me
Far away from the Christian's land bear Rosalie.”

"I know thee not, récreant — ah, bláck, dismal dáy! —
 Poor Édward my tróth has, not rích Osman Báy.
 Awáy o'er the wáters withóut Rosalie —
 I gíve thee thy tróth back — awáy — thou art frée."
 He 's gone dówn to the shíp, he 's awáy o'er the séa,
 And the clóister gate 's clósed upon fáir Rosalie;
 True lóver 's for éver from trúe lover párted,
 He in sórrow to live, she to díe broken héarted.

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 29, 1853.

DING DONG.

"Now, Édward, my Ding dóng, Ding dóng, my Ding dóng,
 Pósting alóng
 Through the mórning áir,
 Stop thére, stop thére."
 "What wóuld'st thou sáy?
 Be bríef I práy,
 The mínutes flý,
 Short tíme have Í
 In chát to spénd;
 Make háste, good fríend."
 "Few wórds will dó;
 Just téll me trúe,
 When Í am déad
 And ón my héad
 By séxton's spáde
 The gréensward's láid,
 Under the sháde

Of yón grey bírch
Behind the chúrch,
What wilt thou sáy
Upón that dáy?"
"Ding dóng, Ding dóng,
Dong dítg, Ding dóng."

"One móment móre —
And íf, befóre
The séxton's spáde
The swárd has láid
Upón my héad,
I chánce to wéd,
And léad a bríde
In beáuty's pride
Úp the church áisle,
Méeting the smíle
Of friends, and shówers
Of bright spring flówers,
What wilt thou sáy
Upón that dáy?"
"Ding dóng, Ding dóng,
Dong dítg, Ding dóng."

"And whén my bríde
Lies bý my síde
Únder the swárd
Of thát churchyárd,
And séxton's spáde
Has éven máde
Her sód with míne,
And children twíne
Sweet églantine
And jéssamíne

Round that grey birch
Behind the church,
Or sit and weep
By the new raised heap,
Oft wondering why
Up to the sky
Mother should go
That loved them so —
Upon that day
What wilt thou say?"
"Ding dong, Ding dong,
Dong ding, Ding dong."
"Begone, Ding dong;
Thou 'st staid too long.
Through the morning air
Whitherso'er,
Or quick or slow,
Thou lik'st to go,
Begone, Ding dong,
And sing thy song.
Whether thou guide
To th' altars side
Bridegroom and bride,
Or to the tomb
Bride and bridegroom,
I care not, so
From hence thou go,
Sad voice of woe.

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 14. 1853.

GOOD NIGHT.

Sweet, good night;
Till morning light
In slumber lie,
Then come and stay
By me all day
And I 'll not sigh.

Sweet, good night;
Till morning light
Dream but of me,
Who dream alway
Both night and day
Only of thee.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 13. 1853.

GOOD MORROW.

Good morrow, Sweet;
Pleasant to meet
Thee and the light;
Dark without thee
Were day to me,
Dark as midnight.

Good morrow, Sweet;
Pleasant to meet
Thee and the light;
Stay but with me,
And I 'll not see
Darkness in night.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 14. 1853.

Liebchen, gut' Nacht.

Aus dem Englischen des Dr. J. Henry.

Liebchen, gut' Nacht!
Bis der Morgen lacht
Ruh' in Schlummer gewiegt.
Dann komm, bleib hier
Den Tag bei mir,
So seufz' ich nicht.

Liebchen, gut' Nacht!
Bis der Morgen lacht
Traum' nur von mir,
Der schlafend und wach
Bei Nacht und Tag
Träumt nur von dir.

Dresden, 15. Mai 1853.

M. Lindemann.

“Prétty máid, tell mé the réason
Whý you blúsh when Í come néar you?
Whý you trémble, cást your eýes down,
Ánd so fúmble with your knitting?”

“Ráther téll me, sílly yóung man,
Whý you 're éver hóvering néar me?
Whý I néver cán alóne be,
Súnday, wéekday, mórn or évening?”

“Prétty máid, it is so pléasant
Tó be álwáys lóoking át you;
Í would líke to bé your bróther,
Ór your síster, tó be néar you.”

“Sílly yóung man, Í ’m no pícture
Tó be ídly stáred and gázed at;
Gó, get sómething tó emplóy you;
Húnt or físh — or knít as Í do.”

“Cóme with mé and wé ’ll go húnting,
Ór with mé come tó the ríver,
Ór I ’ll sít down hére beside you,
Ánd assíst you with your knítting.”

“Ídle yóung man, Í ’ll emplóy you.
Hére ’s a létter fór my Trúelove;
Gó and fínd him, gíve it tó him,
Ánd bring báck the ánsWer quíckly.”

“Whére shall Í look fór your Trúelove?
Ín the cíty, ór the cóuntry?
Whát ’s his náme? there ’s nó addréss here,
Nót one wórd of súperscription.”

“Gíve ’t me báck — I ’m só forgétful —
Lét me sée — what is ’t they cáll him? —
Thére — write yóu the súperscription;
Í ’m too búsy with my knítting.”

“Prétty máid, I ’ve fóund your Trúelove;
Ánd he séndS you báck this ánsWer.
Ón your fínger éver wéar it.
Dróp your knítting; cóme with mé, Love.”

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 6. 1853.

POET AND FRIEND.

POET.

Through the wide world go where I will,
Two shadowy forms go with me still:
One tall and handsome, fresh and bright,
And gaily clad, keeps on my right;
To look on him from morn till night,
And night till morn, is my delight.
A stunted dwarf in shabby clothes
The other on my left hand goes,
Odious to look on or be near.
Whó these forms are I 'd like to hear,
Or why with me for ever só
Round and round the world they go.

FRIEND.

Though you 're no Sphinx, no Oedipus I,
To read your riddle I will try.
Those forms are shadows of yourself;
He on the left — that stunted elf —
Your very image, all declare,
Sir poet's likeness to a hair.
The right hand figure, I confess,
Is far less like you, yet, I guess,
Is still your silhouette; painted bright,
As you appear in your own sight.
By two such shapes, one on each side,
Each traveller's accompanied
Along life's road. I'll lay my head
Against a pin, your riddle's read.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 28. 1853.

HUMBUG'S SECRET.

It happened, ór by chance or fáte,
One évening próménáding láte
Upón the máll, Humbúg and Í
Fell into each óther's cómpany:—
“Cóme, knowing Húmbug, téll me why
So mány yéars in váin I trý
Úp in this wórld one stép to rise;
Though ríches, hónors, dígnities
Róund me descénd in héaven-sent shówers,
Gláddening this thírsty éarth of óurs,
They néver on mé their déw let fáll,
I néver come in for a dróp at áll.
There 's nóne can téll so wéll as yóu
If hálf men sáy of yóu be trúe.”
Húmbug looked gráve, and shóok his héad,
And thús in sólemn áccents sáid:—
“There 's sóme good cáuse; let 's féel your skúll:
Here 's Cúnníng smáll, and Hónor fúll —
A fátal cómbinátion thát —
And Wórldly-míndednéss quite flát;
And this bump, líke an órange, hére
Upón your fórehead, hów I féar
It 's Póetry, not Cálculátion;
And thén I fínd no Ádulátion,
And nót a gráin of Vénerátion,
But húge Philósophý instéad —
I néver félt a wórse shaped héad.”

I dréw a déep and héartfelt sigh:—
“Shów me but hów, I ’ll gládly trý
To exchánge my héad, Humbúg,” said Í,
“For óne of á more módern cút —”
“You táke me quíte too sérious; tút!
I was ónly jóking, héads are bút
Of sécondáry cónsequénce,
Unléss they ’re quíte weighed dówn with sénse.”
“Then whát ’s the máin throw, Húmbug, práy?
The chieéf point óf impórtance, sáy?
The fírst great thíng whích Í must dó
To gét on in the wórld like yóu?”
“Accórding tó their várioús views,
Sóme men the hát praise, sóme the shóes,
Sóme say kidglóves are thé main thíng,
Óthers that yóu must léarn to síng
Not fírst, but sécond; sóme insist,
A mítre hás been gót by whíst:
You múst believe in héaven and héll
So lóng as yóu in Éngland dwéll;
But, gó to Gérmaný, they ’ll stáre
And flý perháps into your háir,
If you but hínt it póssible
A góod God éver máde a héll —”
“Stop thére,” I ánswered shórt and grúff;
“Your rígmárole is lóng enóugh;
I ásked you hów best tó succéed
In éarthly thíngs, not fór a créed.”
“And só, young mán, you thínk you ’re wiser
Than hé you ’ve chósen for yóur advíser?
Gó, rise to hónors and dígníties
Whatéver shórtér wáy you pléase;
I ’ve dóne with yóu.” “Stay, Húmbug, stáy —
Forgíve me — léave me nótt this wáy;

Command me, bid me, Í obéy."
 "I 'll táke your wórd," Humbúg replied,
 And cáme up kindly bý my side,
 And tóok my árm, and in my éar
 Close whíspered, thát none élse might héar:—
 "The sécret lies neithér in hát,
 Créed, nor kidglóves, but in a cát."
 "A cát?" said Í, cockíng my éar;
 "A cát? or did I rightly héar?"
 "A cát," said hé, close whíspering báck,
 "Whéther gray, tórtoiseshéll, or bláck,
 Or white, you 've ónly tó take cáre
 To stróke her cánný with the háir:
 She 'll rúb hersélf agáinst your cháir,
 And fóllow you úp and dówn the stáir,
 Púrring her féline grátitúde;
 But shóuld you chánce with áction rúde
 To rúb her ónce agáinst the háir,
 Bewáre her fángs. The wórl'd 's a cát —"
 "Enóugh!" said Í, and thrice my hát
 Pitched into the áir, "I háve it pát:
 Stróke with the háir the húman cát,
 Íf you 'd not fáre worse thán a rát.
 The húman cát stroke with the háir,
 She 'll rúb hersélf agáinst your cháir,
 And fóllow you úp and dówn the stáir.
 Ah, Húmbug, búť true wísdom 's ráre!
 And nów, you rógue, I 've stróked you right,
 And gót your sécret — só, good níght."

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 18. 1853.

EDWARD AND MARY.

EDWARD.

Máry, I swéar —

By this light and áir —

By héaven abóve —

Thou árt my Lóve —

For thée I sigh —

For thée I die —

Stáy, Mary, stáy —

Ah, dísmal dáy!

And cánst thou gó?

And léave me só?

Then fáre thee wéll!

How hándsome 's Néll!

Her eýes how bríght!

Her skín how whíte!

What rúby líps!

How líght she tríps —

MARY.

I dón't believe.

You bút decéive.

It is not trúe.

I lóve not yóu.

In váin, in váin.

'Twill cúre your páin.

Good býe, good býe.

How háppy í!

Gone, góne for éver.

To cóme back néver.

What díd you sáy?

Who 's Néll, I práy?

You dó but jést.

You plágue, you pést!

Édward, I sáy —

I 'll stáy, I 'll stáy.

How like a fáwn —

Acróss the láwn!

When Néll is nigh —

I néver sígh.

Her silver vóice —

Makes my héart rejóice.

And thén her mínd —

As sóft as kínd!

There líves but óne —

One, ónly óne —

Whom Í prefér —

To Néll prefér —

And thóu art shé —

Máry, thou 'rt shé —

Máry, thou 'rt míne —

And Í am thine —

Then góod bye, Néll —

Máry and Í —

I 'm yóurs alóne.

I 'm Édward's ówn.

I 'm in despáir.

I 'll téar her háir.

Discórdant screám!

Do I wáke or dréam?

I 'll frét her yét.

The pért Grisétte!

How rásh was Í!

I díe, I díe.

Stay, lét me héar —

I féar, I féar —

What díd you sáy?

Blest dáy, blest dáy!

Yes, Édward, yés.

O háppínéss!

And góod bye, sórrow —

Are óne tomórrow.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 20. 1853.

TODAY AND TOMORROW.

Promenáding as usual along the same street
Today and Tomorrow once happened to meet:—
“Now, good cousin Tomorrow,” thus said sad Today,
“How comes it you ’re always so merry and gay?
Not a cloud shades your brow, not a tear dims your eye,
All sunshine and roses and bright, sapphire sky.”
“Don’t mock me, dear Yesterday,” answered Tomorrow;
“I am heavy and sad, my heart breaking with sorrow.
It ’s *you* have the sunshine and bright, sapphire sky,
A brow ever cloudless, a tear undimmed eye.
From morning till night *I* do nothing but sigh —
Sigh for Yesterday’s happiness, Yesterday’s joys;
It ’s Yesterday only no trouble annoys.”
“Alás! dear Tomorrow, and do you say so?
And that smile on your face only hides your heart’s woe?
I could never have thought you wore such a false show.”
“Your unfortunate cousin you ’d not so upbraid,
If you knew with what griefs to the ground he is weighed.”
“Forgive me, dear Cóz; from the depth of my heart
I pity your case. Could I comfort impart —”
“Nay, nay, that ’s impossible — Cousin, good bye;
Enjoy your good fortune, and leave me to sigh.”
So said, he went on, and no word added more,
And Today slowly followed, more sad than before.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 13. 1853.

RECOVERY.

Hush, ye rude ones, stir not, breathe not —
Slumber 's falling on his eyelids;
From the fever's heat and tossing
The tired frame at last is resting.

Softly draw the window curtains —
Shut out the intrusive daylight —
Stay; stay: let one little ray in,
Just to show how calm he 's sleeping.

Pale and sunk although his cheek is,
Yet it 's soft, and cool, and placid;
And he draws his breathing even;
And there 's dew upon his forehead.

Richly now how ye 're rewarded,
All my nights and days of watching!
More than payment this one moment
For a hundred years of sorrow.

Down my cheeks the tears are stealing,
On his blanched hand noiseless dropping;
Blessed, blessed Sleep, I thank thee —
They 're a wife's tears, not a widow's.

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 7. 1853.

M A R Y.

Máry, plúck me yónder rósebud;
Fróm thine hánd I 'm fáin to háve it.
Íf thou wílt not, lét it háng there —
Whát care Í abóut the rósebud?

Máry, síng me thé new bállad;
Fróm thy líps I lóng to héar it.
Íf thou wílt not, líttle cáre I
Íf I néver héar the bállad.

Máry, cóme, and lét us sáunter
Hálf an hóur abóut the méadow.
Íf thou wílt not, Í will stáy here —
Lét who wíll, stroll ín the méadow.

Máry, sít down hére beside me,
Till we chát a while togéther.
Íf thou wílt not, Í 'll be silent —
Í care bút to chát with Máry.

Máry, cánst thou gó and léave me
Hére alóne to píne in sórrow? —
Áh, she 's góne! and líttle cáre I
Íf I néver sée tomórrów.

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 3. 1853.

BESSIE, 'TIS A SUNNY MORNING.

Béssie, 'tís a súnny mórning,
Ánd the lárks are sínging gáily;
Gét your bónnet, láy your bóok down —
Théy are át the háy alréady.

Táke your fórk, toss óut the láp-cocks —
With the déw they 're wét and héavy —
Spréad them tó the sún and áir well,
Thére 's a mórning sóon will drý them.

Sháke them, tóss them, túrn them óver,
Lét no twó stalks líe togéther,
Tíll the whóle field wé have cóvered
With a líght, soft, springy cárpet.

Whát a pléasure tó be wórking —
Máking fód for hónest Píeball —
Ín the bríght, sunshíny mórning,
With the lárks abóut us sínging!

Bút it 's néither hónest Píeball,
Nór the lárks abóut me sínging,
Nór the frésh, sunshíny mórning
Thát makes mé work with such pléasure;

Fór were yóu not with me, B é s s i e,
H é l p i n g m é t o t ó s s t h e h á y o u t,
Í 'd s c a r c e k n ó w t h e l á r k s w e r e s i n g i n g,
Ó r s u n s h i n i n g ó n t h e h á y f i e l d.

T ó s s i t, t ú r n i t, s p r é a d i t w é l l o u t
T ó t h e h ó t s u n á n d t h e d r y a i r;
Í n t h e é v e n i n g w é w i l l c ó c k i t:
Y ó u 'r e a b r á v e h a y m á k e r, B é s s i e.

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 11. 1853.

Ó n c e i t h á p p e n e d ó n a F r i d a y —
F r i d a y s á l w a y s w é r e u n l ú c k y —
Í n t h e d ó u b t f u l m ó n t h o f Á p r i l,
Í w a l k e d ó u t w i t h ó u t u m b r é l l a.

Í h a d ó n t h i n s h ó e s a n d s t ó c k i n g s,
Á n d a c ó a t m o r e f i t f o r J ú l y
T h á n t h e t r é a c h e r o u s m ó n t h o f Á p r i l,
Á n d m y t r ó w s e r s w é r e o f n á n k e e n.

Í w a s t h i n k i n g ó f m y T r u e l o v e,
Á n d m y w á y l a y t ó w a r d h e r d w é l l i n g
T w ó m i l e s d i s t a n t á s t h e b i r d f l i e s —
S h é e x p é c t e d m é t h a t é v e n i n g.

Ó f t h e w á y I 'd m á d e a q u á r t e r,
É v e r t h i n k i n g ó f m y T r u e l o v e,
W h é n t h e r á i n b e g á n t o p á t t e r,
Á n d t o s p ó t m y n á n k e e n t r ó w s e r s.

Túsh! said Í, it is no mátter —
Ápril shówers were néver lásting,
Nánkeens wón't be lóng a-dryíng —
Í 'll not díssappóint my Trúelove.

Pátter, pátter, stíll the ráin went,
Ánd the dróps grew éver lárger,
Ánd befóre long mý nankéens stuck
Tó my skín like wét brown páper.

Pátter, pátter, stíll the ráin went,
Ánd the dróps fell thíck and thícker,
Ánd the róad grew déep and spláshy,
Ánd my shóes let ín the wáter;

Ánd the stréam that fróm my hát ran
Dówn behínd upón my shóuldérs,
Wóuld have túrned a líttle míll-wheel
Hád there béen one át my cóat tail.

Néver wétter wás Leándér
Tó his Héro níghtly swímmíng,
Néver wétter wás a drówned rat,
Nóah's árk was néver wétter.

Súre I ám, she 's thínkíng óf me,
Lóokíng óut upón the wéather;
Wéll she knóws the ráin wón't stóp me,
Wéll she knóws there ís no shéltér.

Pátter, pátter, stíll the ráin went,
Ánd the róad grew éver déeper;
Wéll! said Í, it ís smáll mátter —
Cóme what wíll, Í 'll tó my Trúelove.

Ás I spóke, a súdden gúst came;
Ín a twinkling óff my hát flew;
Pútting úp my hánd to sáve it,
Dówn intó the ditch my fóot slipped.

Ín the strúggle Í fell óver;
'Twás the friendly brámbles sáved me,
Élse I 'd spráined my wrist or áncle,
Ór perháps put óut my shóulder.

'Twás the friendly brámbles sáved me —
Cáught me bý the nánkeen trówsers —
Bróke my fáll — but áh! my nánkeens —
Whát a rént! — What sháll I nów do?

Récreant, cánst thou túrn and léave her
Wáiting, wáatching át the window?
“Whát is 't kéeps my Lóve from cóming?
Trúelove néver minded wéather.”

Thére 's the hóuse in view alréady;
Ánd the hóur, I héar it chíming —
Spíte of trówsers, spíte of wétting,
Í 'll be with thee, Lóve, this évening.

Fórtune éver smíles on cóurage:
Ín my sléeve behóld a stróng pin —
Táilored in a tríce my trówsers,
Júst enóugh to kéep my shirt in.

Pócket hándkerchief, tied néatly
Twíce round héad and éars and témples,
With extémporáneos túrban
Lóss of béaver hát repláces.

Brávo! Brávo! Í have cónquered;
Hére 's th' appróach up tó the hóuse leads;
Ráin, wind, fáll, lost hát, torn trówsers,
Í despíse you — thére 's my Trúelove.

Thére she 's át the wíndow stánding;
Tó the dóor she flíes to méet me —
Néver in sunshíny wéather
Hád we hálf so pléasant méeting.

Fírst she láughed, and thén she máde me
Tén times óver téll my stóry,
Ás she héaped the fíre with bíllets,
Ánd set dówn tea, wíne, and swéetmeats.

Ánd she lóoked so kíndly ón me,
Ánd so cálléd me hér Leánder,
Ás she chíd me fór persísting
Tó come ón despíte the wéather,

Thát as Í sat thére beside her,
Drýing mý wet clóthes, and sípping
Thé hot téa that hér own déar self
Máde, poured óut, and hánded tó me,

Í could nót but práy in sécret
Í might álways gét a drénching,
Lóse my hát, and téar my trówsers,
Ón my wáy to sée my Trúelove.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 9. 1853.

WILLIAM AND LUCY.

WILLIAM.

Like a sùmmèr mórning éarly
Frésh, and swéet, and mild is Lúcy.

LUCY.

Like a sùmmèr nóonday 's William,
Rádiant, bright, and stróng, and hándsome.

WILLIAM.

Ténder, pénsive, mélanchóly
Lúcy 's like a sùmmèr évening.

LUCY.

William, whén he 's sád, is líke a
Sùmmèr's níght when stárs are twinkling.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like a gólden willow
Bénding ó'er a gárden fóuntain.

LUCY.

William 's like a státely cédar
Whén it 's in full léaf in Júly.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like the áutumn móonlight
Ón the yéllow córnshéaves sléeping.

LUCY.

William 's like the críimson súnbeams
Ón the néw-ploughed úpland fállow.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like the glássy, cléar lake
Whén no bréath its bósom wrinkles.

LUCY.

William 's like the déep, full ríver
Ónward rólling tóward the ócean.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like Acánthus vólute
Bý the hánd of Phídias chiseled.

LUCY.

William 's like the pórfyry píllar
Thé entáblatúre sustáining.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like the núns' chant stéaling
Thróugh the clóister bárs at véspers.

LUCY.

William 's like the ánthem péaling
Thróugh the áisles of thé cathédral.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like the tímíd ringdove
Cóoing in the fórest's cóvert.

LUCY.

William 's like the gállant góshawk
Sóaring thróugh the ský at mídday.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like the máid I dréamt once
Stóod beside me át the áltar.

LUCY.

William 's like the yóuth I twice dreamt
Pút the ríng upón my fínger.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like — aye, bý this ríng, Love —
Lúcy 's like the bríde of William.

LUCY.

William 's like — by this same ríng and
Héaven I swéar it — Lúcy's brídegroom.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 12. 1853.

Ín the fields or ón the róadsíde
Néar a líttle cóuntry víllage,
Múttéríng tó hímsélf and líltíng,
Áll day lóng a yóúng man sáunters.

Múttéríng, líltíng, ás he sáunters,
Chíldrén póínt the fínger át híim,
Ánd wíse párents cáll híim ídle,
Crázy, góod for nóthing póet.

Thát yóúng mán sees nótt the víllage;
Gréat thóughts ín híis sóul are bármíng —
Héroes, Césars, fáme ímmórtal —
Thát yóúng mán ís Públius Máro.

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 10. 1853.

Where wás I ére there wás ány Whére?
Ére there wás ány Whát, what wás I?
When wás I ére there wás ány Whén?
And hów or why made Í mysélf
Ére there wás ány Í or Hów,
Or ány Whén, Where, Whát or Why?

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 12. 1853.



S U P R E M E L Y B L E S T.

“Six little góslings in one nést,
Áll in yéllow vélvet dréssed,
Áll benéath one sóft warm bréast,
Áll by óne kind bíll caréssed,
Áre ye nó supré mely blést?”

“Six little góslings in one nést,
Áll in yéllow vélvet dréssed,
Wé are nó supré mely bléssed.
Wé will léave the sóft warm bréast,
Wé will léave the párent nést,
And gó of nóvelty in quést,
And thén we'll bé supré mely blést.”

Written while travelling from SLIGO to DROMORE WEST. CO. SLIGO
May 10. 1852.

L I T T L E F L Y.

Síp on fréely, líttle fly;
Í'll not hárm thee; nó, not í.
Sóme are gréat and sóme are smáll,
But Gód is fáther óf us áll;
And in the párent's équal eýe,
Mán 's the bróther óf the fly.

Síp on fréely, líttle flý;
 Í'll not hárm thee; nó, not Í.
 Fórméd like mé for jóy and páin,
 Wárméd by súnshine, wét by ráin,
 Bórn like mé, like mé to díe,
 Thóu art déar to Gód as Í;
 Síp on fréely, líttle flý,
 Í'll not hárm thee; nó, not Í.

Written while travelling from DROMORE-WEST to WESTPORT.
 May. 11. 1852.

CHATTERING MEG.

Bláck and whíte
 Páinted bright,
 Stóut of límb,
 Of bódy líght,
 Fierce in báttle,
 Swíft in flíght,
 Cálled by bírds
 The róbber kníght.

Kéen of síght,
 It 's mý dílight
 From the áiry héíght
 Of áspen bóugh,
 Or rócky brów,
 To spý aróund
 Where ón the gróund
 For cháttéríng pýe
 Fít próg may líe
 Of crúst or bóne,

There cáreless thrówn
By fárm-yard Jóan;
Or jóyful márk
Where éggs of lárk
In méadow gréen,
Half híd, half séen,
Or cállow thrúsh
In háwthorn búsh,
Meg's áppetite
Daintý invite.
But Még, not rásh
To máke a dásh
Like háwk or kíte,
Stays áppetite,
And hóps abóut,
And mákes no róut;
And wáatching slý
With pérking eýe,
Steals tó the búsh
And dines on thrúsh;
Then súcks lark's égg,
Hardhéarted Még!
And óff to nést
Flies with the bést
Old crúst or bóne
Of thrífless Jóan.

Such life lead Í,
Blithe cháttering pye,
Oft wóndering why
Man só should sigh,
And kEEP such cóil,
And cárk and móil
Till swéat, and tóil,

And cáre tó sáve
Dig déep his gráve.

I énvý nót
Pálace or cót;
The lífe I léad
On híll and méad
Is lífe indéed;
Ánd, while I ränge
Round fíeld and gránge,
I wóuld not chángé
For mán's high státe
Meg's háppier fáte.

Written while travelling from WESTPORT to CLIFDEN. May 12. 1852.

FALSEHEARTED JOAN.

In móuntain déll,
Beside a wéll
And móssy stóne,
Únder a thórn
I sát forlórn,
And máde my móan: —
“This wórld and Í
Cannót agrée,
No chárm hath nów
This wórld for mé.
She has bróke her tróth,
Falsehéarted Jóan,
And léft me hére
To díe alóne.

Hére in this wild,
Untródden déll,
Únder this thórn,
Beside this wéll,
I'll strétch me ón
This móss-grown stóne,
And wéep, and crý: —
'Falsehéarted Jóan.'

'Falsehéarted Jóan',
I'll wéep and crý
'I lived for thée,
For thée I'll díe';
Write on my tómb: —
'He díed alóne,
Forsáken bý
Falsehéarted Jóan.

Ye fáithful swáins,
His déath deplóre,
And néver trúst
To wóman móre'.

As thús I láy,
And máde my móan,
Strétched on that gréy
And móss-grown stóne,
I héard a light,
Small fóotstep néar;
A kindly vóice
Fell ón my éar,
That swéetly saíd: —
"Why dóst thou móan,
And whó is this
Falsehéarted Jóan?"

'Twas Jóan herself —
 My téars were stáyed;
 I thréw my árms
 Abóut the máid:
 I cánot téll
 What wórds we sáid;
 — But thére in thát
 Untródden déll,
 Únder that thórn,
 Beside that wéll,
 As Í wept ón
 That móss-grown stóne,
 I fóund my ówn
 — Truehéarted Jóan.

Written while travelling on Bianconi's car from CLIFDEN to GAL-
 WAY. May 13. 1852.

B E T H A N K F U L.

“Be thánkful”; — tó a sílly lámb
 I ónce heard sáy its bléating dám —
 “Be thánkful thou art clád so wárm,
 And in this párk kept sáfe from hárm,
 And évery dáy supplied with fód
 So swéet, and pléntiful, and gód.”
 “Sáfe in this párk” — thus tó its dám
 I héard reply that sílly lámb —
 “Sáfe in this párk I'm képt from hárm;
 To yíeld man fód, and máke him wárm.
 Todáy I léad an éasy life,
 Tomórrow cóme the shéars and knífe.”

Written in Railway Carriage while travelling from GALWAY to
 DUBLIN — May 14. 1852.

TRUE LOVE.

As árm in árm upón the shóre

We listened tó the bréakers' róar,

She pícked and pút intó my hánd

The fáirest pébbles from the stránd.

As thróugh the méadow gréen we wálked,

Ánd of our háppy fúture tálked,

She cúlled the flówers I lóved the bést,

And pláced the nósegay in my bréast.

A lóck she gáve me of her háir,

Set róund with péarl and rúby rare,

Ánd a cornélian signet stóne,

Engráved with hér name ánd my ówn.

For mé she léft fathér and móther,

For mé she léft sistér and bróther,

Hóuse, home, and friends she léft for mé,

With mé to líve and míne to bé:

She léft them áll to bé mine ówn,

And éver líve with mé alóne.

She hád no jóy when Í was sád,

No gríef had shé when Í was glád;

To máke me glád was hér delight,

Her thought by dáy, her dréam by níght;

When Í was glád her eýe grew bríght.

To chárm my spírit's glóom awáy,

She 'd síng me sóng or róundeláy,

As strétched on thé greenswárd I láy,

Or téll me táles the lívelong dáy.

She 'd téll me of the róbber-chief,
Ánd of the téarless máiden's grief,
Ánd of the ópal-háfted knife
With which she tóok the róbber's life.

She 'd téll me óf the díamond tówer,
Ánd of the wóndrous wórd of pówer
To ópen wide its gáte of bráss,
And lét the white-robed figure páss.

Stóries she 'd téll me óf the Éast,
Of vízier, pácha, dérvish, priest,
Of mósque, kíosk, and músselman,
Of Ál-Raschíd and Kúblí Khán;
But stíll her lást and swéetest tále
Wás of the róse and níghtingále.

Ánd when she sáw me pleásed and gáy
She 'd dáce as ón her brídál dáy,
Or wréathe her fingers in my háir,
And lít to hér guitár this áir: —

“Let míser in their hóards take pleásure,
Séek not thóu the yéllow tréasure,
Gréed of góld is bút a mádness,
Néver énding cáre and sádness:
Ín true lóve 's the ónly gládness.”

She sáng, she síckened, and she díed;
Ánd with her lást farewéll she cried: —
“Write on my tómb no wórd of sádness,
Ín true lóve 's the ónly gládness.”

LOWER CLAPTON. LONDON. May 29. 1852.

T O M S H O E B L A C K .

Your shóes, good Sír; your shóes to cléan;
Such dirty shóes were néver séen.
With dirty shóes upón his féet
What géntlemán would wálk the stréet,
Whén he might háve them bríght and cléan
For júst two hálf-pence óf the Quéen?

A pénny, Sír, you'll nót refúse;
One pénny, Sír, for cléan bríght shóes.

Here, Sír; sit dówn: I prómise yóu,
You sóon shall háve a cléan bríght shóe;
The ríght foot fírst; yes, thát will dó;
A lóvely thíng 's a cléan bríght shóe,
As smóoth as gláss, as bláck as jét:
Stay, Sír; this fóot 's not hálf done yét;
A cléan bríght shoe 's a lóvely thíng;
A cléan bríght shóe sets óff a kíng.

There, Sír, it 's dóne; this shóe is cléan:
A bríghter shóe was néver séen,
Glóssy and smóoth as ráven's wíng;
A wéll-blacked shóe 's a lóvely thíng;
A wéll-blacked shóe sets óff a kíng.

The léft foot, Sír; fie, whát a shóe!
One scárce can sée the léather thróugh
This míry, slímy, múddy glúe.
Now dó your wórk, my brístles trúé,
And lét us háve a shíning shóe;
A shíning shóe 's a lóvely thíng;
A shíning shóe sets óff a kíng.

These bristles, Sir — a better set
Never in one black-box met —
Are neither quite worn-out, nor new;
And every hair's a bristle true;
You soon shall have a shining shoe;
See there 's the polish coming through.
A shining shoe's a lovely thing;
A shining shoe sets off a king.

My "Dáy and Mártin" 's frésh and néw,
As bláck as ínk, as bríght as déw,
Fit pólish fór a gémman's shóe.

Rúb rub-a-rúb, my bristles trúe,
And lét us háve a shíning shóe;
A shíning shóe's a lóvely thíng;
A shíning shóe sets óff a kíng.

Rúb rub-a-rúb, my wórk is dóne:
My pénny fée is fáirly wón:
No bríghter shóe the sún shínes ón.

Let wíser fólk say wát they wíll,
I'm of the óne opínion stíll,
Bárefoot or shód, a mán 's a mán,
But blácking mákes the géntlemán.
I méan no slúr to smárt cravat,
Or jémmy wíte, or glóssy hát,
Or smáll-clothes smóoth; but áll won't dó,
Unléss you háve a wéll-blacked shóe.

A wéll-blacked shóe 's a lóvely thíng;
A wéll-blacked shóe sets óff a kíng.

And nów I 've képt my prómise trúe,
Each fóot has gót its cléan bríght shóe,
And póor Tom Shóeblack bíds adieú:

Adieu, kind Sir, and don't compláin,
If dirty fóotways, dúst, and ráin
Soon bring you tó poor Tóin agáin:
Ít 's an ill wind blows nó one góod,
And dúst and ráin are póor Tom's fód.

EPPING FOREST; near LONDON. May 30. 1852.

THE CRYSA LIS.

In lóng loose dráwers, and stóckings without féet,
Wide flannel vést, grey shirt, and nightcap néat,
Wéaried mine éyes of sights, of sóunds mine éars,
Mine ánxious flútering héart of hópes and féars,
The light put óut, and lócked my chámber dóor,
I láid me dówn upon my béd once móre,
To rést, to sléep, to dréam, perháps to snóre;
My léft cheek héavy on the píllow préssed,
My ríght arm cróssed obliquely on my bréast,
Blánket and cóunterpáne tucked tightly in
Róund by the shóulder quite to the éar and chin.
Íf you had séen me in the párk that dáy
Or at the lévee or subscription pláy,
All bright with diamonds, áll alért and gáy,
And thén been shówn that shápeless héap of clóthes
With scárce an áir hole léft for móuth and nóse,
And tóld it was esséntially the sáme,
The sáme in spírit, súbstance, éven in náme,
Hów you 'd have stáred, and rúbbed your éyes, and vówed
That fréakish náture had at lást allówed
To mán the privilege of the bútterflý,
To cást his figure óff, and yet not díe,
To flaúnt a gáudy insect áll the dáy,

And dróne, a sénseless grúb, the níght awáy!
Whére, even in wóndrous Óvid, is there chángé
One hálf so trúe, miráculóus and stránge?

Written in bed. ANTWERP. June 9. 1852.

MODEL PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

Dear lóvely Dóris, Í admire thee móre
Than éver mán admired a máid befóre;
Thy smíles, thy dímples, and thy vírtues ráre,
Thy chárms, thy gráces, and thine áuburn háir,
Each párt, no léss than thé harmónious whóle,
Has máde a prisoner óf thine Édward's sóul.
In cháins and sórrow Í conféss, thou árt
Gréater than Wéllington or Buónapárt;
Théy conquered bódies ónly, thóu the héart.
Dear lóvely Dóris, hów can wórd's expréss
One hálf the amóunt of Édward's ténderness!
Hów from the shádes of éven till dáwning light
He dréams of thee alóne the lívelong níght!
Hów the whole dáy of thee alóne he thínks,
Whéther he stánds, or wálks, or éats, or drínks!
Hów he cries stíll! — "Ah! wére but Dóris míne
In whát true cómfort Í might súp or díne;
Nót as I nów do, in the dísmal glóom
Of cíty cóffee-house or díning-róom,
Midst stífling smélls and déafening Lóndon cries,
Bút in the álcove of some páradíse!"
Hów from the dáwn of líght till shádes of éven
Thou ónly árt his thóught, his hópe, his héaven!
Dear lóvely Dóris, héar thine Édward's crý,
One kíndly lóok, or sée thine Édward díe,

Die of the misery of this bachelor's life,
 More slów, but quíte as sùre as córd or knífe.
 Dear lóvely Dóris, míne 's no ídle móan;
 Nó sentimentál sórrow makes mé gróan;
 Réal and substántial are the wóes Í féel
 At hóme, abróad, at mórn or évening méal.
 At hóme, I sít in dúsky, dínky róom,
 Where néver wóman's smíle dispéls the glóom,
 And wáitch the children pláying in the láne,
 Or cóunt the flies, that créep along the páne;
 Or cróuch beside the fíre and pénsive eýe
 The cúrling wréaths that úp the chímney flý;
 Or páce impátient úp and dówn the flóor,
 Betwéen the window and the clóset dóor,
 Oft stópping, to inscribe my Dóris' náme
 On cúpboard-dóor, or wáll, or window-fráme,
 Ór in the thick dust of the táble tráce
 With fínger-énd the óutline of her fáce;
 Ór to turn óver a book's léaves begín;
 Ór from the flóor pick úp a héadless pín;
 Ánd in the sófa-cóver prick all shápes
 Of dógs, trees, stéeples, windmills, cócks and ápes;
 Ór, pleased with nóthing, ríng and ásk Janétté,
 Whát is 't o'clóck, and if the téa be wét;
 For mílk give hér one hálfpenny, twó for bréad —
 Ah Dóris! Dóris! bétter fár be déad,
 And déep in the churchyárd, than líve to sée
 One lónely cup and sáucer láid for téa.
 Dear lóvely Dóris, túrn not thús awáy;
 Góds themselves lísten whén poor mórtals práy;
 Píty 's a gráce divíne, even héathens sáy.
 Let óthers with the póet's wóndrous árt
 Dréss up a tále, to tóuch the féeling héart;
 Mý story néeds no glóss; see, Dóris, whére

My new shirt-ruffle 's gót this ugly téar,
 And unmatched stóckings wédde^d folk invite
 To táunt with mány a jóke the unmárried wíght.
 Last évening, ón the Máll, an úrchin cried: —
 "He wálks a sólo!" bú^t the úrchin líed;
 That móment, lóst in thóught, I wálked with thee
 Fár from the Máll, upon the móon-lit léa,
 And préssed thy hánd, as with a róguish smíle
 Thou sáid'st: — "Dear Sír, pray hélp me ó'er the stíle."
 Yés Dóris, it 's a bárgain; lét 's agrée:
 I 'll hélp thee ó'er the stíle, thou 'lt máke my téa;
 And lóving man and wife we 'll éver bé,
 Till gréat-grandchildren tód^dle róund our knée.

Written while walking from ANTWERP to LOUVAIN. June
 12. and 13. 1852.

THE ELFIN KNIGHT.

My stóry 's óf an élfín knight,
 So fúll of vénom and pure spíte,
 That dóing hárm was his delight,
 Both mórn and nóon, and dáy and níght.
 In trúth, he wás a ráncorous wíght,
 To whóm no thing on éarth seemed ríght
 But mildew, rót, decáy, and blight;
 He stripped the bráñch of flówer and frúit,
 And tóre the trúnk up bý the róot,
 Ínto the íron áte with rúst,
 And gróund the márble róck to dúst.
 Still móre he lóved on líving thing
 Misery and pain and déath to bríng:
 Bird, béast, and físh he láughed to sée

Writhing in mórtal ágoný;
But néver wás his héart so glád,
As whén he máde man síck and sád,
Wóunded him sóre, or sét him mád,
Róbbed him of hóuse, and hóme, and friénd,
And bróught him tó a wrétched énd,
To díe in páin and míserý
Not áll at ónce and súddenly
(For thát were dównright chárity)
Bút by sure stép and slów degréé;
He púlléd his téeth out, óne by óne,
Plucked óut his háir, and léft him nóne;
With a thick fláil-staff cúdgelled him,
Till évery sínew, jóint, and lím
Was bláck and blúe, and stíff and sóre;
Ánd, to tormént him móre and móre,
Séaled up his éars, scooped óut his eýes,
And cút him dówn to hálf his síze;
Then píched him, gásping hárd for bréath,
Ínto the gáping jáws of Déath.

Man súffered sóre, and súffered lóng,
But sáw no áuthor óf his wróng;
Félt every blów, but sáw no árm,
No lífted hánd to dó the hárm.
Invíisible as móuntain wínd,
The cáitiff cáme his préy behínd,
And kícked and cúffed him hárd and sóre;
Then cáme, and stóod his préy befóre,
And kícked and cúffed him móre and móre.
Poor mán laménted, ánd in váin
Cúrsed the foul áuthor óf his páin,
And wátched by dáy, and wátched by níght,
To cách of his fell fóe a síght.

At lást with páin and wáatching wórñ,
Ánd of his féll foe láughed to scórñ:—
“A háppy thóught” (’twas thús he sáid)
“Has cóme at ónce intó my héad;
Let ’s sée, if Í can ’t máke a béli,
That sháll my éñemy’s cóming téll.”
So sáid, so dóné; a smíth by tráde,
Has sóon a páir of slíppers máde,
And ón each slípper fástened wéll
A stróng steel clásp and sílver béli.
The slíppers láid upón the flóor,
The smíth ’s to béd and bárréd the dóor;—
“Íf he comes néar the béd,” says hé,
“The slípper bélls will wáken mé.”
He sáid, and tó the wáll turned róund,
And féll asléep, both fást and sóund.
How lóng he slépt I cánnót téll,
When tinkle tinkle wént the béli;
The smíth awóke, and cried:— “What hó!
A líght, a líght — I ’ve cáught the fóe.”
“Not quáte so fást, good smíth”, quoth hé;
“You ’ve lóst your slíppers, nót caught mé;
I ’ll wálk hencefóorth with slíppers néat
And sílver bélls upón my féet,
That fóolish mán may súrely knów,
Both, whén I cóme, and whén I gó,
And whéther Í move fást or slów.”
So sáying he déalt such héavy blów,
As máde the smíth cry:— “Wóe! more wóe!”
“More wóe indéed”, the kníght replíed,
And strúck him ón the óther síde:
“Thínk’st thou, becáuse thy dóor is bárréd,
My stálwart árm will stríke less hárd?
What thóugh thy tínkling sílver béli

An énémy's approach may téll,
And whéther hé move swift or slów,
Think'st thou 'twill sérve to wárd the blów,
Dealt ón thee bý thine únseen fóe?"
No wórd the élfín kníght said móre,
But, víewless, thróugh the wéll barred dóor
Passed óut as hé passed in befóre,
And dówn the stáir intó the stréet,
The silver bélls upón his féet.

Full mány a yéar and dáy has spéd,
Since the green túrf closed ó'er the héad
Óf the brave smíth, that máde the bélls
Of which my trúthful stóry télls;
Yet óft by dáy, and óft by níght
I héar the tréad of the élfín kníght,
And trémble át his slíppers' sóund,
From hóuse to hóuse, as he tákes his róund.
In váin like thé brave smíth of yóre
I bólt and bár my chámber dóor,
The élfín fóot is ón the stáir,
The élfín kníght, víewless as áir,
Pásses thróugh bárréd and bólted dóor,
Crósses with méasured stép the flóor,
And gripes me hárd, and hits me sóre.
"Tórment me nó't" in váin I crý;
"Tormént me nó't, but lét me díe."
He sáys no wórd, but móre and móre
Pinches and cúffs me thán befóre.
My tále's trúth lét these gáshes spéak,
These zígzags ón my ónce smóoth chéek,
This sállow skín once sóft and fáir,
This súnken eýe, these témples báre
Where ónce so séemly cúrled the háir.

Íf, in the pride of stréngth and yóuth,
 Thou dóubtest still my stóry's trúth,
 And likenést the élfín knight
 To sómé unréal and áiry spríte,
 Engéndered in the bráin at níght,
 When Sénse lies déad and Réason sléeps,
 And nó more wáitch o'er Fáncy kéeps;
 Lísten! "It is the stéeples béli",
 Lísten! "It is the fúnérál knéll",
 Lísten! what sáys that stéeples béli?
 Lísten! what sáys that fúnérál knéll?
 "He has tóld his stóry trúe and wéll."

Begun June 14th. 1852 when walking from LOUVAIN to
 TIRLEMONT. Finished at WEMS June 21st.

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

When Í was a bóy, how mérrily
 I spórted abóut benéath the gréat trée,
 That óversháded my fáther's cót!
 Since thén I 've not séen so cózy a spót.

Oh, hów my heart bóunded, and dánced with jóy!
 My fáther has bróught me a brán-new tóy,
 A lóng ashen stíck with a hórse's héad;
 Milk-white is the máne, and the bridle is réd.

I stráddled my stéed, and with críck crack and shóut,
 And whoop-whóop and hurráh I cántered abóut,
 Úpstairs and dównstairs, and índoors and óut;
 No Quéen's-Own dragóon ever máde such a róut.

But mány a lóng year has cóme and fléd,
Since the réd bridle bróke, and the hórse lay déad;
My thín sandy háir has grown thícK and brówn,
And my úpper lip 's híd by a sóft velvet dówn.

“I 'll buý me a réal, living hórse”, I cried,
“And cánter and gálop the cóuntry wíde” —
I bóught me a réal horse, and gálloped abóut;
Was néver a Nímrod that máde such a róut.

Abóut as I gálloped the cóuntry wíde,
By the síde of a wéll a young máiden I spíed;
Her chéeks were like róses, her skín soft and fáir,
Light blúe were her eýes, long and fláxen her háir.

“Come with me, sweet máiden” I stópped and cried;
“Come with me, sweet máiden, and bé my bríde;
Leave dówn thy pail thére, and get úp beside mé;
And a kínd, loving húsband I 'll bé to thée.”

She léft down her páil, and sprang úp by my síde; —
“I 'll go with thee, young mán, and I 'll bé thy bríde;
A kínd, loving húsband thou 'lt bé to mé,
And Í 'll be for éver a trúe wife to thée.”

“I néver was háppy till nów”, I cried,
As I kíssed the soft chéek of my blóoming bríde;
And awáy we cántered, and gálloped abóut;
No new Dárby and Jóan ever máde such a róut.

But mány a lóng year has cóme and fléd,
Since the trúest of áll true wíves lay déad,
And a widower lóne I wánder abóut,
Never móre in this wórld to máke such a róut.

In dárk dismal wéeds I wánder abóut,
Úpstairs and dównstairs, and indoors and óut;
No pléasant thought nów ever énters my héad;
My pléasant thoughts áll with my yóung days are fléd.

When I sée a pair háppy, and smíling, and gáy,
I túrn away fróm them, and tó myself sáy: —
“Sport ón, happy insects, while spórt on ye máy;
Black and dámp falls the night on the súnniest dáy.”

When I héar the great báss and the clárionet sóund,
And the light tripping fóotsteps' elástic rebóund,
I thínk to mysélf, how these sáme tripping féet
Will soon lie stiff and stárk in the lóng winding shéet.

Amidst cháplets of róses, by chándelier líght,
When I sée the feast spréad, and the wine circling bright,
I thínk, how soon róund every sightless eyebáll
The mággot of flésh-fly, and béetle will cráwl.

But mány a lóng year has cóme and fléd,
Since in bláck weeds I wándered, and wépt o'er the déad;
Time, that 's áble the náme on the tómb to effáce,
Begíns from my héart the loved fórm to eráse.

I can sée a bride smíle, without thínking of *Hér*;
I can héar a bride síng, yet not féel my heart stír;
Alóne though I wánder, I néver compláin;
To all jóy if I 'm déad, I am déad to all páin.

My téars are dried úp, and my sórrows are pást;
Sweet Oblívion, I sée thee appróaching at lást;
Come! pillow my héad on thy cáre-soothing bréast,
And clóse my tired eýelids, and lúll me to rést.

Written when walking from LOUVEIGNEZ in BELGIUM to
LOSHEIM in PRUSSIA. June 18th to June 22nd 1852.

MIGHT AND RIGHT.

“Míghy Sir Wind,
Pray, bé so kind,
Pass cívillý,
And hárm not mé,
Who néver yét
Did hárm to thée.”

“Stúrdy Sir Trée,
Lécture not mé;
I fáin would bé
Cívil to thée,
But in my wáy
I fínd thee stíll,
Stópping my páth
Acróss this híll.”

“This híll is míne,
As Í opíne;
For mány a yéar
My fáthers líved
Free búrghers hére;
Í am their héir,
And wíll not sháre
My bírthright fáir
With són of éarth,
Or són of áir;
So máke no róut,
But gó abóut,
And tóuch not mé,
An índepéndant
Fórest trée.”

"Of sòn of éarth
Or sòn of áir,
I líttle knów,
And líttle cáre;
But thís I knów,
I 'll háve my wíll,
And gó the shórt way
Cróss the híll."

"Not só, not só,
Unrúly Wínd;
Some óther pássage
Pléase to fínd;
Thére on the léft
The páth stands cléar;
No bússíness hást thou
Tó pass hére.
Stróng though thou árt
I 'm fáin to expéct
Thou 'lt shéw the láw
Its dúe respéct."

"I wére indéed
A sílly wíght,
To wáit upón
The láw for ríght,
When in thís árm
I háve the Míght,
That mákes alóne
Both Láw and Ríght."

No móre words pássed;
Sir Trée stood fást;
On cáme Sir Blást,

Like páynim knight,
Fúrious in fight,
With púsh and crúsh
And héadlong rúsh;
Or like the gúsh
Of flóod let lóose
Through mílldam slúice.

Stóut though he bé,
What cán Sir Trée
Agáinst a shóck,
Would máke a róck
Or cástle wáll
Tóttér and fáll?

Yíeld he wíll nótt,
Or fróm the spót
Retréát one ínch,
Or báckward flínch;
Or stép áside,
The híll though wíde,
One síngle stríde,
To lét Sir Blást
Rush hármless pást.

Leónidás
In Pýlae's páss,
As stóries téll,
Fírm agáinst Míght
Stóod for the Ríght,
And nóbly féll:
And só fell hé,
Stúrdy Sir Trée;
And só wíll áll
Those wóρθies fáll,

Whoé'er they bé,
That fór the Right
Strive against Might
And týranny.

Written while walking in the EIFEL between LOSHEIM and
BITBURG, June 23 and 24. 1852.

Four knights there áre far in the East,
Where wónders háve not yét quite céased,
All bróthers, and abóut one síze,
Not óne has éither éars or eýes,
Or móuth, or nóse, or féet, or hánds,
Yét to obéy their Lórd's commánds,
More réady théy than mány a knight
With pérfect límbs, héaring, and síght.
Each óne to hélp him háa a bánd
Of fóur knights móre at his commánd.
Sixtéén subálterns, léaders fóur,
The brótherhóod 's in áll a scóre;
A scóre of súch preux cávaliers
As rárely, éven in thóse bright yéars,
When hístory was stíll a fáble,
Togéther mét aróund one táble.
In yéllow léather áll are cásed,
A bélt some wéar abóut the wáist,
Of góld, studded with súch bright géms
As shíne in Éastern diadéms.

Nót for base lúcre ánd rewárd
Atténd these knights upón their Lórd;
To atténd upón him dáy and night,
Itsélf their jóy is ánd delight.

So soon as in the morning red
His royal Highness leaves his bed,
Two chief knights and subalterns eight
With clothes and breakfast on him wait;
His face they wash, and comb his head,
Feed him with butter, eggs, and bread,
Carry his tea-cup to his lips,
And hold it steady while he sips.
Two chiefs and eight subalterns more
Crouch round his footstool on the floor,
Ready his Mightiness to bear
Upon their shoulders any where,
Indoors or out, or high or low,
Backward or forward, quick or slow;
Like steam-engines obedient still
To the driver's sovereign will.

If sad their Lord, these knights divide
Into two bands, ten on each side;
And while one band a merry tune
On fiddle plays or loud bassoon,
The other beats time to the measure,
Or, to afford him livelier pleasure,
Takes him, and to the music's sound
Whirls him the chalked floor round and round.

Néver from their Sovereign's side,
In life or death, these knights divide;
Through ill, through weal, with him they go;
His joy's their joy, his woe's their woe;
Into the world with him they came
On the same day, and on the same
Day that he dies have vowed to die,
And with him in the same tomb lie.

Say yé, that wiser are than í,
Whére under áll our Wéstern ský,
On Héathen or on Christian gróund,
Such twénty knights are tó be fóund?

Written while confined to bed with a sore toe, in BITBURG,
RHENISH PRUSSIA, June 25 and 26. 1852.

S W E E T A I R.

A cripple slów,
On féstered tóe
Límping I gó,
And crý “Woe! wóe!”

The Grécian só,
As schóolboys knów,
In Lémnos' isle,
Shóuted erewhíle
To rók and séa
His misery.

Like him to thée,
Kind, géntle Séa,
For hélp I flý,

And shóut and crý: —

“Woe! wóe is mé!

Ah misery!

Woe! wóe is mé!

Ah misery!”

Kind, géntle Séa,

Ah! píty mé;

Quick with thy bálm,
My páins to cálm.
Benéath thy wáves,
In córal cáves,
Gróws there no wéed,
Whose pótent séed,
These pángs may lúll,
These fires may dúll?
No ánodýne,
Of pówer divíne
The sénse to stéep
In slúmber déep?

Fierce, ráging Séa,
Thou héar'st not mé;
Ah míserý!
Woe, woe, is mé!
Ah míserý!

Soft, ténder Stóne,
Hear thóu my móan;
Thy véins explóre
For sóme fine óre;
Some Ámmoníte's
Or Crýsolíte's
Benígnant spár,
Glittering afár
With pówer to cúre
Spéedy and sùre.
Ín thy deep mínes,
Where néver shínes
Day's chéerful líght,
But bróoding Níght
In ébon célls

For éver dwélls,
Séarch till thou find
Some lóadstone kind,
Some précieux jét
For ámulét,
By mýstic láw
Empówered to dráw
Pain's víper fángs,
And éase these pángs.
From cléar, cold spríng,
Elixir bríng,
Or ámber dróp,
Of pówer to stóp
This thrób, this thróe,
This búrning glów.

Vain, váin, my móan;
Ídle, my gróan;
Thou héar'st me nó't,
Hardhéarted stóne;
Fíxed to the spót,
Thou túrn'st deaf éar,
And hástenest nó't
From déep, cold spríng,
Or míne, to bríng
Elixir cléar,
Or ámber dróp,
Or ámulét
Of précieux jét,
Pótent to stóp
This thrób, this thróe,
This fiery glów;
Woe! wóe! ah, wóe!

Come, géntle Wínd;
 Be thóu more kínd;
 Blow, sóftly blów,
 And cóol this glów.
 Of Prócris' spóuse
 Thou héard'st the vóws,
 When át high nóon,
 Alás, too sóon!
 (Ye Góds, why hád
 That mórn a nóon?)
 Ín the deep sháde
 Of mýrtles láid,
 His lónging árms
 ExténdeD wíde
 On éither síde,
 Gásping, he cried:—
 'Aúra, sweet Aúra,
 Híther híe,
 For thée I pánt,
 For thée I díe!'
 Thou héard'st his práyer;
 Hear míne, sweet Air;
 Híther repáir,
 And sóftly blów,
 And cóol this glów,
 This héat assúage,
 This fiery ráge.
 Ah, nó! ah, nó!
 Woe! wóe! more wóe!
 A déeper, rédder,
 Fiercer glów!
 Whose bréath is thát
 Fánning the fire?

Or lárk's shrill sòng,
Néver too lóng;
Or líquid nóte
From tóad's smóoth thróat,
Or évening pláint
Of níghtingále,
Or chùck - chuck fáint
Of ámorous quáil;
Or swéeter sóund
Of hárp or flúte,
Or óf thine ówn
Eólian lúte,
Or rústling léaves,
Or wáterfáll;
Or mán's deep vóice
Swéetest of áll;
Come, cóme, sweet Aír;
Híther repáir,
Sweet Aír, sweet Aír.

Yes, yés, sweet Aír,
I féel thee thére,
An ángel méek,
Kíssing my chéek,
And in my háir
Wéaving thy déwy
Fíngers báre.

Yes, yés, bless'd Aír,
Thou héar'st my práyer,
And hóverest thére,
Chármíng my cáre,
Stílling this thróe,
Cóoling this glów,

No móre I cry,
“Woe! wóe! ah, wóe!”

Pain-sóothing Aír,
All dáy stay thére;
Stay thére all dáy,
The lívelong dáy,
And spórt and pláy,
Angélic méek,
Kiss my flushed chéek,
And in my háir
Wéave thy lank fingers
Cóol and báre;
And whén at níght
Thou ták'st thy flíght,
To móuntain héight,
Or whíspering sháde
Of cólonnáde
Or fórest gláde,
Or ríppling síde
Of ríver wíde,
Or wáving sédge
On blúe lake's édge,
Léave in thy stéad
To wáitch my héad,
And guárdian stánd
Abóut my béd,
Thy pláymate míld,
Health's plácíd chíld,
Delícious Sléep;
Till át first péep
Of mórning líght
Thou cóm'st agáin,
Blithe-héarted spríte,

And bríng'st me frésh,
 New-bórn delight;
 An úrn of ódours
 Shák'st aróund,
 And stéep'st mine éars
 In thé full sóund
 Óf the harmónious
 Mátn sóng,
 With which all Náture's
 Créatures thróng
 Befóre the fóotstool
 Óf their Quéén,
 Who hásh anóther
 Súnrise séén.

Written while confined to bed by inflammation of the toe.
 BITBURG, in RHENISH PRUSSIA, June 26. to July 1. 1852.

THE POET.

A Póet is a spíder, and his líne,
 As ány cóbweb's délicate and fine,
 Spún into stánzas, in a córner líes,
 And gáthers dúst and blúemold, móths and flíes.

A Póet is a máker of fine láce,
 Brússels, Valenciénnes, or Páys de Wáes:
 Upon the cúshion of his bráin all dáy
 And hálf the níght, the twírling bóbbins pláy;
 From pín to pín in éndless dánce they gó,
 Cross-hánds and Quéue-de-chát, and Dós-a-dós;

Túrn at the sídes, and sèt, and dówn the míddle,
Ín as good tíme as if they héárd the fíddle.

A Póet is a pástry-cook, and bákes
Ín his brain's óven, púddings, tóurts and cákes;
Fáncy 's his míller, thóught his bólted flóur,
Góod nature is his swéet, and íll his sóur;
Wít his fine sált, húmour his ratafié;
Fór his short-cáke he must have íroný.
Plain trúth 's his báttér, which he 's fórced to thín
With mány a wéll-meant líe — fórgive the sín —
Élse the weak stómach it were súde to clóy,
Ánd with fierce cólic páins the bówels annóy.

Your Póet's tárts of épigrams are máde,
Of élegies his órange mármaláde,
Sónnets and sóngs his bárnbracks are and búns,
And pónderous épics are his sállélóns.
Wíde o'er the wórl'd the réputátion flíes
Of his romántic cúrrant and rhúbarb píes;
None skílléd like hím to béat up húman více
And húman fólly ínto páncake níce
Which he calls sátyr, délicatest tréat
Where whólesome bítter 's híd in lúscious swéet.
Táught by expérience díre how wéary slów
Works bréwer's bárm to ráise a Póet's dóugh,
When préssed for tíme he úses ránt instéad,
And fínds it ánsWer wóndrous wéll, 'tís sáid.
Where vúlgar cóoks throw bíts of cássia ín,
Or láurel léaves, or órange-páring thín,
Or pínch of gráted nutmeg, ór a squéeze
Of lémon júice, men's várioús tástes to pléase,
Our Póet úses for the sélfsame énd
The nóbler gifts the líberal Múses sénd:

Figures of spéech and trópes and similés,
He knóws, are sùre the léarned táste to pléase;
But simplér héarts by simplér árts are wón,
Bróad innuéndo, fárcé, and jólly pún.
So évery tíme he sêts abóut to báke,
Whéther it púdding bé or píe or cáke,
The séasoning is the thíng that fírst demánds
The thóughtful héad, and wéll-perfórmíng hánds;
An érrór hére and áll his lábour 's lóst;
Time, fíre and swéat, and the matéríals' cóst;
Thís lást, some sáy howéver, is but smáll
Tó the póetic cóok, or nóne at áll.
But bé that ás it wíll, one thíng is sùre,
His púdding, ónce ill-séasoned, 's pást all cúre:
Not áll the stréams of Hélicón's sácred híll,
Not áll the déws Parnássus' tóps distíl,
Of Býron's púddings cóuld abáte the sténch,
Of Býron's píes the sùlphurous ódour quénch:
Not éven Apóllo's sélf with áll his Níne,
Góds though they bé, and évery háir dívine,
Cóuld gíve to wishy-washy Wórdsworth's dóugh
One smáck, by whích the uninfórméd míght knów
Thát 'twas real píecrust báked in póet's bráin,
And nót shoemáker's páste from Gólden Láne.
Ye póets áll and pástry-cóoks atténd
The pártíng cóunsél óf your cómmón fríend,
In cóokíng póetry and cóokíng píes,
The rúle 's the sáme and in smáll cómpass líes;
Néver on gráins and hálf gráins péddlíng stánd,
Throw lárgely ín, God lóves a líberál hánd.
Let nó bold spírit tó the práise aspíre
Of mástership of púdding-pan or lýre,
So lóng as ín his héart's core lúrks one spíce
Of pársimony's méan and ódíous více.

Cursed be the cóok, that first with frúgal cáre
 Cut ràisins into sixths, good frúit to spáre,
 And in his dóugh one sixth here drópped, one thére;
 Of Milestone Púdding whence the sóubriquét
 To him and tó his héirs down tó this dáy;
 And cursed the póet, whó with óne poor thóught
 Cút into sixths, the first dull Sónnet wróught,
 Let dróp a sixth in évery sécond líne,
 Then clápped his hánds and cálléd his wórk divíne.

BITBURG, in RHENISH PRUSSIA, July 6. 1852.

DIRGE

FOR THE XIII. DEC. MDCCCLII.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — ÓNE.
 Anóther hóur its wórk has dóne,
 And flówn awáy viewless as áir,
 Whére to be fóund agáin? Ah! whére?
 Six times nine yéars have rólled awáy,
 Sínce at this hóur, on this same dáy,
 A hélpless néw-born bábe I láy,
 Ín a fond móther's árms caréssed,
 Lúlléd by a móther's vóice to rést,
 And nóurished át a móther's bréast.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — Twó.
 How swift life's sánds an hóur run thróugh!
 Five times five yéars have ó'er me spéd,
 Sínce in my árms my chíd lay déad,
 Júst at this hóur reléased from páin,
 My firstborn chíd, my Máry Jáne;

A páinful bréath fóur mónths she dréw;
'Twas áll of this sad wórld she knéw.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — THRÉE.
'Léarn what thou árt,' it sáys, 'from mé:
A púlse, a sóund, a móment's chime,
A ripple ón the flóod of time.'

It thrills me tó the bósom's córe
To héar that áwful vóice cry — FÓUR.
The sáme its crý when Bállitóre
Échoed alóng its hillside hóar
My sécond ínfant's fúneral knéll,
And sád and slów my téardrops féll
Ón my dead Ánna Ísabél.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — FÍVE.
Ah, héartless són! that cóuldst survive
The clósing in etérnal night
Of thóse kind eýes, that póured their light,
Néver bút with néw delight,
On thée, a móther's hópe and jóy,
Her firstborn child, her bést loved bóy.
Héavy and slów seven yéars have pássed,
Sínce I behéld her bréathe her lást;
Sínce in the róom her fáther died,
Her wéeping children át her side,
She méekly whispered: — "Ít is déath" —
And bléssed us with her pártíng bréath.
Séventy six yéars had ó'er her rólled,
Yet whó had cálléd my móther óld?
So cléar her vóice, so bríght her eýe,
Her stép so fúll of dígnítý,
And Óh! her héart as wárm as éver,

And tóward her lóved ones áltered néver.
 We láid her cásed in píтч beside
 Him, that in yóuth called Káte his bríde,
 The móther óf his children fíve,
 Queen-bée of óur doméstic hive.
 Róbert and Káte, six tímes six yéars,
 Ye sháred each óther's hópes and féars,
 Each óther's jóys, each óther's téars.
 Your hópes, fears, jóys, and téars all pást,
 Rést, Kate and Róbert, rést at lást,
 Ín your bléssing children blést,
 Síde by síde for éver rést.
 SÍx — is the túrret's áwful crý,
 Wárning all mén that áll must díe,
 Léave the sweet air and lífe and líght,
 And líe down ín etérnal níght;
 But mé more thán the rést that crý
 Wárns that áll who líve must díe,
 For súch the crý I héard that níght
 From Árco tówer, when mý dílight,
 My Ánn Jane léft me hére to móurn,
 And wént the ród whence nóne retúrn.
 Níne dáy's and níghts I wátched her béd,
 Ón the tenth dáy at éve she sáid:—
 "I díe, dear Jámés, and ám contént;
 Twéntý three yéars with thee I've spént,
 A háppy bríde, mothér, and wífe,
 The háppiest óf my yéars of lífe:
 Líve, and be háppy, ánd sometimes
 Thínk, when thóu héar'st the túrret's chimes,
 Of hér, who with thee héars them nów
 Fór the last tíme, and Óh! may'st thóu,
 Whén they ring fórth thine hóur to díe,

Be háppy ánd resigned as Í.”
She sáid, and páused; then lánguidlý
Her eýes uplifting, gázed at mé
A móment’s spáce; then dróoped her héad,
Ánd in a trémulous whisper sáid:—
“And if thou éver chánce to wéd,
All bléssings fáll upón the héad
Óf thy new bríde, and máy’st thou bé
Háppy with hér as ónce with mé,
And nów all ’s dóne, but tó resign
Ínto the hánds that máde it míne
This ríng, to kéept while thóu hast bréath,
And gíve, when stríkes thine hóur of déath,
Tó our dear child, our Kátharine,
Memórial óf thy lóve and míne.”
Fáltering she sáid, and ón her chéek,
While she continued yét to spéak,
While from her hánd the ríng she dréw,
Séttléd death’s pále and áshy húde,
Ánd her exténded hánd féll cóld,
The ríng upón the pávément rólled,
And Ánn Jane is — a tále that ’s tóld.
Where Álmonds scátter théir perfúme,
And Péaches shéd their éarly blóom,
Within the sóund of Sárca’s wáve
We láid her ín her lónely gráve,
Till bigotrý should céase to ráve;
For Árcó’s bigots, tó the sháme
Of áll who béar the Chrístian’s náme,
Agáinst her clósed their chúrtyard gáte;
Áh! if thou hádst but héard them práte
Of fáith, and créed, and héresý,
And hów no córpse should búried bé
In fáithful córpse’s cómpaný,

That hád not, ére it died, conféssed
Tó the same crédence ás the rést.
Twice thirty dáys we visitéd
On Sárca's side her lónely béd,
And bý it ón the gréen sward láy,
And wépt the móurnful hóurs awáy;
But whén the Péach its blóom had shéd,
And Ápril's látest dáys were spéd,
And pétty Árcó's bigotry
Bégán to rámp less fúriously,
We cóme with spádes at déad of night,
And with the lántern's flickering light,
And córpse and cóffin fróm the cláy
Raise silently, and béar awáy
To whére on lónely Céole's hill
Gáped the tile búrner's blázing kiln.
Two hóurs befóre the rising sún,
The héat intése its wórk has dóne,
Ánd with the rélics in an úrn,
Sáfe to óur lódgings wé retúrn.
Spéedy and shórt our lást adieú
To Árcó ánd its zéalot créw.
Forgive them héaven; and if their créed
The ónly trúe one bé indéed,
Téach them the wáy its trúth to próve
By déeds, not óf ill will, but lóve.

SÉVEN — is the túrret's áwful crý;
Lónely widower why not die?
Why líve where óthers smíle to sígh,
And móurn thy dáys of jóy gone bý?
A widower, bút not lónely, Í,
So pléasant is my cómpány:
A bróther ánd dear sísters thrée

TWÉLVE — is the túrret's áwful crý:
The mídnight móon is ríding hígh,
I héar the fítful níght-breeze sígh,
I héar the móping ówlet crý;
Vísions óf the dáys gone bý
Flit befóre my hálf-closed éye;
With my néw-betróthed I róve,
Ín the whíspering áспен gróve,
Ánd our tálk is áll of lóve;
My ríght arm 's clásped abóut her wáist,
Her léft arm 's ón my shóulder pláced;
But whénce that shriek, that súdden stárt?
Whý that convúlsive béat of héart?
My lóve, my lífe, what dóst thou féar?
Cóme to my bósom, cóme more néar;
Good Gód of héaven, what clásp I hére?
A wínding shéet wrapped róund dry bónes;
And thén I stúmbles ón tomb-stónes;
And fáll íntó a néw-made gráve;
Chínless skúlls íts bóttóm páve;
Stríngs of téeth festóon íts sídes;
Whóse the béck'ning hánd that guídes
Thróugh the chárnel-hóuse my wáy?
"Make háste, my Jámés, why dóst thou stáy?
Tomórrów ís our wéddíng dáy;
Héar'st not the túrret clóck stríke Óne?
Pút this ríng thy fínger ón;
Hást forgót '*Auf éwig dein*,'
Thíne I ám and thóu art míne;
Cóme, my Jámés, and lét us síng
The scróll upón our wéddíng ríng;
Thíne I ám, and thóu art míne;
Cóme let's síng '*Auf éwig dein*.'

Háste, my Jámes, and lét 's awáy,
 Tomórrow is our wédding dáy."
 I wóke, and Í was áll alóne;
 The móon in át the window shóne;
 I réad the scróll upón the ríng,
 But nóne was thére the scróll to síng;
 And ás I sát there áll alóne,
 The túrret's áwful vóice cried — ONE.

Written while travelling on foot between MILAN and BOTZEN
 from Sept. 22nd to Oct. 1st 1852.

Trauerlied

für den 13. December 1852.

Aus dem Englischen des

Dr. James Henry

in's Deutsche übertragen von

B. Carneri.

Mit ernster Stimme ruft's vom Thurme: Eins!
 Noch eine Stunde hat ihr Werk vollbracht
 Und ist entflohn, unsichtbar wie die Luft;
 Wer weiß, ach, wer, wo man sie wieder fände?
 Sechsmal neun Jahre sind dahin gerollt,
 Seit ich an diesem Tag, um diese Stunde,
 Ein hilflos neugebor'nes Knäblein, lag,
 Von einer Mutter Liebesarm umschlungen,
 In Ruh' gelulst von einer Mutter Stimme,
 An einer Mutter Brust genährt.

Des Thurmes ernste Stimme rufet: Zwei!
Wie schnell verrinnet eine Stund' im Lebenssand!
Fünfmal fünf Jahr' sind über mich gegangen,
Seit todt mein Kind in diesen Armen lag;
Um diese Stunde ward von allem Schmerz,
Ach, Mary Jane¹, mein erstes Kind, befreit;
Hier Monde peinlich athmen, dies war alles,
Was sie gekannt von dieser düstern Welt.

Vom Thurme ruft's mit ernster Stimme: Drei!
"Von mir" — spricht's — "lerne, was du bist: ein Schwingen,
"Ein Schall, ein flücht'ges Glockenspiel, —
"Im Zeitenstrom ein Wellenschlag."

Mit ernster Stimme ruft's vom Thurme: Vier!
Mir rieselt's bis in's Innerste des Herzens!
Es war derselbe Ruf, als Ballitore
Das Zügelglöckchen meines zweiten Kindes
Die grauen Berg' entlang erschallen ließ,
Als trüb' und langsam meine Thränen sanken
Auf meine todt' Anna Isabell.

Des Thurmes ernste Stimme rufet: Fünf!
Herzloser Sohn, du konntest 's überleben,
Daß ew'ge Nacht die lieben Augen schloß,
Die stets mit immer sich erneuerndem
Entzücken über dich ihr Licht ergossen,
Ach, über dich, der Mutter Freud' und Hoffnung,
Das erstgebor'ne Kind, den meistgeliebten Sohn.
Langsam und schwer hinschwanden sieben Jahre,
Seit ich geseh'n ihr letztes Athmen,
Seit im Gemach, wo einst ihr Vater starb,
Die Kinder weinend ihr zur Seite,
Sie mild gelispelt: "'s ist der Tod" —

Und uns gesegnet mit dem letzten Athmen,
Sieben und siebenzig Jahre waren über
Ihr Haupt dahin gerollt: jedoch
Wer hätte meine Mutter alt genannt!
So klar war ihre Stimm' und hell ihr Blick,
So voll von Würde war ihr Gang,
Und, oh, ihr Herz so warm als je
Und gegen ihre Lieben stets dasselbe!
Wir legten sie, mit Harz umgossen, Dem
Zur Seite, der in seiner Jugend
Kate² seine Braut genannt,
Die Mutter der fünf Kinder sein,
Die Königin in unserm Immenhaus.
Robert und Kate², sechsmal sechs Jahr'
Habt Einer Ihr des Andern Furcht und Hoffen,
Einer des Andern Lust und Schmerz getheilt;
Doch Furcht und Hoffen, Lust und Schmerz verschwanden,
Ruh't endlich, Kate² und Robert, ruhet,
Beglückt von Eurer Kinder Segen,
Auf ewig Euch zur Seite!

Vom Thurme ruft's mit ernster Stimme: Sechs!
Und mahnet All', daß Alle müssen sterben
Und lassen von der süßen Lust, vom Licht,
Vom Leben, — um sich hinzulegen
In ew'ge Nacht. Doch mich mehr als die Andern
Mahnt dieser Ruf, daß Alle,
Die leben, sterben müssen;
Denn diesen Ruf vernahm ich jene Nacht
Von Arco's Thurm, als meine Seligkeit,
Als meine Ann Jane¹ mich der Trauer überließ,
Gingehend, woher Niemand wiederkehrt.
Neun Tag' und Nächte hab' ich ihren Pfuhl bewacht;
Am zehnten Tag, es war am Abend, sprach sie:

“Ich sterbe, theurer James³, und bin's zufrieden;
“Hab' drei und zwanzig Jahr' mit Dir verbracht,
“Beglückte Braut und Weib und Mutter, —
“Die glücklichsten der Jahre meines Lebens.
“Leb' und sey glücklich und von Zeit zu Zeit,
“Wann Du des Thurmes Glockenspiel vernimmst,
“Gedenk' an Die, die nun es mit Dir hört
“Zum letzten Mal; oh, mögest Du,
“Wann es Dir kündet Deine letzte Stunde,
“So glücklich und ergeben seyn, als ich!” —
Sprach's und hielt inne; drauf den matten Blick
Erhebend, sah sie mich ein Weilchen an;
Dann senkte sie das Haupt und lispelte mit Beben:
“Und sollt' es jemals wieder Dir begegnen,
“Dich zu vermählen, möge jeder Segen
“Herniederträufeln auf die neue Braut,
“Und mögest Du mit ihr
“So glücklich seyn, wie einst mit mir.
“Und nun ist's aus; und was mir bleibt,
“Ist, diesen Ring in Deine Hand, die einst
“Zum meinen ihn gemacht, zurückzustellen,
“Auf daß Du ihn bewahrst, dieweil Du athmest,
“Und, wann die Stunde Deines Scheidens schlägt,
“Du unserm theuern Kinde,
“Du unsrer Katharine⁴ ihn gebst,
“Ein Angedenken Dein und meiner Liebe.” —
Sprach's mit gebroch'ner Stimm', und während sie
Noch sprach und sich den Ring vom Finger zog,
Festsetzte sich des Todes blasse Farbe
Auf ihren Wangen;
Erkaltet sinkt die ausgestreckte Hand,
Der Ring rollt auf den Boden nieder
Und Ann Jane¹ ist — ein Sang, der ausgesungen. —

Wo ihren Duft die Mandelbäum' ergießen,
 Des Lenzes Nah'n die Pfirsichblüte kündet
 Und wohin noch des Sarca Brausen reicht,
 Versenkten wir sie in ihr einsam Grab,
 Bis Frömmerei zu wüthen aufgehört;
 Denn vor ihr hatten Arco's Frömmler,
 Zur Schande Aller, die sich Christen nennen,
 Des Friedhofs Thore zugeschlagen.
 Oh, hättet Ihr sie nur gehört
 Von Kezerei und Glaube faseln,
 Und wie man Keinen, der sich nicht vor'm Sterben
 Zum Glauben all' der Uebrigen bekannt,
 Begraben dürfe neben gläub'gen Leichen! —
 Durch zweimal dreißig Tag' besuchten wir
 An Sarca's Ufer ihr verlass'nes Bett,
 Und vor dem Grabeshügel,
 Gelagert auf dem Rasen,
 Berweinten wir die trauervollen Stunden.
 Und als die Pfirsichblüte war gefallen,
 April zu Ende war, die Frömmerei
 Des winz'gen Arco minder wüthig ras'te,
 Da kamen wir, bei flackerndem Laternenlicht,
 Mit Schaufeln, in der Todtenstille
 Der Nacht, und hoben schweigend aus den Schollen
 Leichnam und Truhe, brachten sie hinan,
 Wo von des stillen Geole Hügel
 Des Ziegelbrenners Ofen lodernd gähnte.
 Zwei Stunden vor Sonnenaufgang hatte
 Die Glut ihr Werk vollbracht, in einer Urne
 Die Ueberreste, langten ungefährdet wir
 Zu Hause an, und sagten kurz und eilig
 Arco und seiner Frömmerschaa'r Fahrwohl.
 Vergieb, o Himmel, ihnen; und wenn wirklich
 Ihr Glaube der alleinig wahre ist,

So lehre sie durch Thaten ihn bewähren,
Die nicht von Bosheit, doch von Liebe zeugen.

Mit ernster Stimme ruft's vom Thurme: Sieben!
Einsamer Wittwer, warum stirbst du nicht?
Was lebst du, wo die Andern lachen,
Zu seufzen nur und deine Tage
Entschwund'ner Freude zu betrauern? —
Wol bin ich Wittwer, aber einsam nicht
Im trauten Kreise Derer, die mir bleiben:
Ein Bruder und drei theure Schwestern
Bevölkern diese Wildniß mir;
Und wann ich je zur Trauer neige,
Dann bittet mein geliebtes Kind,
Dann bittet meine Katharine,
Daß, ihr zu Lieb', ich mich erheit're,
Und küßt von meinem Augenlied die Thräne.

Des Thurmes ernste Stimme ruft: Acht!
Laß früh sie kommen oder spät, ich harre
Befriedigt, ruhig, auf die Ankunft
Der festgesetzten Stunde,
Der Grenze meiner Hoffnungen und Aengsten,
All' meiner freudigen und düstern Jahre.

Vom Thurme ruft's mit ernster Stimme: Neun!
O Katharine⁴, mein Kind, auch Du mußt sterben!
Muß seufzen, wann ich denke, daß vielleicht
Dir keine liebe Hand wird nahe sehn,
Die Deine Lippen neße, Deine Augen schließe!
Wenngleich noch voll des Lebens Puls Dir schlägt
Und weit entfernt noch Deine Sterbestunde,
Laß, Katharine⁴, mein Kind, Dein Auge nicht
Zu glühend auf dem Eiteln ruhen;

Lieb' diese Welt des Streitens nicht zu sehr;
Im besten Fall ist dieses Leben
Ein zweifelhaftes Gut.
Und wann auch Deine Stunde endlich naht,
Dann, Erbin Du der Stärke Deiner Mutter,
Wend' ab Dein brechend Aug' vom Leben,
Und ohne einen einz'gen Seufzer
Stirb, wie Du Deine Mutter sterben sahst,
Gedenkend, daß der Tod nicht nur der Freuden,
Nein, auch der Leiden Abschluß sey.

Mit ernster Stimme ruft's vom Thurme: Behn!
Wer möchte seine Stunden wieder leben
Und wieder kämpfen den ungleichen Kampf
Mit Schmerz und Krankheit, Alter und Verdruß,
Und seh'n, wie seine Freuden nach einander flieh'n,
Wie seine Lieben nach einander sterben,
Und Laster im Triumph
Und Tugend tief im Elend seh'n;
Des Stolzen Spott und Hohn von neuem tragen
Und in der Antichambre harren,
Der Großen Hofstaat zu vergrößern;
Sich krümmen unter unverdientem Unrecht,
Das Haupt vor dem Tyrannen beugen; oder
Für Schmerzen, die nicht seine eig'nen sind,
Des Mitleids Nechzen wieder ächzen,
Für Kummer, den er nicht vermag zu heilen,
Fruchtlose Todesangst empfinden;
Wer ist in's Leiden so vernarrt, daß er
Noch einmal möchte seine Stunden leben?

Des Thurmes ernste Stimme rufet: Eils!
Laß mich versuchen, meine Leiden aufzuzählen:
Treulose Freunde, eitle Hoffnungen,

Sinkendes Alter . . . legt, oh, legt in eine
Einsiedelei mich, ferne von der Welt
Mistönender Entzweiung, ferne
Von ihres Reibes Fehd' und Krieg,
Aus dem Bereich der frömmelnden Sektirer,
Die, wo sie handeln sollten, predigen;
Dort will auf eine Sonnenuhr
Mein Aug' ich heften und die Stunden zählen,
Wie sie vorüber zieh'n:
Eins, Zwei, Drei, Vier, Fünf, Sechs und Sieben
Und darauf Acht, Neun, Zehn und Elf,
Die Stunden werden meine Kanzelreden sehn;
Will über jede Stund' moralisiren,
Dem Menschenherzen lesen einen Text,
Weit wahrer, als der Glaubenszüngler Credo.

Vom Thurme ruft's mit ernster Stimme: Zwölf!
Hoch fährt der Vollmond durch die Mitternacht;
Die Nachtlust seufzt und seufzt,
Der Uhu schreit, der Freund des Dunkels,
Und Bilder aus vergang'nen Tagen schweben
An meinem halbgeschloss'nen Aug' vorüber.
Mit meiner Neuverlobten wandle ich
Durch einen Hain von Bitterpappeln;
All' uns're Reden drehen sich um Liebe;
Um ihre Mitte schlinget sich mein rechter Arm,
Ihr linker Arm auf meiner Schulter ruht.
Doch woher dieser Schrei,
Dies plötzliche Zusammenfahren?
Was schlägt das Herz so krampfhaft?
Mein Leben, meine Lieb', was fürchtest Du?
Komm an mein Herz, komm näher — Großer Gott
Des Himmels, was umarm' ich hier!

Ein Leichentuch, umhüllend dürre
 Gebeine!
 Und über Grabgesteine strauchle ich
 Und stürze in ein frisch gegrab'nes Grab;
 Kinnlose Schädel pflastern seinen Grund
 Und angereichte Zähne kränzen seine Wände.
 Weß ist die Hand, die winkend leitet
 Durch dieses Beinhaus meinen Weg?
 "Eile, mein James³, was zauderst Du?
 "'s ist morgen unser Hochzeitstag!
 "Horch! Hoch vom Thurme schlägt es Eins.
 "An Deinen Finger stecke diesen Ring.
 "Hast Du vergessen das 'Auf ewig Dein?' —
 "Dein bin ich, Du bist mein!
 "Oh komm, mein James³, und laß uns singen
 "Die Inschrift un'sres Eherings;
 "Dein bin ich, Du bist mein!
 "Komm, singen wir 'Auf ewig Dein!'
 "Eile, mein James³, und laß uns fort,
 "'s ist morgen unser Hochzeitstag." —
 Ich wachte auf und war allein,
 Zum Fenster sah der Mond herein.
 Ich las die Inschrift auf dem Ring;
 Doch da war Niemand, sie zu singen,
 Und wie ich saß so ganz allein,
 Rief's hoch vom Thurm mit ernster Stimme: Eins!

Wien, November 1852.

- (1) Jane ist nach englischer Weise einsilbig auszusprechen.
- (2) Kate ist nach englischer Weise einsilbig auszusprechen.
- (3) James ist nach englischer Weise einsilbig auszusprechen.
- (4) Katharine ist nach englischer Weise dreisilbig auszusprechen.

WHAT I SAW MOST CURIOUS IN ALL
MY TRAVELS.

Í have róamed the wórld abóut,
Séarching each cúrious óbject óut;
Whatéver things have máde a róut,
Whéther théy be gréat or smáll,
Í have hád a péep at áll.

In Éngland Í have séen the Quéen;
In Íreland Í 've Killárney séen;
In Scótlánd Í 've seen Hólyróod,
And cút a stíck in Bírnám Wóod,
And cárríed it to Dúnsináne
Ánd the cástle óf the Tháne
Whose crúel lády shéd the blóod
Of Scótlánd's kíng, Duncán the góod.

In Bélgium Í 've to Brússels béen,
Ánd admired the cíty cléan,
Strólléd in its párk and álleys gréen,
Ánd Vesálius' státue séen;
And ón the mónument óf the bráve
Who díed their fátherlánd to sáve,
Ánd lie móuldering in one gráve,
The náme of évery héro réad,
And whére he féll, and hów he bléd.

Whéther he 's búrgomáster béen,
Or dúke, or prínce, or bárber méan,
Éach has éarned his wréath of fáme,
Ánd stands thére an hónored náme,
If áll, like mé, had tíme to réad,
And trávelled with so líttle spéed.

Óut of Bélgium into Fránce;
Nót to stáy, but táke a glánce
Át the éver réstless nátion,
That lóves to spréad such cónsternátion
Ámongst Éurope's lórd's despótic,
Yét by áll its pránks Quixótic
Hás but gót a strónger máster,
And riveté'd its fétters fáster.
Lóuis Náp, I thóught thee éver,
Éven when óthers díd not, cléver;
And thóugh I wish thou hadst béen more lóth
To bréak the sánction óf an óath,
I thánk thee fór thy cástigátion
Of pópulár représéntátion,
That quintessénce, by súblimátion,
Óf the worst fóllies óf a nátion;
And thát thou hást a-pácking sént
The jób they cáll a párlíamént;
That vást club óf etérnal prátters,
That Pándemónium óf debátters,
That séll their véry sóuls for pláces,
And chéat like jóckies át the ráces.

In Swítzerlánd I 've séen Mont Blánc
Híding his héad the clóuds amóing;
Díned on cóld Mont Ánvert's tóp,
And púrchased kníck-knacks át the shóp
Just ópened ón the shívering síde
Óf the míghty glácier wíde
By trávellers cálléd the Mér de Gláce,
And thére they gót me ón an áss,
That bróught me, úp the dízzy páss
Of Cól de Bálme, to thé Valáís,
Where snúg in Gémmi's báths I láy

And stéwed mysélf the lívelong dáy,
And dined on chéese and dránk goat's whéy;
Then óver Símplon máde my wáy,
Like Hánnibál, to Ítalý,
Ónce the lánd of the bráve and frée.
And thére I sáw the fáamous rópe-
Dáncers in Génoa, ánd the Pópe,
Ánd Vesúvius' búrning cráter,
Ánd the hóuse of thé man-háter
In Vénice, ánd the Góndolétta
In which he rówed his Guícciolétta,
Ánd the tómes whence hé compiled
Licéntious Júan ánd The Childe.

I 've séen in Flórence thé Bargéllo;
Ánd, of márble bláck and yéllow,
Thé Cathédral's Cámpanile,
A wónderfúl tall belfry réally;
And Sánta Cróce's áisle alóng,
The míghty búried déad amóng,
Háve with an Énglish swágger wálked,
Ánd with Énglish ímpudence tálked
Of Mácchiavél and Mágalótti
And Míchel Ángelo Búonarótti;
Wóndered at Giotto's wánt of sháde,
Ánd why Címabúe máde
The Vírgin's fáce so róund and flát:
Is 't trúe she fór the líkeness sát?

Písa, thy Dúomo 's móre than fíne;
Its véry gáteway hálf dívíne;
But whý its tówer should só inclíne
Out óf the pérpendícular líne,
And yét not tópple héadlong óver,

Áfter pains-táking tó discóver,
And éndless béating óf my bráin
Some thrée long súmmer-dáys in váin,
I túrned abóut in shéer despáir,
And, ás I fóund it, léft it thére,
A cólumn léaning ón the áir,
To púzzle árchitéctural ságes
As lóng as stóne-masóns get wáges.

Shóuld I begín to téll of Róme
I 'd scárce end ére the dáy of dóom:
Besides I have gíven to Róme befóre
Twénty five páges, léss or móre,
Ín that gáthering óf Windfálls,
Which évery grúbbling wít so máuls,
Scrátches and scrápes and cláws all óver
With his crów-foot, tó discóver
Some crack or fláw to péck and bíte at,
Ánd, to éarn a pénny, write at.
Só if a skétch of Róme contént ye,
Ín my Windfalls yé 'll find twénty;
If móre ye wánt, bid Gód keep hóme;
And óff acróss the Álps to Róme.

Three wéeks I wás in Náples Í
Scarce tóok my eýes off thé blue ský.
How sóft, how swéet, how límpid cléar
The Néapólitán átmosphére,
Ye cánnót háve a nótion hére,
Upón whose héads so héavy lówers,
Chárged with fógs and místs and shówers,
This ártic hémisphére of óurs.
Thrice lóvely Náples, whén I díe,
Lét me, benéath thy víolet ský,

Sóme where néar the Mántuan líe,
Ór in the spréading pálm tree's sháde
Clóse by the físher hút be láid,
Besíde the símple físhermáid,
Whóm the coldhéarted Fránk betráyed.
Bý no Frénchman's fóot be tród,
Gráziélla, thý grave-sód;
But thére let Crócus éarliest péep,
And bénding Willow ó'er thee wéep,
And Bája's máidens cúrse a náme
That Gául takes príde in, tó her sháme.

Had Mílan nóthing bút her Dóme,
Mílan were sécond scárce to Róme;
I knów it wéll, each flág and stóne;
But bést where thróugh the stáined-glass shóne
The évening súnbeams sóft and méllow
Tínging the clústered cólumnns yéllow,
That cróss the lóng aisle's cólonnáde
Flíng their déep and sólemn sháde,
And stréaming, with soft lústre méek,
On mány a brúnette's lóvely chéek,
Lówly amóng the knéeling crówd
Befóre the féstooned áltar bówed.

In Gérmany, as áll agrée,
Are mány cúrious thíngs to sée:
Lét us óur beginning máke
At dírtý Hámbug, fór the sáke
Of éase and pérspicúity,
For thére my íll fate lánded mé
Óut of clean Éngland; gríevously
Thróugh my nérvés olfáctórý
Hámbug's dírt offénded mé;

Nór less shócked mine eýes to sée
The inky flóods that dówn the stréet
Rán in the driest súmmer héat,
When sólstice sún's baked mé alive
And Réaumur stóod at thirty five.
Escáped from Hámburg's filth and smóke,
Ánd its keen commérçial fólk,
Tó the Hártz I táke my wáy,
To lét the móuntain bréezes pláy
Abóut me frée, and blów awáy
Fróm my frésh-washed skín and shírt
The ódour óf the Hámburg dirt.

In Léipzig, néxt, I 'm tó the fáir,
Ánd at the lóng and bláck beards stáre
Óf the Jew mérchants; ánd decláre,
That wére I nót a Chrístian bórñ,
Í wóuld endúre the Chrístian's scórñ
For Ábrahám's and Jácob's séed,
And Ísrael's únbelieving créed,
To win the privilége to wéar,
Ón my own chin, my nátive háir.

In Múnich thé grand Glýptothék
Ánd still grándér Pinacothék
Bég you 'll nót one fáult discóver
In Lóla Móntes' róyal lóver:
And gréat Bavária, giant táll,
Stánding in frónt of Glóry's Háll,
In stréngth of yóuth and béauty's pride,
With the grim Líon át her síde,
Hólds the wréath of hónor fórth
Tó rewárd the highest wórtth.

In Cónstance Í 've seen Húss's cèll,
Ánd the Háll where he spóke so wèll,
Fór his cónscience ánd his lífe,
Agáinst the fágot ánd the knífe.

In Drésden Í 've the highly prized
Sístine Madónna críticized,
Ánd pronóunced the dráwing trúe,
Bút the cólor áll too blúe,
Ánd the two líttle ímps belów
Fit ónly fór a ráree-shów,
With their duck's wings, and fóolish grín,
And élbows própping úp their chín.
The réason why Í só admire
The Drésdenérs, if yóu inquire,
It is not thát they 're óver cívil,
Ór less úgly thán the Dévil,
Ór that their hóuses dó not stínk
Like ány chárnel-váult or sínk;
Bút, in one wórd, its fór the sáke
Óf their right róyal Bíbliothék,
So nóbly tó me ópen thrówn,
To úse as if it wére my ówn,
And 'rével thére, the whóle day lóng,
Dear Léarning's tréasured swéets amóng,
Till, tíred, I túrn for récréation
To Klémm, and tálk of Cívilisátion,*
Oft wónderíng how sáusage-fúll
Of knówledge is the Gérman skúll.

* Dr. Klemm, the learned Oberbibliothekar of the King's Library in Dresden, has just completed, in 10 vols. 8^{vo}. his Cultur-Geschichte, the labor of twenty five years.

In Prágue I 've séen the Clémentinum,
Laurenzibérg and Cárolinum,
And Dálibórka's dónjon táll,
And Ládisláus' góthic háll,
Ánd the thrice sáinted, pickled tóngue,
That high up in the Hrádschin 's húng,
In hónor óf the Quéen's conféssor,
That silent tóngue's quondám posséssor,
Whó in the Móldau's mídnight tíde,
Thé conféssional's mártyr, díed.

And, lást and gréatest, Í have séen
The Káiser-Stádt, impérial Wíen;
With its San Stéphan's Thúrm so high,
And Práter lów, and gáy Bastei,
And Eísenstóck, and Góttes-ácker;
And hád my tóe by á Fiácre
Run óver ón the flágway, thóugh
Néar to the wáll as Í could gó.
So clóse and nárrow — whát a pítý! —
The crówded stréets of thát great cíty,
Such jóstling in them, crúshing, stríving,
Such cártíng, whéelbarro'íng and dríving,
You néither cán get ón, nor stóp;
But wíll-ye, n'íll-ye, in must póp
Ínto pórté-cochère or shóp,
In óne street's léngth ten tímes at léast,
If yóu 'd not gíve work tó the príest
And nóтары and úndertáker,
And lóng farewéll bíd tó the báker.

And nów I 've cóme home, sáfe and wéll,
Áll these cúríous thíngs to téll,

Thére 's a thing more cúrious stíll,
Which, if I cán describe, I wíll;
Tóo many wórds mar sénse, 'tis sáid,
So wát I méan 's a Gérman béd.
A wóol-stuffed píncushíon, I wéen,
Géntlest réader, thóu hast séen;
Quadrángulár, wood ón each síde,
And twice as lóng as it is wíde.
Sét this píncúshion ón four féet,
And, ón its óne end, píllows néat
Some hálf a dózen togéther píle —
Náy, gentlest réader, dó not smíle;
True Gérman néver *lies* in béd,
But *síts*, and léans his wéary héad
Báckwards agáinst such stéep inclíne
As gíves exáctly éighty níne
For the ángle's méasure wích his spíne
Mákes wíth the hórízóntal líne.
Wíth his one shéet benéath him spréad
Thus síts the Gérman ín his béd,
And ón his twó knees strétched out stráight
Suppórts his *Féderdéckbett's* wéight,
That léaves his féet and ánkles báre
To shíver ín the míd-níght áir:
Yet nót one wórd wíll hé compláin,
Intó whose métaphýsic bráin,
Of blánket ór of cóunterpáne,
Wíth áll his tóil and áll his swéat,
No cléar *Begriff* has éntered yét.

So, ás I 've súnq or ráther sáid,
Agáinst the Glácis óf his béd
The Gérman léans supíne his héad;

And sléeps with héedful cáution nice,
While on each síde a précípice
Four féet down pérpendiculár,
Forbids one wéary jóint to stir
Éither to léft side ór to right,
Thróugh the whole lívelong winter níght;
And thréatens évery déviátion
From réctilíneal réclinátion
Alóng the míddle óf the crib,
With bróken héad or bróken ríb.
Your Gérman, whó admírer wárm is
Of whóle bones, swéars "*tutissimus dórmis*"
Ís the true réading, ánd your "*ibis*"
The intérpolátion óf some scribe is,
Who knéw not 'twás a Gérman béd,
Good fáther Sól had ín his héad,
Whén he admónished hís rash són,
Fidgetty, réstless Pháëton,
Ríght ín the míddle tó keep stráight,
Íf he díslíked a bróken páte.
The góod advice díd bút annóy
The sílly, sélf-concéited bóy,
Who, tíred of thé exáct stráight líne,
Fídged to the síde of thé inclíne,
And túmbling dówn, as schóolboys knów,
Ínto the bróad, o'erflówing Pó,
Wás by hís wéeping sísters móurned
Till ínto póplars théy were túrned.

Réader, shóuldst thou éver bénd
Thy stéps to Gérmany, a fríend
Than Cóleridge móre expérienced, wóuld
Persuáde thee, íf he dúrst and cóuld,

To bring with thee, not one poor pair
Of blankets, from the midnight air
Thy hips, sides, shoulders to defend;
But bring with thee, so says thy friend,
Bedstead and bedding all complete,
Six feet in length and wide five feet;
So shall the astonished *Kellnerin*,
When at daybreak she brings thee in
Thy cup of coffee, find thee warm,
And safe escaped all nightly harm
Of damp or frost or sudden fall;
And wonder how it comes at all,
There should be in the world a rug,
So fleecy soft, so cozy snug,
Yet of the vast, unheard-of size,
A man to cover as he lies
Stretched at full length, and hang down wide
Below the bed on either side.

Reader, farewell; and pardon me,
Some winter's night in Germany
If scanty coverlet, steep high bed,
And frozen toes or broken head
Make thee remember what I've said.

Written while travelling on foot from BOTZEN, to INNICHEN
in the PUSTERthal, October 1. to October 4. 1852.

MY JOURNEY

IN THE AUTUMN OF 1852 FROM MUNICH THROUGH THE BAVARIAN
HIGHLANDS UP THE VALLEY OF THE INN AND OVER THE STELVIO
INTO LOMBARDY.

With shirt fresh wáshed, and crávat néat,
And wórsted sócks upón my féet,
And shóes half wórned and néwly sóled,
And dóuble póckets lined with góld,
And ón my héad brown Wide-awáke
Cócked on one síde for fáshion's sáke,
And gráy Alpácha líght and wárm
Hung lóosely óver thé left árm,
To wéar in cáse of cóld or stórm,
And sílk umbrélla ín my hánd,
Behóld me ín a fóreign lánd.

Let thóse who lóve their déar-bought éase,
Bring rúmbling wíth them, íf they pléase,
Valíse and trúnk and équipáge,
Ánd, at Boulógne, couríer engáge,
To sít upón coach-bóx ín státe,
And fór Milórd ínsíde transláte;
Or, fórward sént, annóunce the appróach
Of Énglish géntlemán and cóach,
And át the Póste bespéak reláy,
Thát there may bé no stóp nor stáy
Ín the impátient trávellér's wáy
Pást every óbject wóρθ the víew
Ín the strange lánd he jóurneys thróugh:
But Í proféss anóther créed,
And dífferent fár my ráte of spéed,
And féw and smáll the hélp I néed;

Trunk, bóx, or équipage, I 've nóne;
And ás for cóurier — I 'm my ówn:
And yét I gó not áll alóne,
For át my side is álwáys óne
Whose swéet compánionship more swéet
Makes évery óbject which I méet;
More sóft the áir, the ský more blúe,
Each fiéld and flówer more bríght of húe,
The mórn more frésh, less gráve the éven;
And whére she bréathes there is my héaven.

An hóur befóre the mátin chime,
I héar a vóice: — "To rise it 's tíme;"
And thén I féel a dáughter's kíss —
"The mórning hóur we múst not míss;
No móre of sléep; the ský is bríght;
We 've twénty míles to máke ere níght;
Make háste, Papá." And thén she brings
Those ítems which the séx call thínghs,
And mén their clóthes; cravat and vést,
Coat, shírt and stóckings — ánd the rést;
And whíle, with éver ánd anón
Her hélpíng hánd, I pút them ón,
Remínds me hów the mínutes páss,
And mákes bríef tóilette át the gláss.
Dréssíng áchieved, we húrry dówn
Tó the *Gast-Stúbe*; múddy brówn
Whose náked tábles, wálls and flóor,
Cúshíonless séats and óft-turned dóor;
Our cóffee ín all háste despátch,
Dischárge our réckóníng, ráise the láтч,
And, whíle aróund the whóle hóusehold crý
'*Glückliche Réise*,' bíd good býe,
And óut upón our róad ágáín,

Along the valley, 'cross the plain,
Through village, hamlet, city, town,
Now up the mountain and then down.

Now by the side of rippling lake,
Lingering, slow, our way we take;
And watch with ever new delight
The freaks of the reflected light;
How from wave to wave it glances,
How it shivers, how it dances;
Here spread out so warm and mellow
Under some soft cloud's morning yellow,
There wrinkling black beneath the frown
Of yon o'erhanging mountain brown.

Now our way leads through the shade
By sycamore and walnut made;
Where the beech spreads overhead,
And the rowan berries red
Droop graceful from their slender stalk:
Pleasant indeed it is to walk
Under this ever-varying screen,
This twinkling canopy of green,
And watch the timid squirrel spring,
And hear the shy wood throstle sing;
Or peering down some dim-lit aisle
Of plane or poplar, see defile
Out of the thicket and the shade
Into the sun-illuminated glade
The red deer's stately cavalcade;
Like train of monks from the dark door
Of sacristy or cloister hoar,
Forth issuing into the bright,
Illuminated chancel's light.

And nów with lightsome fóotstep frée,
We 're bóunding ó'er the móuntain léa
With eúphrasy and dáisy píed,
Alóng the múrmuring bróoklet's síde,
Whére a thóusand nibbling shéep
Súch a tinkle tinkle kéep;
And sée the shépherd ón a rók
Séated ténd his wóolly flók;
Róund his néck his whistle 's húng,
'Cróss his báck his wállet 's slúng;
Émblem and éngine óf commánd,
His séven-foot cróok 's in his right hánd;
In váin, bold rám, that thréatening lóok,
Thine hínd leg 's in the mérciless cróok;
Submít, proud rám; thy strúggles váin
Dóes but to tórture túrn thy páin.
And nów, "whee! whée!" his whistle shrill
Commánds his dóg down fróm the híll
To túrn, with bárk and wéll-feigned bíte,
The stúrdy wédder, thát in spíte
Of shówers of cláy from thé crook's scóop
Has dáred to strággles fróm the tróop.

A róughér scéne salútes us nów;
Lean óver yónder rók's steep brów;
Héar what an úproar réigns belów;
Sée how the héadlong tórrént rúshes,
Hów it éddies, fóams and gúshes,
Hów from rók to rók it túmbles,
Héar how the gróund abóut thee rúmbles:—
"Take cáre my chíld, come fást awáy,
Thy fáce and háir are wét with spráy."
"Do stáy, Papá, a móment stáy;
Thóugh with sómewhat bóisterous pláy,

The wáters spírt and fóam and híss,
Ás they plúnge into the abyýss,
Ánd with spráy have wét my háir,
Ánd with dámpness filled the áir,
See yónder whát a lóvely Bów
Spáns the áwful chásm belów,
Wárm red and yéllow, blént with blúe,
Ánd the violet's ténderer húa;
Bridge búilt for thé new-wédde**d** bríde
Óf some fáiry kíng to ríde,
Bý her róyal cónsort's síde,
Ón her práncing pálfrey píed,
Sáfe acróss the stéep ravíne,
Tó the cástle néver séen
Bý presúptuous mórtal eýe,
Till mídnight's páll has wrápped the ský,
Ánd from báttlemént and tówer
The phántom wátch have cáll**e**d the hóur:
Then súdden ón the astónished síght
Búrsts the cástle blázing bríght
With a thóusand tápers' líght;
Ánd on the éar peals fróm wíthín
The Mándolín's ríght mérry dín,
And sóng and dánce and révelrý
Lást till the phántom wátch cry — THRÉE;
Whén in a tríce the líghts are out,
Húshed in a tríce s**o**ng, dánce and shóut,
Ánd the enchanted cástle 's góne,
Léaving no rélic, stóck nor stóne,
To márk the síte it stóod up**o**n:
Till at the sáme hour thé next níght,
With its thóusand tápers bríght,
It búrsts agáin up**o**n the síght;
And sóng and dánce and jóllitý

Agáin last till the wáitch cry — THRÉE;
When áll at ónce from mórtal kén
Vánish the fáiry tówers agáin;
And the éarly trávellér thróugh the wóod
Gáthers múshrooms whére they stóod."

The mídday sún has scáled the ský;
Our páth leads úp a móuntain high;
Grádual at fírst, then stéep and shéer;
How dwindled dówn to mice appéar
The shéep, that ón yon hills belów
Grázing we léft two hóurs agó!
Our fórest friends have óne by óne
Léft us to táke our wáy alóne:
Soft Willow fírst begán to wáil
And wéep that shé had léft the vále;
Then Póplar tíred, and céased to clímb,
Sáying he 'd cóme anóther tíme,
But nów would ráther stáy with Líme:
Next stúrdy Oák stopped fár belów,
And Wálnut cóuld no fúrther gó,
And Cýpress shívered with the cóld,
And Chésnut wás too stíff and óld,
And sáid that úp the stéep inclíne
We néeded bút stout hárdy Píne
For cómpany; for hé was lóng
Inúred to dwéll those héights amóng,
Ánd wóuld néither tíre nor stóp
But kéept close bý us tó the tóp.
Sweet wórds of cómfort, Chésnut blánd,
And fálse as swéet, thou hast stíll at hánd;
Móre than a góod half hóur agó
Stout Píne grew tíred, and stáid belów,
Gásping for bréath: and sáid that hé

Was lóth to párt good cómpany,
But cóuld not béar an áltítúde
Abóve the spót whereón he stóod.
Só, while thou tóil'st up lífe's stéep híll,
Thou 'rt léaving fríends behínd thee stíll;
And óne is wéak, and óne is slów,
And, bréathless, óne stops fár belów;
And tén are fálse, and twénty díe,
That tó thy yóuth gave cómpany:
And thóu, ere hálf the stéep thou hast wón,
Look'st róund, and ló! thou stánd'st alóne,
Unléss, for mútual shíeld from hárm,
Thou hast línked thee ín a bróther's árm,
Or sóme dear síster wálks besíde,
Or kínd Heaven 's bóund thee tó a bríde
In háppy fétters; ór a míld
And dútiful dáughter, líke my chíld,
Mý beloved Kátharine, hóvers néar,
Thine áge's fáinting stéps to chéer.

Stárk desolátion wóuldst thou sée,
Úp to the hígh móuntains, úp with mé;
Belów thee léave the shéltéred glén,
Dótted with the abódes of mén;
Belów thee léave the shépherd's pén;
Fár belów in the dístance díim,
Léave the chárcoal-búrner grím,
With his dun óxen ánd his lóad
Lúmbering dówn the dángerous róad;
Fár belów leave the lást green spót
Ánd the híghest *Sénner's* lónely cót;
Ánd with unwéaried límb and bréath
Press úpwards 'cróss the dámp brown héath,
Whose mátted fíbres' slów decáy,

Yéar after yéar, day áfter dáy,
Clóthes with a déeper quággiér móld
The móuntain grável wét and cóld.
Sprínging from túft to túft acróss,
Thou hast léft behind bog, héath and móss,
Ánd with no jót of vígour léss
Toilst úp the stóny wildernéss
From whénce, a thóusand yéars agó,
Tórrents and ráins and mélting snów
Have wáshed down tó the vále belów,
And thénce borne tó the séa awáy,
The finer débris sánd and cláy,
Léaving the grósser stónes behind
Bléaching in súnshine ráin and wínd,
Till gráin by gráin awáy they 're wórñ,
And grádual dówn the sáme path bórñ.

Look róund; what óbjects méet thy sight?
“Stónes, only stónes, left hánd and ríght;
Befóre, behind, stónes, ónly stónes,
Thick stréwn as déadmen's móuldering bónes
Upón some chárnel-hóuse's flóor.”
Look úp abóve thee; wát see'st móre?
“The gáunt cheeks óf the móuntain hóar,
By mány a tórrent rávined déep,
Each rávine énding in a stéep
Délta of grável, fróm the crówn
Óf the ever crúmbling súmmit dówn
Bróught by the wáters, ánd outspréad
To bé their wáste and rúgged béd.”
Still hígher lóok; what sée'st thou nów?
“Crówning the táll cliff's clámmy brów
I sée the éverlásting snów,
Like the white cáp that wráps the héad

Of cold corpse in the coffin laid,
Or outstretched on the funeral bed;
Light on the deadcap rests the shroud,
And light upon the snow the cloud,
Whose thick impénétrable haze
Shields the highest pinnacles from the gaze,
And, by no ray of sun pierced through,
Shuts in all round the upward view."

A mountain circus capped with snow,
Dark mists above, grey stones below,
No living thing, no speck of green,
No print to mark where life has been,
The deathlike silence only broke
By the torrent's roar or falling rock —
Haste, thou that life hast, haste away;
Great Nature suffers not thy stay
In these her outskirts; in the waste
And horrible wilderness she has placed
On her extremest frontier's edge,
On her vast globe's most prominent ledge.
Stark desolation if there 's here,
What is there quite beyond the sphere?

To the vast glacier let us now
Descend along this sloping brow;
With steady footstep, sure and slow,
Downward in broad zigzags go;
Into the gravel press hard thy heel,
Thy toe the ground must scarcely feel:
And now upon thine *Alpenstock*
Throw thy whole weight, and to yon rock,
As *Gémsen-Jäger* fearlessly,
Across the wide chasm spring with me.

Well done — Is 't not a glorious sight
Th' untródden glácier's dázzling white,
Wáve beyond wáve spread éndlessly,
Frozen billows óf a frózen séa?
Look dówn this fissure, twó feet wide
And fifty déep; on éither side
Light pierces fár intó the máss
Of sólid, gréen, crystálline gláss,
That fills the móuntain rávine wide,
From tóp to bóttom, side to side;
Benéath dissólving grádually
And éver dráining tóward the séa;
Abóve repláced continually
By snówslips fróm the súmmits high,
And ón its súrfce, tóward the vále,
Down wáfting in perpétual sáil
Its fréight of thóusand, thóusand tóns
Of fálled-down grável and bóulder-stónes.

Móuntains and snóws behind us lie,
Abóve us spréads a sóft blue ský;
Wárm in the sún the lándscape glóws,
A fréshening zéphyr róund us blóws,
Fánning us with the rich perfúme
Of órange ánd acácia blóom.
Cast róund thine eýes; on évery side,
Through áll the rólling chámplain wide,
Éxtend in mány a párallel line
The póllard próppings óf the vine;
Fréely betwéen from línk and nóose
Háng the broad flóating féstoons lóose
Óf the wónder-wórking júice,
That ópen láys the héart of mán,
Tó his bróther's eýes to scán,

And láic, clérgey, súbjects, kíngs,
To óne and thé same lével bríngs;
That chéers the síck-bed ánd inspíres
The póet's ánd the lóver's fíres,
And húes of héaven, odóurs of róse,
Round lífe's exháusted pílgím thróws.
Let Céres bóast her gólden shéaves,
And Flóra hér enámelled léaves,
Let Pállas kéepe her ólive wánd,
The mýrtle stíll grace Vénus' hánd,
And Mórpheus róund afflíction's béd
Stíll wáve his drówsy póppyhéad,
Déarer to mé than flówer or shéaf,
Or ólive bráñch or mýrtle léaf,
Or póppy's bléssed ánodýne,
Déarer to mé and móre dívîne
One téndril, Bácschus, óf thy víne,
One spárkle óf a cúp of víne.

Abóve, the víne festóons float frée;
Belów, wide-spréading líke a séa,
Waves stáately ó'er the gólden pláin
The Kúkurítz' sun-lóving gráin,
Chéquered with mány a vérdant spót,
Where róund the péasant's wóodroofed cót
Gay Búckwheat shéws his búskin réd,
And Mílet dróops her pénsive héad.

But wéstering Sól bids ús make háste,
And nóte our précíous mínutes wáste
In tóo contéplative a gáze
On várious Náture's wóndrous wáys,
Whén on níght quárters wé should thínk,
And sómethíng gét to éat and drínk;

And hints that though his sister Dí
May dó for lovers to swear bý,
She 's nó to bé depended ón
By twó who, bý themsélves alóne,
Trável on fóot a lánd unknówn.
With Sól I 'll nó the póint dispúte,
For Sól 's not éasy to confúte,
And Í mysélf shrewdlý inclíne
To súpper ánd a pínt of wíne,
Snug párlour, sófa, ánd warm béd
With thrée down píllows át the héad
And óne alóng the fóotboard láid,
Thére to repóse my weáry bónes
And léave hills, válleys, rócks and stónes,
Vines, búckwheat, millet, Túrkish córn,
To shíver in the cóld till mórn:
Then ére the sún has léft his béd,
Or tipped the úpland pínes with réd,
We rise refréshed and óut agáin
'Cross móuntain, válley, híll and pláin,
Through cópse and thicket, láwn and gláde,
In súnshine nów, and nów in sháde;
Léaving to óthers éase and wéalth,
And gáthering, dáily, stréngth and héalth,
And swéet conténtment, dáughter fáir
Of éxercíse and ópen áir;
Ánd, with discóurse varíous and frée
On áll the nóveltíes we sée,
Bréaching the thícK walls óf the cèll
Whére our blind ígnorance lóves to dwéll,
With her ill-fávored children thrée,
Pride, préjudíce and bigotrý,
And létting in warm ráys of líght
To illúmináte our méntal níght.

SPEND AND SPARE.

Twin bróthers in old times there wére,
The óne called Spénd, the óther Spáre;
And thús, once in the mórning réd,
Togéther ás they láy in béd,
One bróther tó the óther sáid:—
“Good bróther Spáre, it bréaks my héart,
Bút from each óther wé must párt;
Two ópposites cannót agrée,
And thóu 'rt as ópposite to mé
As wét to drý, as hót to cóld,
As high to lów, as yóung to óld:
So táke which wáy thou likest bést,
To Nórth or Sóuth, to Éast or Wést,
And Í will táke the ópposite wáy,
Ánd at the énd of a yéar and dáy
We 'll méet upón this spót agáin,
And cáculáte our lóss or gáin.”
Agréed: they kíss, shake hánds, and gó,
At fírst with thóughtful stép and slów,
Óne to the éastward úp the híll,
Wéstward the óther dówn the ríll
That túrned the óld, patérnal míll;
And óft, with wáve of hát and hánd,
A stép or twó retúrning, stánd
In múte farewéll a móment stíll —
And nów betwéen them lies the híll,
And éach, his childhood's hélpmate góne,
Is léft to táke his wáy alóne.

Fór a húndred dúcats góld
These bróthers, ás the stóry 's tóld,

Hád the mill ancéstral sóld,
Ánd, for bétter ór for wórse,
Fifty dúcats in his púrse
Each bróther hád upón the dáy
He sét out ón his séparate wáy.

As sóon as Spénd was óut of síght,
Spare tóok his púrse, and tíed it tíght
With thrée hard knóts, and túcked it in
Betwéen his wáistband ánd his skín;
Then wént and éarned a gróat that dáy
Beside free lódging, ánd did páy
A quárter gróat for bréad and béer,
And fire his évening héarth to chéer.
Next dáy he éarned anóther gróat,
Anóther quárter páid his scót,
And Spare that évening át his fire
Was háppy tó his héart's desíre,
Ánd, as he láy down in his béd,
Thús to himsélf, conténted, sáid:—
“The fifty dúcats yéllow góld,
For which my hálf the mill I sóld,
May wéll with góod ecónomý
A húndred gólden dúcats bé,
Befóre the dáy and twélvemonth's énd,
Whén I 'm to méet my bróther Spénd.”
And só Spare éarned a gróat a dáy,
And stíll three quárters bý díd láy,
Augménting stíll his wéll saved stóre,
Ánd to his dúcats ádding móre.
Indústrious, frúgal ánd contént,
Áfter the dáy in lábor spént,
He 'd sháre his fire and évening chéer
With sóme dear fríend or néíghbour néar,

And smóke his pípe and crack his jóke
Like óther sprúce, well dóing fólk;
Thén like a tóp sleep, rise at líght,
And lábor tíll retúrning níght;
And thínk, as hé tied úp his púrse,
How wáste brings wánt, and wánt brings wórse.

Meantíme Spénd éarned his dáily gróat,
And spént it tóo; — why shóuld he nóť?
With fífty dúcats ín his púrse
Whý shóuld Spénd his éarnings núrse?
Abstáin from ínnocent récreátion
And práctise sélf-mortíficátion?
Whó but a míser wóuld take pléasure
In héaping úp a úseless tréasure?
Besídes to spénd, some wíse men sáy,
Ís, to be gréat, the shórttest wáy,
And Cáto, cáreful óf his pénce,
Múst to the vást muníficéncé
Of glórious César yíeld the dáy,
Ánd, at the lást, sore réckoning páy
For píttíng ágainst míghty ‘*Dándo*’*
Ánd still míghtier ‘*Súblevándó*’,
Ánd magnétic ‘*Ígnoscéndó*’,
His stíngy ‘*Níhil lárgiéndó*’.
“And só to máke the wórld my fríend
I ’ll úse my cáshe,” thought máster Spénd,
“And thús at ónce two óbjects gáin,
Pléasure and prófit bóth attáin;
And, ás philósophers récomménd,
The *útilé* and *dúlce* blénd.”

* “Caesar dando, sublevando, ignoscendo; Cato nihil largiendo, gloriam adeptus.” SALL. *Catil.* 54.

So Spénd lived éasy, frée, and gáy,
And tó no bórrowér said náy,
And thóught no mán did éver wórse
Than tie a tíght string róund his púrse,
And whén at níght he wént to béd
Self-grátuláting thús he sáid:—
“I éarn with éase a gróat each dáy,
And thóugh two gróats be mý outláy,
Or sómething móre, I dó not féar
Bút that I sháll withín the yéar
Be twice as rích, at léast, as Spáre,
Ánd with one hálf the tóil and cáre.”

The yéar and dáy 's come tó an énd;
Mét are the bróthers Spáre and Spénd:
In ráptures éach to sée the óther:—
“Dear bróther, hów dost?” “Hów dost, bróther?”
Éach has a thóusand things to sáy,
To éach it is his háppiest dáy:
Éach will the óther tréat to wíne
And dínnér át the Gólden Víne;
Bóth order dínnér, bóth will páy:—
“Nay”—“Yés, dear bróther”—“Náy”—“Yes”—“Náy”—
The wórld ne'er sáw a mérrier páir
Than wére that évening Spénd and Spáre;
Good dínnér, wíne, a déar loved bróther;
Éach talked lóuder thán the óther,
Tóld how the whóle year hé had fáred,
Thís, how he had spént; that, hów he had spáred;
And éach grown rích a dífferent wáy:—
“And dóst thou méan, dear Spénd, to sáy,
Withóut one dúcat ín thy púrse,
Thou art áll the bétter ánd no wórse?”
“Góld is but trásh while ín purse pént;

It gáins its wóρθ by béing spént;
And míne 's spent fór the bést of énds,
To wín me pléasure, pówer, and friends:
With rích, with póor, with hígh, with lów
I 'm wélcome whéresoé'er I gó;
On évery síde I ám caréssed;
I 'm évery whére an hónored guést;
I méet no mán but ís my friend,
Réady to gíve me, ór to lénd —"
"Then páy the réckoning, bróther Spénd."

The lándlord 's cálléd; makes óut the bíll;
Spend dóubts not bút he kíndly wíll
Óver till néxt week lét it líe;
Fór he had béen unlúckilý
Preváiled upón, that mórn, to lénd
His lást páir dúcats tó a fríend,
Who had prómised páyment thát day wéek,
Ánd by no chánce his wórd wóuld bréak.
"Nay, dón't look gráve, thou wílt and múst;
Thóu 'rt the first mán I 've ásked for trúst,
Trúst for one wéek till cásh comes ín —
Dámn ít! he lóoks as bláck as sín.
Sparé, páy the féllow, ánd let 's gó;
So múch for á few dáy's I 'll ówe
Tó my dear bróther. Why, thou art slów!"
"Ánd whát else mákes me háve, this dáy,
A chókeful púrse our bíll to páy,
Bút that I' m álwáys slów to spénd,
Lóth to gíve, more lóth to lénd?
Áh! if thou wóuldst bút léarn from mé,
What háppy bróthers wé míght bé,
While éach his sávings wéll díd núrse,
Ánd nóurish ín a clóse-watched púrse!"

He said, and under his waistband
Félt for his purse; first with one hand,
And, missing it, then with the óther,
And félt and gróped; then át his bróther
Fúll in the fáce stared, ánd turned pále
As cándle hánging fróm a náil,
Or nún just dráwing ón the véil,
Or schóol-girl, whó first time the tále
Drinks in of hápless Léonóre,
And thinks she héars knock át the dóor
That stéel-cased wárrior grím and gráy,
Who is, befóre the dáwn of dáy,
Behínd him ón his stéed awáy
To béar her with him, áll alóne,
Full gállop óver stóck and stóne
Ínto his spéctral réalms unknówn:—
“They ’ve cút my purse, the thieves!” he sóbbed,
“And óf my éarnings Í am róbbed,
My hárd, hard éarnings fór the yéar,
Beside the fífty dúcats cléar,
For which my hálf the mill I sóld,
In áll a húndred dúcats góld —
Purse, éarnings, cápítal, in one swóop!
Ah, fáithless wáistband, knót, and lóop!”

Spend láughed, and róse up fróm his cháir,
And kíndly préssed the hánd of Spáre:—
“Our cáses áre alike, dear bróther,
And óne ’s no wíser thán the óther.
Each tóok to wéalth a dífferent wáy,
And éach has fáiled. Some fúture dáy
We ’ll méet upón this spót agáin,
To cóunt, perháps, not lóss, but gáin.
“Máy it be só!” said Spáre, and síghed;

“It máyn’t be só!” the lándlord cried;
“Enóugh once in my hóuse to méet” —
And púshed both óut into the stréet.

Begun at POERTSCHACH in CARINTHIA, Octob. 12. 1852;
resumed between KINBERG and LANGENWANG in UPPER STYRIA,
Octob. 24; and finished at VIENNA, Nov. 4.

Unbeschrieb’ne Blätter.

Unbeschrieb’ne Blätter gleichen
Wolkenlosen Himmelreichen;
Wenn ich ihre Reinheit sehe,
Fühle ich der Wehmuth Nähe.

Wolken kommen bald gezogen,
Düster wird der Himmelbogen;
Thränen bald den Blick umhüllen,
Um der Blätter Weiß zu füllen.

B. Carneri.

BLANK LEAVES.

SUGGESTED BY THE “UNBESCHRIEB’NE BLÄTTER” OF B. CARNERI.

O’er áll yon clóudless sápphire ský,
Roams únrefréshed the pílgrim’s eýe;
Túrn where it will, North, Sóuth, East, Wést,
No spéck it finds, no spót to rést.
Cóme, rainbow elóuds, come báck agáin,
Thóugh ye should drénch him with your ráin.

So ó'er my páper's spótless white
Roams únrefréshed my áching sight,
Till with her fúll pen Phántasý
Cómes, and fílls the blánk for mé
With misty visions, hópes and féars,
Oft énding in a flóod of téars.

VIENNA, Nov. 6. 1852.

Der Großvater.

Komm zu mir, geliebter Knabe,
Setze dich auf meinen Schoos.
Wie du frisch bist, schlank und feurig,
Für dein Alter stark und groß!

Gib den Arm um meinen Nacken,
Spiele mit dem Silberhaar,
Das wie deines, junger Knabe,
Einst so schwarz und üppig war.

Wann du Mann bist, wirke, handle,
Schaffe, deiner Kraft bewußt;
Doch in Abendstunden denke
An des Alters stille Lust.

Scheue nicht das müde Alter,
Ist es doch die Zeit der Ruh'.
Der dem Alter zugelächelt,
Lächelt einst dem Tode zu.

B. Carneri.

So war es einst.

Sobald es getagt,
Stürmte die Jagd
Bei Hörnerklang
Und Jubelgesang
Den Strom entlang;
Ueber Berg und Thal, durch Wiesen und Wald
Hinriß mich der Jugendglut Fiebergewalt.
So war es einst!
Hast Recht, mein Herz, wenn du zu brechen meinst.

Mein Lebensmark
War gesund und stark;
Das freie Feld
Unterm Himmelszelt
War meine Welt;
Ich kannte den nagenden Trübsinn nicht
Und heiter und froh sah mein frisches Gesicht.
So war es einst!
Hast Recht, mein Blick, wenn du zu Zeiten weinst.

Bin krank und matt,
Wie lebensfatt,
Und geben muß
Ich den Abschiedsgruß
Dem gewohnten Genuß;
Gehemmt ist der Jugend begeisterter Flug,
Muß betteln um jeden Athemzug.
So war es einst?
Hast Recht, mein Hirn, wenn du zu wanken scheinst.

B. Carneri.

A G E.

WRITTEN AFTER READING "DER GROSSVATER" AND
"SO WAR ES EINST" OF B. CARNERI.

Cóme, little child, sit ón my knée;
Hold úp thy héad, and lóok at mé;
Náy, thou canst nót sit stíll for glée;
Then gó, my child, I sét thee frée:
Ónce on a tíme I wás like thee,
And skípped and láughed and frólicked só;
Áh! it is lóng, long lóng agó.

Come hére, young mán, and sít by mé;
And téll me trúly whó was shé
That árm in árm so lóvingly
Wálked with thee lást night ó'er the léa,
Nóne but the móon in cómpany.
Náy, if thou blúshes, téll not mé;
Ónce on a tíme I tóo blushed só,
Áh! it is lóng, long lóng agó.

Wídower, come hére, and drý thine eýe;
Lét thy breast héave no móre the sígh;
Thínk no móre of the dáy's gone bý
And bónes that in the cóld earth líe.
Náy, if thy téars but fáster flów,
Í'll not bíd them stóp; no! nó!
There wás a tíme my téars flowed só;
Áh! it is lóng, long lóng agó.

Childless fáther, wéep no móre;
Déath 's but, tó repóse, the dóor;
Thy children áre but góne befóre;
Óver that úrn no lóngér póre.
Nay, fróm it if thou wílt not séver,
Í 'll not bíd thee; néver! néver!
Í to my children's úrn clung só;
Áh! it is lóng, long lóng agó.

Come báck, sweet child, sit ón my knée;
Hold úp thy héad, and lóok at mé;
Íf but thy life 's spared, thóu shalt bé,
In áll things, súch as thóu see'st mé,
Ánd to some swéet child ón thy knée
Shalt tálk as nów I tálk to thee,
And sáy thou dídst the óld man knów,
With héad like thine as white as snów,
And báck bent quíte intó a bów,
And tóothless gúms, and drípping nóse,
And shánk too smáll for his wide hóse,
And jóints swelled with rheumátic páins,
And blótted hands ribbed with lárge black véins,
And, if thou wért not stíff, thou 'dst gó
Ánd his grave in the chúrchyard shéw,
Whére in thy yóuth they láid him lów,
Áh! it was lóng, long lóng agó.

VIENNA, Nov. 6. 1852.

THERMOMETER AND BAROMETER.

“Good mórning, Thermómeter, hów dost todáy?”

“I thánk thee, Barómeter, múch the same wáy;

Sometimes hót, sometimes cóld, not two mínutes the sáme;

In the wórld there ’s no rést for this sénsitive fráme.

Ah! how háppy ’s my friend that the difference knows nót

Between lúke warm and bóiling, betwéen cold and hót,

To whóm ice and fíre differ ónly in náme,

And fréezing and búrning are óne and the sáme.”

“Do téll me but hów to relieve thy sad cáse;

Let me thínk — stay — I háve it now — Lét us change pláce —

Just for twénty four hóurs — one dáy and one night —”

“That indéed is true friendship” — “There — nów we ’re all ríght.

From the Sóuth-west that night came the wíld hurricáne

With thúnder and líghtning and tórrents of ráin;

Sound, sóund slept Barómeter áll the night thróugh —

Such a sléep such a night was to hím something nów —

And awáking next mórning, as lárk fresh and gáy,

His respécts to Thermómeter hástened to páy

With “My déar friend, how dóst thou? feel’st bétter todáy?”

Such a gróan as Thermómeter dréw from his bréast,

By páinter poétic may nót be expréssed;

Such a gróan in this wíde world has néver been héard

Since to sléeping Enéas dead Héctor appéared,

And cried:— “O Enéas, the cíty ’s on fíre;

Awáke, save thysélf and thy Góds and thy síre.”

Such a gróan heaved Thermómeter ás he replíed:—

"Than have pássed such a níght, better fár to have díed.
 Oh! hádst thou foreséen, honored síre Fahrenhéit,
 That thine óffspring belóved was to páss such a níght,
 Thou 'dst have dáshed him to píeces the dáy of his bírth,
 And scáttered his frágments through áir, sea and éarth.
 Oh, hów my heart sánk when the thúnder begán!
 What a thríll, what a trémor through áll my blood rán!
 Befóre each blue flásh how my whóle soul díd quáil,
 And how óften I énvied the tóo happy snáil,
 Who, when dánger appróaches, can dráw himself quíte
 Back into his búlb, and be áll safe and ríght;
 But the lówer *I* sánk, and the móre *I* drew ín,
 Only blúer the fláshes and lóuder the dínn,
 The stórm only fíercer shook céiling and wáll,
 And in óne ruin thréatened to búry us áll.
 So, Barómeter déar, let us quíck change agáin;
 Take thóu back thy stórm, thunder, lightning and ráin,
 And Í will retúrn to my cóld and my hót,
 And líve for the fúture contént with my lót."

Every óne has his tróubles; keep thóu to thine ówn:
 Only léss seem thy néighbour's, becáuse they 're unknow'n.

Written while walking from VIENNA to SCHOENBRUNN and
 back, Nov. 7. 1852.

"Put no trúst in this wórld," wise men téll you and sígh;
 "It 's a hóllo'w delúsi'ón, a chéat to the éye,
 Unréal, unsubstántial, the sháde of a sháde —"
 What wónder? this wórld out of nóthing was máde.

VIENNA, Nov. 19. 1852.

THE PRECEDING TRANSLATED INTO GERMAN BY B. CARNERI.

“Seh't in die Welt kein Vertrau'n,” — so sagen die Weisen und seufzen. —

“Hohle Täuschung nur ist sie, ein Trug für das Aug',
Unwahr, ohne Gehalt, der Schatten von einem Schatten —”

's ist kein Wunder; die Welt ist ja erschaffen aus nichts.

Wien, 25. Nov. 1852.

Man looks up to the ský, and sees plainly the sún
From the Éast to the Wést his immense journey rún:
Man looks dówn to the gróund, and sees plainly it 's stíll;
He féels it — it 's stéady, dený it who wíll.

Upón his own inward self mán casts his view,
And distinctly a wíll sees to dó or not dó,
Distinctly a wíll feels unféttered and frée;
Dený it who wíll, a free ágent is hé.

VIENNA, Nov. 8. 1852.

THE PRECEDING TRANSLATED INTO GERMAN BY B. CARNERI.

Himmelwärts blickt der Mensch und steht wahrhaftig die Sonne

Gehen von Ost nach West den unermesslichen Gang;

Blickend zur Erde, gewahrt er diese vollkommen in Ruhe,

Fühlt's, daß sie stille steht — mag es verneinen wer will!

Und in sein Inn'res hinab versenkend die Blicke, ganz deutlich

Eine Willenskraft steht er zum Lassen und Thun;

Deutlich den Willen fühlt er, den fessellosen und freien; —

Mag es verneinen, wer will! — selbstthätig handelt der Mensch.

Wien, 26. Nov. 1852.

UNCERTAINTY.

For the Cértain and Súra let philósophers séek;
Oh! give me Uncértainty, ére my heart bréak.
Sure and cértain 's the pást, but it 's áll dead and cóld;
The gráve has closed óver it, ánd the knell tólléd;
In the fúture's long vísta what sées my sad eýe?
Nothing súra, nothing cértain, but thát all must díe:
While with visions of háppiness, prómise of jóys,
Dear Uncértainty ónwards our tíred steps decóys,
In bóth hands holds óut to us lóng life and héalth,
Power, friends, pleasure, hónor, and wísdóm, and wéalth;
And, clóthed in the stár-spangled mántle of Fáith,
Triúmphantly póints through the pórtals of Déath
To a bright world beyónd, where with áll we loved éver
We shall líve reunited, to párt again néver.
For the Cértain and Súra let philósophers séek;
Oh! give me Uncértainty, ére my heart bréak.

VIENNA, Nov. 9. 1852.

CERTAINTY.

Let Uncértainty flátter the tímíd and wéak,
And lúre the wretch ónward until his heart bréak;
I háte the decéiver and áll she can gíve,
And awáy from her túrn; with thee, Knówledge, to líve.
Though to prómise thou 'rt slów, thou art súra to perfórm,
With thee súnshine means súnshine, with thee storm means stórm.
Thou art cándíd and téllest me whére thou hast béen,
All thy cómings and góings, and whát thou hast séen;
Thou art hónest and déal'st not in puff or grimáce,
And hidest no fálsehood behind thy plain fáce;

When thou see'st me away from the multitude turn,
To weep in despair by the cypress and urn,
Thou com'st and with strong arm away from my side
Pushest ignorance, selfishness, folly and pride;
And askest me, if I could, would I the rest
Everlasting disturb of the friends I love best,
And not rather prefer by their side to be laid,
In the broad weeping willow and cypress shade,
Sure and certain that never while time lasts, shall pain,
Trouble, sickness or sorrow, come near us again.

VIENNA, Nov. 24. 1852.

I know not whether it be strength or weakness,
But oft, toward evening, when all round is still,
And when that day my mind has not been stirred
By any of the unholier gusts of passion,
I feel myself in the immediate presence
Of something awful, yet most fair and lovely,
And very dear, that, without sign, or action,
Or speech, communicating freely with me,
Infuses a sweet peace into my soul,
And fills it with a sentiment of joy
And happiness, that lasts till, from without,
Some sound alarms me, and I start, and find
The picture of my dead Love in my hand:
And they that have to do with me, those evenings,
Observe, for some hours after, in my face,
And voice, and manner, an angelic air
Of sweet content, and placid resignation.

VIENNA, Nov. 17. 1852.

On that dárk, dismal níght, which you áll may remémber,
Betwéen the eightéenth and ninetéenth of Novémber,
As, the lights all put óut and her órisons sáid,
Our lády the Quéen lay asléep in her béd,
One árm round Prince Álbert, one únder her héad,
It háppened — “What háppened?” Nay, dón’t interrúpt —
A stóry ’s worth nóthing that ’s tóld too abrup’t —
The clóck in the ánteroom júst had struck “Twó!”
And the clóck on the mántle-piece swórn it was trúe,
When the Quéen in the árm that lay únder her héad
A súdden cramp félt, and turned róund in the béd,
And from únder Prince Álbert the óther arm dréw,
Who, sóund as a tóp sleeping ón, nothing knéw
Of the grím, grisly ghóst that on púrpose that níght
Rose up óut of the gráve our loved Quéen to affríght.
A blue light in his hánd he threw ópen the dóor,
And, with a field-márshal’s stép cróssing the flóor,
Stalked up straíght to the bédside, and:— “Mádam,” he cried,
“Be so góod as to lóok up, and nót your head híde
Under blánket or quílt: you have séen me befóre,
I have léctured you óften, and nów one word móre.
Next tíme that that gréatest of cónquerors, Déath,
Of a cónqueror and státesman like mé stops the bréath,
And Éngland ’s left mínus the bést of her sóns
At the móment her néighbours are lóading their gúns,
It ’s áll the same whéther by fít epiléptic,
Or cánnon he ’s mówed down, or stróke apopléctic,
Remémber he ’s nót like a child to be tréated,
And with flípflap and flám and tomfóolery chéated,
With gílding, and gíngerbread-núts, and paláver,
And móuths running óver with twáttle and sláver;

He cáres not — what cáres he? — for fúneral or páll,
Who could sléep his last sléep without cóffin at áll;
But if you must give him a búrial in státe,
And máke living pride on dead róttleness wáit,
Then dó it in éarnest, and nó in a shám,
And stánd there chief móurner, my róyal Madáme.”

“I protést I was quíte unprepáred, my Lord Dúke,
To receive from your Gráce’s lips súch sharp rebúke;
But my cónscience acquits me, Sans péur sans repróche,
For I sént to atténd you my cóachman and cóach,
And six spanking báys; and my Álby todáy
From his bést Durham’s cálvíng I máde stay awáy,
To dó you more hónor; and óut at the shów
Looked mysélf from the wíndows of Búckíngham Rów;
And I hópe that my péople all sáw in my eýe
The téar that stood glitteríng there ás you went bý.”

In the Bélvedere pálace in fár dístant Wíen,
Mephístópheles’ pícture perháps thou hast séen,
And márked how, like spárks from eléctrícal wíre,
From ánkles and shóestring leaps fórt the blue fíre;
Such fíre from the Dúke’s eyes shot lívid and blúe,
As with vóice that the Quéén’s bones and márrów thrílléd
through:—

“Words enóugh, and too mány; and só, ’twas for yóu
I wón, on the éíghteenth of Júné, Waterlóo!
Nay, I knów what you ’d sáy; go to sléep, and remémber
The éíghteenth of Júné and éíghtéenth of Novémber.”

He sáid, shook his héad, grínned, and bléw out the líght,
And léft the Quéén líyíng there ín the díark níght.
Yet thóugh he was góne, and the róom stíll as déath,
And no stír to be héárd but her ówn Alby’s bréath,
The Quéén twenty tímes ín the cóurse of that níght

Thought the Dúke was still stánding there with his blue líght,
 Twenty tímes quilt and blánket drew óver her héad,
 And twéntry times, Áve María! had sáid,
 Had it nóť been for féar what the góod Earl Shaftesbúry
 And Bíshep of Glóster might dó in their fúry,
 When they héard that the héad of the Prótestant Chúrch
 Had turned Pápist, and léft all her flóck in the lúrch.
 So she láy still as míght be untíl the daylight,
 When she wóke her dear Álby, and tóld him her fríght.
 He yáwned, and half sléeping said, and awake hálf:—
 “Have you séen it, dear Vicky? and is ’t a fine cálf?”

VIENNA, Nov. 24. 1852.

THE LOVER AND SUNRISE.

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE “SONNENAUFANG” OF B. CARNERI.

’Tis the móment of súnrise the bríght and the gáy,
 All náture with rápture salútes the new dáy,
 Mists and dárkness have fléd with the dámp night awáy;
 The róse her cup ópens, the lárk tunes her sóng,
 And prátting and láughing the bróok trips alóng.

What áils the young mán whom I sée passing bý?
 His stép why so héavy, so dówncast his eyé?
 With the níght he has bíd to his Trúelove good býe;
 The mórning to him ’s come a céntury too sóon —
 Set, sét, hateful sún, and rise quíck, friendly móon.

VIENNA, Nov. 29. 1852.

“A Busserl a-n a-g'schreckt's,
Ah! dös war' ja a Graus —
Non! wann 's Läut'n vabei is,
Aft busselt 's as aus!”

SEIDL.

A yóuth and a máid
Sat únder the sháde
Of a wide spreading béech;
I will téll you of éach.

Each was hándsome and fáir,
And had lóng, flowing háir,
And an innocent héart,
Withóut guile or árt.

Each was tímíd and shý,
And, withóut knowing whý,
Would trémble and sígh
When the óther came nígh.

Had it nót been their glánce
Was downcást and askánce,
You 'd have thóught them no óther
Than síster and bróther,

As they sát there togéther,
In the wárm summer wéather,
Undernéath the deep sháde,
By that spréading beech máde.

How lóng they sat só,
I don't cértainly knów;
But, withóut knowing whý,
They grew léss and less shý,
And drew móre and more nigh,
Till, by sóme chance or slíp,
They tóuched lip to lip.

Surprised and amázed,
At each óther they gázed,
And half pleásed, half afráid,
Said the yóuth to the máid:—

“And if thát be a kíss,
'T wouldn't bé much amíss,
If we tried it agáin;
Doesn't gíve any páin.”

So they léaned their mouths óver
Till you cóuldn't discóver,
Betwéen the two fáces,
The bréadth of two áces.

But they hádn't touched quíte,
When, in súdden affrigh,
Both sprang báck with a stárt,
And stood twó feet apárt.

So gréat a rebóund
You have séen from the ground
Or the side of a wáll
Seldom máde by a báll.

The twó are at práyer;
For they 've héard through the áir
The bóom of the béll
All good Christians know wéll,
And "Háil Mary!" súnġ
By the gréat iron tóngue,
Warns to túrn thought and eýe
From the éarth to the ský.

As two sóldiers at drill
Ground their árms and stand stíll,
At the wórd of commánd;
So the yóuth and maid stánd,

Till the péal has rung óut;
When, quick túrning abóut,
Says the máid to the yóuth
In all swéetness and trúth:—

"It was néver a crime
To make úp for lost tíme,
And a kíss away fríghted
Isn't hárd to be ríghted."

So they túrned each to éach,
In the sháde of that béech,
And fínished their kíss
Without ill luck or míss.

Dec. 2, 1852, on the way from VIENNA to PRAGUE.

HALF AND HALF.

“Why are ángels so háppy?” said óne of the léast
Little bóys at the schóol to his máster the priest.
“They are púre, perfect spírit, my prómising bóy;
Of púre, perfect spírit perpétual the jóy.”

“But béasts are all bódy, yet théy ’re háppy too;
Calves, kittens and lámbs, all decláre I speak trúe.”
“Just becáuse they ’re all bódy, they ’re háppy and gáy,
Just becáuse they ’re all bódy, they spórt all the dáy.”

“But Í am unháppy, and crý half the dáy,
Though Í am both bódy and spírit you sáy,
And shóuld therefore bé twice as háppy at léast
As bódiless ángel, or spíritless béast.”

“You don’t wórk the sum ríght,” with a smíle said the priest;
“To bé twice as háppy as ángel or béast
You must bé both all bódy and áll spírit too:
Try it óver agáin; your first óffer won’t dó.”

“One hálf of me ’s spírit — yes, nów I am ríght —
And entítled to óne half the ángel’s delíght;
And one hálf of me ’s bódy, and shóuld have at léast
One hálf the delíght of the périshing béast:

“Two hálves make one whóle up; and só — let me sée —
Once as háppy as ángel or béast I shóuld bé;
And yét I ’m unháppy, and crý half the dáy:
What ’s the réason, good máster? do téll me, I práy.”

"Before you 're as háppy as ángel or béast,
You must áll spirit bé, or all bódy at léast;
All spírit 's the ángel, all bódy the cálf;
But yóu 're one half spirit, and bódy one hálf."

"Ah, why did God give me, unfórtunate bóy!
A béing he wéll knew I cóuld not enjóy?
Ah, why did he só mix me úp half and hálf,
And not máke me whole ángel at ónce, or whole cálf?"

"'Twere a finè story thát," said the priest to the bóy,
"To make úrchins like yóu to have nóthing but jóy,
As pérfect, as háppy, as ángel or béast;
No léssons, no flóggings, no wórk for the priest."

"I 'll téach you — your hánd out — one, twó, three and fóur —
Begóne now, and dróp down behind the school dóor
Upón your bare knées, with your fáce to the wáll,
And práy to that Gód who so góod is to áll,

"To drive Satan's whisperings óut of your héad,
And fíll you with píous and góod thoughts instéad;
And thén get your léssons, and thén go and pláy;
You 're well óff if you gét any dínnér todáy."

The bóy went and drópped down behind the school dóor
On his báre knees, and práyed as he 'd óft prayed befóre:—
"Dear Gód, do but máke me an ángel or cálf,
Some óne thing or óther, and nó half and hálf."

DRESDEN, Jan. 3. 1853.

"Let my robing maids for her a white mantle choose, all
The best in my wardrobe, white stockings, white shoes, and
And a white skirt of satin with blond trimmings all round;
And three ladies to hold up her train from the ground."

"A tall plumed white rose let her wear in her hand, first of ones
And put into her right a long white lily wand, yvèr et l'air
Let a white veil envelop her shoulders and head, so soft and
And so let her enter. Begone! all have said, 'white be white!'"

Earth's mightiest Queen throned sits in high hall of státe,
To salute her, come crowding, the rich and the gréat,
Her lords and her ladies on éither side stánd,
Peers, bishops, and commons, the élite of the lánd.

Coach sets dówn after cóach at the gréat Northern dóor,
Till you 'd sáy that for cópany thére was no móre
Róom in the sálon or róom in the háll,
Or róom any whére in the pálace at áll.

'Tis a brilliant recéption; look néar or look fár,
The díamond cross blázes, the áigrette, and stár;
Feathers wáve, satins rústle, and beauty and gráce
Condescéndingly smíle on red cóats and gold láce.

"Now, Géntleman-úsher, what is it you méan?"
With a stárt and a frówn it was thús said the Quéen;—
"Had you órders from mé to make róyalty wáit
In the mídst of the rábble, outside the court gáte?"

"Please your Májesty," thén said the Úsher in bláck;—
"She is stárk mother náked, no shréd to her báck,
No cárriage, no hórses, no fóotmen, she stánds
In the hóoting crow's mídst — Shall I háve your commánds?"

“Let my róbing maids fór her a white mantle chóose,
The bést in my wárdrobe, white stóckings, white shóes,
And a white skirt of sátin, with blónd trimmed all róund,
And three ládies to hólđ up her tráin from the gróund.”

“A fúll blown white róse let her béar in left hánd,
And put into her right a long white lily wánd,
Let a white veil envélop her shóulděrs and héad,
And só let her énter. Begóne! I have sáid.”

The Géntleman-úsher the Quéén's commands béars:—
“Clear the wáy, clear the wáy there, on lóbbý and stáirs
For the gréat foreign Príncess, arrayed all in white.”
Lords and ládies fall báck in two fíles left and right.

And évery eye túrns, as, arrayed all in white,
A white róse in her léft hand, white líly in right,
Walks up stráight to the Quéén that veiled lády unknowń,
And sinks dówn on one knée at the fóot of the thróne:—

“Rise úp, royal síster, for néver to mé
Shall my fáther's child súe upon lów bended knée,
Rise úp, throw your véil back, and lét all here sée
How I love my dear síster, and hów she loves mé.”

“Mighty Quéén“ — it was thús to Queen Fálsehood Truth sáid,
As she róse, and threw báck the white véil from her héad:—
“Fear nóť, mighty Quéén, I anř cóme here tonight,
To cláim with an íll-timed pétition my right;

“Fixed and séttled far bé it from mé to undó;
The wórld has decíded betwéen mé and yóu;
With mé it has vówed 'twill have nóthing to dó,
And for Quéén with unánimous vóice chosen yóu.”

“Live lóng and reign háppy; but, gránt me one bóon;
And remémber that ’s gránted twice thát ’s granted sóon: —”

“I plédge you my róyal troth, síster, befóre
All these lóreds and these ládies; what néed I say móre?”

“Send fóρθ, then, your héralds, and lét them procláim
That to évery thing hénceforth be gíven its own náme,
Good hénceforth be góod called, and bád be called bád,
White be white, and black bláck called, wise wise, and mad mád.

Then Queen Fálsehood turned pále, and from héad to foot shóok;
And cówered, and shrank báck before Trúth’s steadfast lóok,
And wished in the gáping earth súnk were that háll,
Hersélf and her síster; lords, ládies and áll.

“A dóctor, a dóctor; what cán the Queen áil?
What mákes our loved lády and místress so pále?”
“Help! hélp!” is the crý; “Queen Truth ’s síck unto déath;
Air, wáter, a fán here — yes, nów she draws bréath.

“And whó ’s this impóster, dressed óut in her clóthes,
With the Quéén’s own white líly, and Quéén’s own white róse?
Hah! Háh! it’s that vágabond Fálsehood that hére
In Truth’s ówn royal háll ’s not ashámed to appéar.

“Tear her fálse emblems fróm her, the clóthes off her báck;
And óut of doors túrn her, pinched and cúffed blue and bláck;
We ’ll téach her, the strúmpet, what bóon waits her hére,
In this présence agáin if she dáre to appéar.”

So they féll upon Trúth there, lords, ládies, and áll;
And kícked her, and cúffed her abóut the great háll;
Under fóot trod her émbles, her dréss and hair tóre,
And spat twice in her fáce each, then thróugh the street dóor

Pushed her out to the mob, who the whole city through
Pursued her with stones, dirt, and mad-dog hallóo;
And threw rotten eggs at her wherever she fled,
And thought nothing done till they left her for déad.

To Queen Falsehood meantime has returned the free bréath,
And the blóod to her chéeks that were júst now like déath,
And: — “I thánk you, my lórd's and my ládies,” she cried,
“For this próof that I've nót without réason relied

“On your lóyal attáchment to mé and my thróne,
And thát at your héarts you've Truth's interests alóne.
My unfórtunate síster — But nó, I'll not sháme
The blóod of my síre by pronóuncing her náme —

“Detést her; or, if you can, blót her out quíte
From your mémory, and with her the événts of tonight.
And nów cry, ‘Long líve Truth, and lóng may she réign.’”
And they cried, “Long live Trúth”, till the hál rang agáin.

DRESDEN, Jan. 8. 1853.

And who's this impostor, dressed out in her clothes?
With the Queen's own white lily, and Queen's own
Hah! Hah! it's that vagabond Falsehood that here
In Truth's own royal hall is not ashamed to appear.

So they fell upon Truth there, lords, ladies, and all;
And kicked her, and called her about the great hall;
Under foot trod her emblems, her dress and hair tore,
And spat twice in her face each, then through the street door

Past twélve at níght; upón my béd
 I láy once móre my níghtcapped héad,
 Stretch óut my lázy límbs to rést,
 And dráw the clóthes tight róund my bréast.
 The lights are óut; no búsy féet
 Distúrb the sílence óf the stréet;
 Éven the late kíchenmáid to scóur
 Has céased, and snátches hér brief hóur.
 Ín the whole néighbourhóod there 's nóne
 Still wáking bút mysélf alóne —
 “And why don't yóu sleep, Sír, I práy?
 Háve you dozed bý the fíre all dáy?
 Or háve you drúnk gunpówder téa?
 Or áre you máking póetry?
 Or is your cónscience sín-oppréssed,
 Thát you can't líke your néighbours rést?”
 Júst as you pléase — perháps all fóur;
 But óne thing 's sùre, two hóurs or móre
 Hére on my béd I túrn and tóss,
 Now lýing alóng, and nów acróss,
 And nów díagonal, fór my héad
 Séeking a cóol place — áll in váin —
 Lívely and áctive is my bráin,
 And, wíll-I níll-I, stáys awáke —
 What cán I bétter dó than táke
 A túrn out óf her fór a rhýme?
 'Twill hélp to wíle awáy the tíme.
 The súbject? Sélf — stay, lét me sée —
 My ówn sweet sélf's biógraphý.
 It cán't but pléase — mysélf at léast;
 Sélf is for sélf alwáys a féast.

With the whole wórld though Býron quárelled,
He still kept friends with déar Childe Hárold;
And Wórdsworth céases tó be dúll
When ón the pívot óf his skúll
Sir Áss turns róund his lóng, left éar,
And bráys his bráy out, lóud and cléar.
Wóthy exámples! thé rewárd
Témpting they hóld out tó the bárd
To fóllow in the brílliant wáke,
Ánd for his héro himself táke.

An hóur befóre the sún this mórn
Náked and húngry Í was bórn,
Agáinst my will dragged óut of níght,
And fórced intó the nóise and líght.

Wéll I remémber hów I móaned,
And rúbbed my eýes, and strétched and gróaned,
And shrúnk and shívered fróm the còld
Ére I was yét one mínite óld.

Wéll I remémber the grim bánd
Of Cáres I sáw abóut me stánd
Éager to póunce upón their préy,
And plágue and pinch me the whole dáy.

Alóud one tó a cómrade cried:—
“Sée what a gréasy, dírtý híde;
Gállons of wáter ón him dásh —
Anóther júg here — splásh — splash — splásh.”

“Well dóne! well dóne!” the óther sáid;
“Now rúb him tíll he ’s ráw and réd,
Thóu with a hémpen clóth rub, rúb,
While Í with stíff pig’s brístles scrúb.”

"Don't kill him outright," said a third;
It 's my turn now;" and, with the word,
Came up behind me by surprise,
And slipped over my head and eyes

A bag at both ends open wide,
And tight the upper opening tied
About my throat, and laughed to see
It reached scarce half way to the knee.

"The mending of that fault," with glée
Giggled another, "leave to me.
Here I 've got something like a Y
Turned topsy turvy; come, Sir, try:

Your right leg first — there — push it through;
Your left leg now; yes, that will do.
Now stand up straight, till you are braced
Over both shoulders, tight round waist."

"Right about face" then all cried out;
And then all shouted "Left about";
Then through the chamber to and fro
They made me pace three turns or so,

And vowed that I looked jimmy quite,
And the Y not a hair too tight,
And, let me sit down when or where
I pleased, would neither burst nor tear.

"But stay — see here —" another said;
"What is 't 's the matter with his head?
There 's not a hair but 's on an end;
Where did you this great mop get, friend?"

“Racks, shéars and tóothcombs hére; sit dówn:
With súch a shággy, shóckdog crówn
Whó but some rústic, clódpoll clówn
Would thínk of vénturing into tówn?

“There; yóu begin upón the right,
And Í ’ll the léft take; whát a fright!
Was éver héad in súch a plight!
Some ców ’s been lícking it all night!”

“In váin we lóse our swéat and tóil,
And bréak our cómb’s teeth; óil hére, óil;
Íf we can’t máke his háir lie stráight,
We ’ll gíve him at léast a frizzled páte.

“The tóngs hére; áre you súre they ’re hót?
Stéady, Sir, stéady; nót a jót
Éither to léft or right hand búdge:
Brávo! you ’d máke a cápital júdge.

“Hótter tongs hére; anóther twírl;
This lóck must háve a stíffer cúrl —
What mákes you fidge, Sir?” “Óh! ma’am, Óh!
Géntly; you búrn me —” “Déar Sir, nó.

“You múst wear pápers if you wón’t
A líttle héat bear —” “’Sblóod, ma’am, dón’t:
I ’m nót a stóck or stóne my háir
Óut by the róots to lét you téar.”

(sings) “The Múses thát Hypérion cúrl
Not hálf so déftly the tongs twírl,
And Dían’s máids with hánds less líght
Wréath the lócks of the Quéén of níght.”

"Hell's Furies, Mádam! Stóp, I sáy —
I 'll nó be tréated in this wáy."

"It 's dóne, Sir, nów; and in this wórl
There 's nó a périwig bétter cúrléd."

In jóy I júmped up ánd delíght;
But twó of thém with stróng arms tíght
Cáught me, and fórced me dówn agáin,
And túld me ít was áll in váin,

I cóuld not, ánd I shóuld not, gó,
To bé a láughing stóck and shów
With thát black stúbble ón my chín:—
"Submít with gráce, and lét 's begín."

They túok a lárge white tábleclóth,
And spréad ít ón me; cóvering bóth
Shóuldérs and bódy, légs and féet;
Ánd its two córners dréw in néat,

Ánd with a mónstrous córking pín
Fástened behind me; thén my chín,
And bóth cheeks quíte up tó the eýes,
Óne of them with a thíc soap síze

Láthered all óver, whíle her fríend,
Cáatching me bý the nóse's énd,
Héld my face stráight up tóward the líght,
And féll to scráping léft and ríght,
And néver dréw breath tíll she 'd quíte
Swépt away cléan, from chéeks and chín,
Láther and brístles ánd some skín.

I knów not whéther 'twás the páin
Of só much scráping, ór a gráin

Of sóap intó my nóse that gót,
Ór that the rázor wás too hót,
Ór that it wás not hót enóugh,
But néver yét mixed Lúndy snúff
That só convúlised the húman fráme:
Súdden and vást the explósion cáme;
“Schnee-ítz, schnee-ítz” three times I cried,
“Schnee-ítz” three times the wálls replied.
“What is ’t ’s done this?” I wóuld have sáid,
But — “ítz — schnee-ítz-ítz” cáme instéad;
“Schnee-ítz — a hándkerchief — schnee-ítz” —
“A hándkerchief won’t stóp his fíts,”
Óne of them sáid — “Schnee-ítz, schnee-ítz” —
“Sisters, you ’re évery óne as crúel
As Priessnitz’ sélf. Get him some grúel —
You ’ve given him cóld; I ’ll nót sit bý
And sée you chill him till he díe —
Warm whéy — warm téa — his óther stócking —
How white his líps, and whát a shócking
Bláck and blue círcle róund each eýe!
Hat, cóat and múffler — cóme, Sir, trý,
Óver this cháir leap, ónce — twice — thrice —
Well dóne! his lífe ’s still ón the díce.
Now róund the róom run — quícker — quícker —
Óne of you bríng a dróp of líquor —
Some cúraçóa, or chérry brándy,
Or lávender dróps and súgarcándy.
He ’s grówing wárm — he ’s cóming tó —
Únder the eýes he ’s fár less blúe;
I thínk this tíme perháps he ’ll dó
Withóut a Dóctor — Síir, no fréttíng;
Néver was cúre yet without swéating.”
“Má’am, I ’m *not* fréttíng; Í ’m half déad;
I wish you ’d lét me gó to béd.”

“Nó, by no méans: sit bý the fíre,
Drink barley wáter, ánd perspire;
Recéive no visitors; réad the néws,
Or drówsy Wórdsworth — which you chóose —
Sléep, if you cán.” And with the wórd
She tóok the póker, thé fire stirred,
Wheeled óver tó it the élbow cháir,
Bólstered me úp, and léft me thére.

“Care-éasing Wórdsworth, cóme,” I sáid,
“Hóver somníferous róund my héad;
Dim, dárkling, lánguid, listless, dúll,
Éssence of nóthing, fíll me fúll
Óf thine own sélf.” Scarce hád I sáid,
Ánd the first Dúddon sónnet réad,
When niddy nóddy wént my héad,
And dówn my eýelids sánk like léad,
Ánd I fell ínto a sound sléep,
As déath itsélf profóund and déep,
Plácid and dréamless. Whén I wóke
’Twas níght; the clóck was ón the stróke
Of níne or tén; the hóuse being stíll
I dózed on óver Wórdsworth tíll
The fíre wént óut, and Í grew chíll,
And wént to béd; but cóuld not sléep;
And só, my phántasý to kéepe
Amúsed, and while awáy the tíme,
I sét abóut to spín this rhýme.
And nów I ’ve spún tíll dáwning líght,
Ánd a nap ’s cóming — só, good níght.

LUETTICHAU-STRASSE, DRESDEN, Jan. 14. 1853.

NOTHING AND HIS SON.

Nóthing, one mórning, éarly róse
Óut of his béd, put ón his clóthes,
Took hát and stíck, and wálked out stráight,
Sáying, he 'd nót be báck till láte.

Now whither thínk'st thou Nóthing 's góne?
Guéss. "No, I cán't." To sée his són
Sóomething, who 's síck and líke to díe:
Make háste, make háste; fly, Nóthing, flý.

Nóthing 's in tíme. Not yét quite déad,
Sóomething turned róund his héavy héad,
Ánd, with half glázed and swímming eýe,
Lóoked:—"Heartless síre that létt'st me díe!"

Nóthing unmóved sat; nó hand stírréd;
Hélpéd not his són with lóok or wórd;
Like stóck or stóne sat, tíll he díed,
And nót even thén shed téar, or síghed.

Some sáy he néver lóved his són,
Some sáy the són was nót his ówn,
And sóme decláre and vów 'tis trúe
That Nóthing his ówn óffspring sléw,

A póisonous dóse gave hím each dáy
Slówly to éat his lífe awáy,
Ánd, on the mórning Sóomething díed,
Was séen, when léaving the bedsíde,

The úseless dóse awáy to thrów
Ínto the fíre. It máy be só,
Ór it may nó't, for áught I knów —
Strange things have háppened lóng agó —

Bút, the son déad, and the day spént,
Nóthing retúrned the wáy he wént,
Ópened with látkkey the back gáte,
And sát up in his stúdy láte;

Whén, growing tíred, he wént to béd,
And slépt sound tíll the mórning réd;
Then róse, put ón his súrtout wárm,
And sáuntered óut to víew his fárm.

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 9. 1853.

INSCRIPTION ON THE GATE OF HELL.

Those énter hére by Gód's commánd
Whom Gód made só they cóuld not stánd;
For éver hére they líe in páin —
God's wíll be dóne! amén, amén.

INSCRIPTION ON THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

Free éntrance thróugh this gáte for áll
Whom Gód made só they cóuld not fáll;
For éver hére in jóy they dwéll,
And thínk upón dear friends in héli.

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 18. 1853.



TO SELINA.

As the róse among flówers,
So art thóu among wómen;
As the móon in the héavens,
So art thóu among wómen.

As the díamond among péarls,
So art thóu among wómen;
As the víne among ólives,
So art thóu among wómen.

As the píne in the fórest,
So art thóu among wómen;
As the White Móunt among Álps,
So art thóu among wómen.

As Éden among gárdens,
So art thóu among wómen;
As Érin among íslands,
So art thóu among wómen.

As thy vóice amid músic,
So art thóu among wómen;
As mý love to óthers' love,
So art thóu among wómen.

LOWER BUCKINGHAM-STREET, DUBLIN, July 22. 1823.

TO MISS SHERIDAN,

ON HER HAVING MADE COFFEE FOR THE AUTHOR THE
PRECEDING EVENING;

composed the following Morning while breakfasting alone.

Your coffee it was very strong, bright-eyed Miss Sheridan,
And like a subtle spirit through all my veins it ran,
Making me feel more like a god than a mortal man,
As I sat on the sofa beside you, bright-eyed Miss Sheridan.

Your coffee it was very sweet, silken-haired Miss Sheridan,
Far sweeter than the famous honey that once flowed in Canaan,
Or the nectar quaffed of yore in celestial divan,
And no wonder, for it was you made it, silken-haired Miss Sheridan.

Your coffee it was very hot, linnet-voiced Miss Sheridan,
And warmed the heart's cockles of a chilly old man,
Sending him home to bed warmer than if he had had a
warming-pan,

To think of nothing but you all night, linnet-voiced Miss Sheridan.

Your coffee was more fragrant, ruby-lipped Miss Sheridan,
Than *Eau de Millefleurs* or *Parfum de Jasmin*,
Or any perfume ever thought of since the world began,
Except the perfume of your own sweet breath, ruby-lipped
Miss Sheridan.

The coffee I have this morning, lily-armed Miss Sheridan,
Is as different from last night's as Drogheda from Japan,

Or the cóarsest sole-léather from the finest cordován,
Just becáuse you are not here to máke it, lily-armed Miss
Sheridán.

My tóast is burnt to a cínder, rosy-fíngered Miss Sheridán,
My bútter is only fít to be put into the frying-pán,
And my mílk would water the gárden, if it were póured through
the watering-cán —

Hów could it be ótherwise, when you are far away from me,
rosy-fíngered Miss Sheridán?

Essy* télls me it's a sunny mórning, kind-héarted Miss Sheridán,
And wónders why I look as gráve as a Bráhmin or Musselmán,
But she líttle dreams I am thínking of yóu and your coffee-cán —
Oh! whén will you make cóffee for me agáin, kind-héarted Miss
Sheridán?

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, March 14. 1841.

TO MISS SHERIDAN,

ON HER HAVING PRESENTED THE AUTHOR WITH A PIECE OF
GRIDDLE-CAKE.

The cake you sént me was detéstable
And pérfectly indigéstible;
I never tasted ánything so abóminable;
Its sméll was intólerable,
And its very lóok was hórrible.
It was as hárd as a piece of máple,
As tóugh as a ship's cáble,

* The author's maid, celebrated also in "Verses on a Griddle-Cake."

As bláck as a muff of sáble,
As óld as the Tower of Bábel,
And as úgly and sharp-córnered as the gáble
Of Mr. Pénnefather's stáble.
To swallow a second bít of it I wasn't áble;
So I told Essy to táke it off the táble.
I would rather have éaten a police-cónstable,
Or a straw bónnet from Dúnstable,
Or any óther combústible.
You must have táken me for a cánnibal,
Or sóme such ravenous ánimal,
Or the fáther of young Hánnibal,
To whom all fílling stuff is pálatable,
And who can digést a black bóttle or a rébel
As easy as a bárn-door fowl a pébble.

Ever since I tásted your cake I have been míserable,
With áppetite inconsíderable,
Sick, gíddy, and írritable,
Shivering, quívering, and to stánd unable,
Despónding, inconsólable,
With héad-ache uncontróllable,
And stómach-ache deplóráble.
My condítion 's unendúráble,
My lífe 's uninsúráble,
And, what 's wórse, I 'm incúráble,
For the dóctor, who you know 's infállible,
Says the cáse is most lámentable,
And the sýmptoms so fórmidable
That it 's mórálly impóssible —
Oh dear! oh déar! I wish I 'd máde my will;
Oh, cruel, crúel fate, inéxorable!
Why doesn't sómebody bring in a Bill
To put a stóp to baking cákes upon a gríddle?

But then to méet my death from súch a belle,
So gráceful and agréable —
It 's útterly inconcéivable,
And the whole stóry, from beginning to end, néver-believe-a-belle.

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, March 16. 1841.

THE DEVIL AND OWEN O'CONNELLY,
OR
THE NEW IRISH CHANCELLOR.

It was in an Irish chúrtyard where the bónes were lying báre,
The Dévil walked out one mórning to take a móuthful of fresh áir,
And as he was músing upon a héap of skulls, the thóught
occurred to him súddenly,
“It was sómewhere near this spót,” says he, “they buried the
fámous Owen O'Cónnelly.”*

Then taking up the skúlls one by óne, and exámining them
phrenológically,
It was not lóng before the Dévil found óut the skull of fámous
Owen O'Cónnelly;
And having contéplated it some time with an air thóughtful
and mélancholy,
He pút it in his coat pócket, saying, “I 'll make a mán of you
agáin, my fáithful Owen O'Cónnelly.”

* See Sir John Temple's History of the Irish Rebellion.

“Lord Maguire and some others of the nobility were appointed to head the attack upon Dublin. The plot however was betrayed the preceding day by his servant Owen O'Connell.” — M'GEOGHEGAN'S *History of Ireland*.

So the Dévil took the skull hóme with him, and as it hádn't a
morsel of háir,
Clapped an old brown scráitch of his own on the tóp of it, to
give it a janty áir;
Then he stúck a face in frónt of it, broad, impudent, and léering,
With a mouth as méaly and servíle, as the brow was próud
and dominéering.

Next he stúffed the skull insíde with the bráins of a láwyer,
And sét it upon a pair of shóuldérs he had máde for a sáwyer;
And having bálanced it belów with a táil that was long and fléxible,
He turned the créature round three tímes, and vowed he lóoked
quite respéctable;
Then putting a pípe in his mouth, and gíving him a basin of
sóap and holy wáter,
He says, "Counsellor O'Connelly, go and blow búbbles for the
péople to run áfter."

The Cóunsellor he blew the búbbles just ás the Devil órdered him,
Black and white, green and yéllow, thick and thín, great and
smáll, all sórts o' them.

The Dévil he stood bý, and christened every búbble befóre it
left the básin,
And the lárgest green and yéllow one he called Cátholic
Emancipátion.

"Cóunsellor," says the Dévil, "this green and yéllow bubble
pléases me to my héart's content;
It 's júst the tool I 've been lóoking for, to pull down the
Prótestant Estáblishment;

And the léast I can give you fór it, is a perpetual séat in the
Imperial Párliament."

His succéss and the Devil's práise made Cónsellor O'Cónnelly
bólder,

And he bléw a bubble úp like a ballóon, that startled évery behólder;
The Devil, when he sáw it, gave a shóut that was heard as fár as hell,
And sígning it with the sign of the cróss, he christened it

THE REPÉAL.

Then clápping the Counsellor on the báck, he says:— "Mý
apprentice cléver,
You have ónly to keep this búbble up, and your fórtune 's
made for éver;
Under mý direction and mánagement, it will yield you an
income cléar,
After dedúcting all expénses, of ten thóusand pounds a yéar."

"That 's just hálf my calculátion," says Counsellor O'Cónnelly,
looking innocent;

"If the Repéal 's worth one pénny, it 's worth dóuble that rént;
But be it less or móre I am ready to séll you the whóle of it,
Both the Rént and the Repéal, both the bódý and the sóul of it."

"That 's no móre than I expécted from the blóod of an O'Cónnelly,
But you háven't named your price yet," says the Dévil, looking
sólemnly.

"There 's the Irish cháncellorship," says the Cónsellor; "it 's
in the Devil's gift —

Here 's the Rént and the Repéal,—and you ówe your friend a líft."

"It 's a bárgain," says the Dévil, "and you wón't have long to wáit,
For I was tálking with Old Hannibal yésterday, and he 's bút in
a crazy státe.

He 's a dáinty bit I have been nŭrsing ever since the dáy of
Emmett's trial,
And I have nó compunction in táking him now, after so lóng
a self-deníal."
"It 's a bárgain," says the Còunsellor, with this clear méaning
and intént,
That the móment I 'm Lord Cháncellor, the Devil may táke
Repeal and Rént."

Then the Dévil and the Còunsellor shook hands, and cálléd each
other, bróther,
Each revólving in his own mínd how he bést might cheat the óther;
And then going báckwards, with great políteness, that néither
might see the óther's tail,
They séparated until the next dáy, crying "Hurrá for THE
REPÉAL!"

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN.

THE POOR-LAW GUARDIAN'S SONG.

Says Póor-law Guárdian Róbbery
To Póor-law Guárdian Chárity:—
"What if yóu and Í should agrée
To rób our néighbour Índustry,
And dívide his ill-gotten próperty,
Amóng our dear children thrée,
Impróvidence, Slóth, and Béggary?"

Says Póor-law Guárdian Chárity
To Póor-law Guárdian Róbbery:—
"I like your propósal mightily;

I always hád an antípathy
To that stúrdy féllow Índustry;
He 's quíte too indépendent for mé;
So róbbed and plúndered hé shall bé,
And his góods dívided among our children thrée,
Impróvidence, Slóth, and Béggary."

Says Póor-law Guárdian Róbbery
To Póor-law Guárdian Cháritý:—
"I cánnót expéss my jóy to sée
How réady you áre to combíne with mé
Agáinst our cómmon énemy,
That stíckler for the ríghts of próperty,
That fóe to '*Général Community*', —
Stúbborn, uncómpromísing Índustry.
So róbbed and plúndered hé shall bé,
And his góods dívided among our children thrée,
Impróvidence, Slóth, and Béggary."

"We had bétter próceed cáutiously,"
Says Póor-law Guárdian Cháritý,
"For a pówerful féllow is Índustry,
And his hóuse he 'll defend mánfully,
With the hélp of his wátech-dog Hónesty;
But róbbed and plúndered hé must bé,
Or wát will becóme of our children thrée,
Impróvidence, Slóth, and Béggary?"

"Í 've a crow-bár," says Róbbery;
"Six húndred and éight and fífty
Jóbbing smíths forged it for mé,
And I cáll it my Legálitý;
It will bréak in his dóor though stróng it be,
And knock óut the bráins of his dog Hónesty."

“And w’hén we are in,” says Cháritý,
“We ’ll bind hand and f’oot Master Índustry,
With this rópe of injústice and crúelty,
Which Públic Opínion has lént to mé,
And we ’ll séize upon áll his próperty,
And divide it amóng our dear children thrée,
Impróvidence, Slóth, and Béggary.”

Then awáy went the Gúardians in cómpany,
And a pléasanter sight you cóuld not sée
Than Róbbery linked with Cháritý.
And they tóok the crow-bár Legálicity,
And the rópe of injústice and crúelty,
And broke ópen the dóor of Índustry,
And knocked óut the bráins of his dog Hónesty,
And bound hímself like a thíef for the gállows-trée,
And blinded his eýes that he might not sée,
While they plúndered his hóuse of his próperty,
To divide amóng their dear children thrée,
Impróvidence, Slóth, and Béggary.

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, April 3. 1841.

SENT TO SELINA ON HER BIRTH-DAY, WITH
A BASKET OF CHERRIES.

Chérries frésh, and chérries fáir!
Préttier chérries néver wére;
Gréat grand-dáughters, évery óne,
Óf that fámous chérries-stóne
Bý Lucúllus bróught, you knów,
Móre than two thóusand yéars agó,

From its Mithridatic home
In old Póntus, tó new Róme,
And plánted in his villa thére,
And chérished, án exótic rare,
Till it bóre its blúshing bérries,
And Rómans éat dessérts of chérries.

Chérries frésh, and chérries fáir!
Lóvelier chérries néver wére;
Blóod-red ás pomegránate flówer,
Or fúchsia péndent fróm the bówer
Where Márs met Vénus át high nóon,
And whispered, Vúlcan wás a lóon.

Chérries frésh, and chérries fáir!
Júicier chérries néver wére;
Méltíng swéet as ápricót,
Or cítron péar, or bérgamót,
Or dówny péach, or néctarine,
Ór green gáge, of frúits the quéen;
Ór the ámber déw bees síp
From flówering líndens, wén they drip
Frágrant shówers in hót Julý,
Únder the fláring sóuthern ský,
And évery flóweret is alive,
Ánd the whole trée 's one búzzing híve.

Chérries frésh, and chérries fáir!
Ríper chérries néver wére:
Will ye óf my chérries sháre?
Púlléd this mórning wét with déw,
With mine ówn hand púlléd for yóu,
Pácked with léaves in báskét néat,
And sént you fór your bírth-day tréat.

Bíorth-days mány máy you sée,
As chérries ón my chérerry trée,
And évery bíorth-day háppier bé;
Me lóving móre, more lóved by mé;
Úntouched stíll by blíght or blást,
Swéetening, rípening, tíll at lást,
Drópping nóiseless fróm the trée,
You 're gáthered tó etérnity.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, June 20. 1841.

WORDSWORTH'S HORSE.

Will Wórdsworth wás a stéady mán,
That líved near Ámblesíde,
And múch he lónged to háve a hórse,
Which hé might éasy ríde.

It chanced one dáy a hórse came bý,
Of púre Arábían bréed,
Géntle though próud, and stróng of límb:
It wás a gállant stéed!

Full mány a nóble ríder bóld
This gállant stéed had bórne;
And évery óne upón his brów
The láurel wréath had wórned.

Those nóble ríders déad and góne,
And ín the cóld earth láid,
The gállant stéed by Wórdsworth's dóor
Withóut an ówner stráyed.

No móre adó; the stéed is cáught;
Upón him Wórdsworth géts;
The générous cóurser páws and réars,
And 'gáinst the bridle fréts.

"He 's too high-méttled," Wórdsworth sáys,
"And shákes me in my séat;
He múst be bálléd, and drénched, and bléd,
And gét much léss to éat."

So bálléd, and drénched, and bléd he wás,
And pút on lówer díet;
And Wórdsworth with delight obsérved
Him grów each dáy more quiet.

And fírst he tóok from him his óats,
And thén he tóok his háy;
Untíl at lást he féd him ón
A síngle stráw a dáy.

What háppened néxt to this poor stéed
There 's nótt a child but knóws;
Death clósed his eýes, as Í my sóng,
And énded áll his wóes.

And ón a stóne, near Rýdal Móunt,
These wórds are pláin to sée: —
"Here líe the bónes of thát famed stéed,
High-méttled Póesy."

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, April, 1840.

WORDSWORTH AND THE PIG.

Wórdsworth walked ónce near Ámbleside,
Upón a súnner's dáy,
And, úpward gázing, strúck his lýre
To this majéstic láy:—

“There ’s póetry in évery thing,
In smáll as wéll as big” —
But júst as hé had gót so fár,
He tród upón a pig.

“Hóorch!” quoth the pig, with súch a grúnt,
As yóu might wéll excúse,
If éver yóu had séen the náils
Ín the great póet's shóes.

“Hóorch!” quoth the póet, “thére it is,
As pláin as pláin can bé;
Éven in this pig's grunt Í do héar
The vóice of póetry.

“There ’s póetry in évery thing,
In smáll as wéll as big;
In Góody Bláke and Hárny Gíll,
And in this grúnting pig.

“There ’s póetry in évery thing
We héar, or sée, or sméll;
You háve it hère in ‘hóorch! hoorch! hóorch!’
And thére in Péter Béli.

“For póetry ’s but náatural thóught
In náatural sóunds expéssed,
And thát which háth the léast of árt
The trúest is and bést.

“Of póets, thérefore, wé ’re the first,
Thou grúnting pig and Í;
For whére ’s the póet thát with ús
In ártlessnéss can víe?”

Eláte he sáid: then ónward pássed,
And báde the pig adieú;
And thén his lýre he strúck agáin,
And sáng with rápture néw:—

“There ’s póetry in évery thíng,
In smáll as wéll as big;
In Góody Bláke and Hárre Gíll,
And in yon grúnting pig.”

FITZWILLIAM - SQUARE, DUBLIN, June 28. 1842.

ANSWER TO MRS. JANE HOPKINS'S INVITATION
TO DRINK TEA WITH HER,

JULY 15, 1842.

The mínuté I gót
Your bít of a nóte,
Says Í to my wífe:—
“My déarest life,
Will ye or nó
To áunt Jenny gó,
To-mórrów níght,
At hér invíte,

To drink your téa
In her cómpany?"
Says my wife to mé:—
"I cán't but agréé;
For the óffer 's góod,
And 'twóuld be rúde
To sáy her nó,
So wé will gó;
But whát will yóu
With Kátharine* dó?"
"She 's nót forgót;
See, hére 's the nóte;
It 's Í and yóu,
And Kátharine tóo;
So sáy no móre,
For át her dóor
We 'll bé by éight,
In spite of fáte;
And yóu and shé
Will drink your téa,
And Mrs. Stanléy
Will máke coffée
For the dóctor and mé;
And we 'll láugh and chát
About this and thát,
And háppy we 'll bé,
As fórmerly;
And I 'll láy you a bét,
That óf the whole sét,
Aunt Jénny will bé
The móst merrý,
Though, betwéen you and mé,

* The Author's only surviving child.

She 's fúurscore and thrée;
And I héar people sáy,
She 'll go ón the same wáy
Till she 's fivescóre,
Or máy-be móre,
And évery dáy,
Like wine or háy,
With áge impróving,
More lóved and lóving
Will be grówing;
So lét 's be góing,
Gáy and héarty,
Tó her pártý,
To-mórrów níght;
And Í will write
To sáy we 'll knóck
At éight o'clóck."

FITZWILLIAM - SQUARE, DUBLIN.

LINES

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL UNDER A FLATTERING PORTRAIT OF
A COUSIN OF THE AUTHOR.

Wónderful ártist! whát a chárming gráce
Líves in these línes, and pláys o'er áll this fáce!
These eýes how bríght! how rósy réd this chéek!
And hów these líps, half párted, álmóst spéak!
Hów this chin dímples! this gold-bráided háir
How glóssy smóoth! how smáll and whíte this éar!
Wónderful ártist! thát could éven to Éllen
Give Vénus' féatures, and the áir of Hélen.

FITZWILLIAM - SQUARE, DUBLIN, 1844.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A LADY,

WHO HAD GIVEN THE AUTHOR, FOR SUBJECT, "A CAPTIVE'S LAMENT
FOR THE LOSS OF HIS LIBERTY."

Dóist thou but móck me, wén thou bíd'st me síng
The cáptive's gúshing téars for líberty?
Or dóist not knów thou hast bóund me with a cháin,
From which I wóuld not, if I cóuld, be frée?

VIRE, IN NORMANDY, Jan. 5. 1846.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

The scúltor, ere he tákes
The chísel in his hánd,
Draws the ínkling of his thóught
On pásteboard or in sánd:
So tó thine Album Í
The sécret first impárt,
Which my trúe love burns to write
On the márble of thy héart.

VIRE, IN NORMANDY, March 5. 1846.

THE STRANGER AND THE VAUX DE VIRE.

WRITTEN AT VIRE, IN NORMANDY, EARLY IN THE SPRING OF
THE YEAR 1846.

VAUX DE VIRE.

Stáy, stranger, stáy: why léav'st the Váux de Vire?
'Tis the sweet spring-time, júst the ópening yéar;
Have wé done áught to hárm thee ór displéase?
Ór in France find'st thou lóvelier fields than thése?

STRANGER.

Swéet is the spring amóng the Váux de Vire,
And swéet the ópening óf the nów-born yéar;
Nóught have ye dóne to hárm me ór displéase,
Nór in France séek I lóvelier fields than thése.

VAUX DE VIRE.

Then whý, O stránger, whý so sóon awáy,
Ánd thy back túrned upón our cóming Máy?
With sófter bréath each mórn the zéphyr blóws,
With brighter tints each éven the súnset glóws.

STRANGER.

A lánd there is beyónd your nórthern séa,
More déar than éven the Váux de Vire to mé;
A lánd of híl-and-dále slope, flówer, and trée,
And rúddy súnset ánd bird-mélodý.

VAUX DE VIRE.

Far óff *that* lánd, far óff beyónd the déep;
Rócks rise betwéen, waves ról, and témpets swéep;
Óur spring is nigh; thou sée'st the violet péeping;
In yónder búsh 'tis Philomel that 's chéeping.

STRANGER.

In thát far lánd, beyónd that stórmy séa,
Are friends that lóve me, knów me, thínk of mé;
Benéath its sód my bábies twáin are láid,
Ánd its long gráss waves ó'er my móther's héad;

Waves ó'er that móther's héad who só oft bléssed me,
Ánd to her béating bósom só oft préssed me;
That nóble móther tó whose lóve I ówe
Áll that I ám, or hópe, or féel, or knów;

That wónt so óft, on súch an éve, to léan
Her árm on míne, and póint to súch a scéne,
To súch a glówing héaven and sétting sún;
Then túrn and sée the níght come slówly ón;

And thén the flúsh upón her fúrrowed chéek
Would téll the thóught she véntured nót to spéak,
That *hér* night, tóo, was cóming, *hér* day pást,
Ánd from her lóved ones shé must párt at lást.

Ánd she is párted; in that fár land láid;
Ánd its long gráss waves ó'er my móther's héad:
Then fáre ye wéll, sweet fíelds, I stáy not hére;
Bléssing and péace be with the Váux de Víre;

Be with those órcharð wálks and cóppiced bráes,
Where hápless Básselin póured his úntaught láys;
Lóng shall your mémory tó my héart be déar;
Bléssing and péace be with the Váux de Víre.

THE TRAVELLER AND THE NORTH-WEST WIND.

WRITTEN AT VIRE, IN NORMANDY, MARCH, 1846.

TRAVELLER.

Now whére hast thou béen, thou Nórth-west Wind,
Now whére hast thou béen, tell mé?

NORTH-WEST WIND.

I have béen far awáy in the Írish lánd,
And beyónd the Írish Séa.

TRAVELLER.

And whát hast thou séen in that fár Irish lánd,
And whát hast thou séen, I práy?
Hast thou séen a low hóuse near the édge of the ród,
As by Dálkey thou tóok'st thy wáy?

NORTH-WEST WIND.

And is it a hóuse with its síde to the ród,
And its fáce to a láwn so gréen?

TRAVELLER.

Ah! thát is the hóuse, my déar North-west Wind,
My síster's hóuse thou hast séen.

NORTH-WEST WIND.

And hás it a wicket, that láwn so gréen,
In the sháde of an óld sycamóre;
And thrée steps úp to a grávelled cóurt
In frónt of that lów cabin-dóor?

TRAVELLER.

Ah! that is the wicket that éach Sunday éve
So jóyfully ópened to mé,
As Í and my lóved ones the lóved ones sóught,
That dwélt by that sýcamore trée.

NORTH-WEST WIND.

And háš that low cábin a wíndow that lóoks
To the sóuth on a gárden fáir,
Where the vérvain leans úp to the wíndow-páne,
And the églantine scénts the áir?

TRAVELLER.

Ah! that is the wíndow, where shé used to sít
That will né'er in that wíndow sit móre,
Or láy up agáin for dear children or friend
The léaf of that vérvain in stóre.

NORTH-WEST WIND.

But stíll in that wíndow a lády there sítš,
And gáthers the vérvain leaf gréen —

TRAVELLER.

Ah! that is her dáughter — come kíss me, dear Wínd —
Ah! that is my síster thou 'st séen.

And díd she look mérry? or díd she look sád?
Or dídst thou her vóice chance to héar?

NORTH-WEST WIND.

Ah! sád was her lóok, and pláintive her vóice,
And I thóught in her eýe stood a téar;

And thése were the wórds I héard her síng,
As I dróoped my wíng by the páne:—
“How lóng and slów the móments gó!
Shall I é'er see my bróther agáin?”

And fár within accópanied

A piáno in sóftest stráin:—

“How lóng and slów the móments gó!

Shall I é'er see my bróther agáin?”

TRAVELLER.

Fly báck, fly báck, thou Nórth-west Wínd,

Fly báck to that gárden agáin,

And sóftly bréathe in the vérvain léaves,

And whísper át that páne:—

“Anóther half-yéar, and hé will be hére,

That bróther we lóve so wéll,

I héar his fóot, and I knów his pull

Upón the wicket béli.

“But wé 'll not wait hére anóther half-yéar,

For the stórmy wínter 's góne;

And the wínd that soft bréathes in the vérvain léaves,

Will wáft us to Fránce anón.

“Then the tíme that hangs nów with níghtmare wéight

On bróther and sísters párted,

Will seem shórt as lark's sóng, or a Mídsommer Dréam

Of Shákespeare the ángel-héarted.

“And whén the pléasant half-yéar is fléd,

And the dáy's grow dárk agáin,

We 'll retúrñ with hím to this lów-roofed hóuse,

This wíndow ánd verváin;

“And róund the téa-table, róund the héarth,

Bróther and sísters once móre

Will gáther, and sít, and láugh, and chát,

As on Sún-day éves of yóre;

"As óft on Súnday éve we gáthered,
Sísters lóving, lóving bróther,
Róund the téa-table, róund the héarth,
Children of a líving móther.

"That móther déad we 'll lóve the móre,
We 'll lóve the móre each óther;
And, ónce we have mét, ne'er párt agáin,
Sísters lóving, lóving bróther."

P A R I S.

'Tis Páris! huge Páris! befóre me exténder,
With her spíres, and her dómes, and her stréets never-énder;
With her bóulevards, gárdens, and óbelisks táll,
And the blúe summer ský looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! gay Páris! soft pálace of pléasure,
Where to jóy there 's no énd, to refinement no méasure;
But café and théatre, sálon and báll,
And the stárs' midnight-wáitch looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! wise Páris! staid cíty of léarning,
Of reúnion, and cércle, and sávant discérning,
Of acádemy, cóllege, and ínstitute-háll,
And Mólière's calm spírit looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! strong Páris! that róse in her míght,
And crúshed with one héel-stamp earth's kíngs' dívine ríght,
Awóke sleeping nátions with fréedom's trump cáll,
And shook Gód on his thróne, looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! mad Páris! red city of blóod,
On whose stónes scarce dry yét her sons' stréaming life-flóod;
Scarce sílent the túmbril's lourd ról, and the fáll
Of the guillotine-áxe looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! throng Páris! warm bée-hive of life,
Of bústle, and íntrigue, and pólític strífe,
Of démocrat émeute and Cárlist cabál,
And sly Louís Philippe looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! bride Páris! arráyed in her bést;
For the brídegroom is wáiting, and só is the féast:
The féast, 'tis laid óut in chill Père-la-Chaise háll,
And the brídegroom 's grim Déath looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! huge Páris! befóre me extéending,
With her spíres, and her dómes, and her stréets never-éending;
With her bóulevards, gárdens, and óbelisks táll,
And the blúe summer ský looking dówn upon áll.

PARIS, June 11. 1846.

JOURNEY FROM TRENT, TO RIVA ON THE LAGO DI GARDA.

JUNE 7. 1847.

At fíve leave Trént,
In cóach and páir,
For Ríva bént,
And cóoler áir,

My wífe and Í
And dáughter táll,
And Maéstro Mónti,
Fóur in áll.

Good cómpany

In sóoth are wé,
And fór six hóurs
May wéll agréed,

If quárrrels cóme,
As póets téach,
From tóo free úse
Of the párts of spéech;

For wé no wórd have
Óf Itálian;
No Énglish hé,
Nor crámp Germánian;

And hásh not éven
The acquáintance máde,
Of Má'mselle Frénch,
That cómmon jáde,

That wálks at éase
Wide Éurope's stréets,
And láughs and cháts
With áll she méets.

Pléasant the víew is,
Ás our cárriage
Rolls smóothly dówn
The Vále of Ádige:

Toward sóuthern súns
And génial skíes,
Géntly slóped
That vället lies.

From wintry blásts,
North, éast, and wést,
Álpine stéeps
Defénd its bréast;

Ánd with a thóusand
Íce-fed rills
Wáter its fíelds,
And túrn its mills;

And cóol the súltry
Súmmer áir,
And pláy sweet músic
Tó the éar.

Hére the cliffs
Are bléak and báre,
With pine fórests
Cóvered thére;

Ór with várious
Cárpét spréad,
Of férn and héath,
The bláck-cock's béd.

Here mica schist,
Red pórfhyrý,
And gránite péaks,
Inváde the ský.

There slúmbering márble
Wáits the hánd
That bids it into
Lífe to stánd.

Lówer dówn
The sándstone róck;
Át our féet
The bóulder blóck.

Pléasant the víew is,
Ás our cárriage
Rolls smóothly dówn
The Vále of Ádige:

Tréllised vínes
Stretch fár and néar,
Through fíelds of léntil,
Máize, and bére;

Chésnut and wálnut
Státely stánd,
Flánking the róad
On éither hánd;

And géntler willow
Lénds its sháde,
And dróops and árches
Óverhéad;

And súnburnt péasants'
Hánds rapácious
Cúll the múblerry's
Fóliage précious.

The sácks stand fúll,
The cárts are lóaded,
The táwny óxen
Yóked and góaded;

The máster héars,
With éars of pléasure,
The áxle gróan
Benéath the tréasure.

Let six weeks páss,
The wórk is dóne,
The wórms are féd,
The cócoons spún,

The chrýsalis killed,
Its intricate clúe
Unrávelled nice,
And spún anéw

Ínto a fírm,
Tenácious líne,
Yéllow as góld,
As góssamer fíne;

Párent óf
The bómbazíne,
Rústling sársnet,
Sátin shéen;

Óf the sófa's
Gáy brocáde,
Óf the lútestring
Quilted béd;

Óf the flág
That flóats on hígh,
Defiance tó
The énemý;

Óf the gárter,
Óf the páll;
Wónd'rous thréad
That mák'st them áll!

Pléasant the víew is,
Ás our cárriage
Rolls smóothly dówn
The Vále of Ádige:

Ón our ríght hand
Thé broad ríver,
Gráy and cléar,
And spárkling éver;

Ín its stóny
Chánnel dáshing,
Ráving, fréttíng,
Fóaming, spláshing.

Whát though stíll
Its cóurse is fóward,
Whát though stíll
It rúshes ónward,

Dównward stíll
Althóugh its mótion,
Tóward the vást
Absórbing ócean,

Sée, each wávelet
Báckward cúrls;
Sée, revérsed
Each éddy swírls;

Sée, it cásts

Its lingering lóok

Tóward the scénes

It háth forsóok,

Tóward its nátive

Órteler móuntain,

Tóward its párent

Glácier fóuntain.

Life's tráveller só

Casts báck his view

Ón the dear scénes

His childhood knéw.

With fáce revérted,

Só is bórne

Dówn the rough róad

Whence nó retúrn,

And plúnged at lást

Intó the séa,

By finites cálléd

Etérnity.

Pléasant the view is,

Ás our cárriage

Rolls smóothly dówn

The Vále of Ádige:

We thréad the góрге

Where Lägerthál

In báttle sáw

Sanséverin fáll;

Léave on the right
Old Cástelbárco,
And héar thy tówer,
Hóly San Márco,

Chime níght's first wáitch
In Róveréith,
Ás we arrive,
— At hálf-past éight.

Áfter súpper,
Frésh and mérry,
Wést we túrn
Toward Ádige férry;

And whére, 'twixt báńks
Of flówery rúshes,
Deep, sílent, smóoth,
The river gúshes,

Cárriage and áll
Acróss we flóat
In bróad, flat-bóttomed
Lúgger-bóat.

Dárk though it bé,
Small féar have wé,
And Maéstro 's stíll
Good cómpány;

And, párt by sígns,
And párt by lóoks,
And párt by wórds
Pícked óut of bóoks,

Contrives to lét us
 Únderstánd
He guides us thróugh
 No únknown lánd;

Guides us thróugh Móri's
 Village rúde —
'Twere picturésque
 By dáy-light viewed —

Past Lóppio's láke,
 With islands dótted;
Past Lóppio's rócks,
 With lichens spótted.

Whére our pássing
 Lámp-light fálls
On yónder gráy
 Time-éaten wálls,

Áwful fróm
 The rócky stéep
Frowned, Nágo, ónce
 Thy cástled kéep.

Our dównward cóurse
 Is fáir and frée,
From thóse drear héights
 To Tórbolé,

Where, snúgly móored
 In Mórpheus' árms,
Lake Gárda's bóatmen
 Dréam of stórms.

Húng on línés
Their néts are drýing,
High on the stránd
Their bóats are lýing.

Cróss we thén
Hoarse Sárcá's bridge,
And túrn Mont Bríon's
Jútting rídge.

Where scántly máy
The stráit road swéep,
'Twíxt the deep láke
And móuntain stéep,

Óverhéad
Hangs dréarily
The glímmering lámp
Of a Cálvarý.

From wídw's crúse
That lámp is féd,
A wídw's téars
On that sláb are réad:—

"Féllow-sínnér,
Bénd thy knée,
Féllow-sínnér,
Práy with mé

"For hím that ín
The témpést's shóck,
Fóundering sánk
By yónder rók.

“Móther of Gód,
The sáilor sáve,
Ón Lake Gárda's
Dángerous wáve.”

Two shórt miles móre
Run quickly pást,
And Ríva sáfe
We réach at lást;

And júst as cócks
And clócks tell óne,
At Íl Giardíno*
Áre set dówn,

Where Maéstro Mónti
Bíds good níght,
And áll to béd
In wéary plíght.

* This picturesque and truly Italian hotel (called Il Giardino, from its public garden opening on the lake) has been lately pulled down, to make room for the Austrian fortifications with which the hitherto secluded and peaceful valley of Riva has, alas! at last begun to bristle. — J. H. 1850.

TRUTH.

WRITTEN IN FRAEULEIN CLARA ATTLMAYER'S ALBUM, ON LEAVING
SCHLOSS WEYERBURG.*

Státelier than Weyérburg Schlóss, I wéen,
Fáirer thán its bówers so gréen,
Frésher thán the móuntain bréeze
Whispering thróugh its wálnut trées,
Cléarer thán the gúrgling rills
Trickling fróm its snów-clad hills,
Swéeter thán the frágrance spréad
Bý its gáy carnátion béd,
Lóvelier thán the próspect wide
Fróm its tówers on évery síde,

* Schloss Weyerburg is a castle situated on the first heights of the Alps, where they rise immediately over the city of Innsbruck, on the north. It formerly belonged to, and was occasionally the residence of, the Emperor Maximilian, and is now owned and inhabited by the family of Attlmayer of Innsbruck. It was in the great hall of this castle the Emperor received in state the Venetian Ambassadors. From this hall, or, if you please, from its balcony, elevated from forty to fifty feet above the high and steep rock on which the castle stands, is a prospect not to be surpassed, perhaps, in the world. In the foreground and far below you, on the right, in the midst of parks, gardens, and green meadows, the white, open, and irregularly built city of Innsbruck, with its famous wooden bridge, and innumerable gilded spires and cupolas glittering in the sun; immediately in front, and at an equal depth below, the rushing and impetuous river, and the valley of the Inn; beyond, on the first

Nóbler thán its ámple háll,
 Strónger thán its mássive wáll,
 Déarer to Gód and ángels fár
 Thán its chápel, thán its práy'r,
 Ís the unvárnished wórd of trúth,
 Íssuing fróm the líps of yóuth,
 The guíleless líps of máiden fáir,
 Clára and Ánna Áttlmáyer:
 Wéll might ripe áge learn wisdom thére.

June 11. 1849.

heights of the opposite or southern range of Alps, the royal castle of Schloss Ambras (larger and statelier than Weyerburg, and out of an upper window of which, Wallenstein, when a boy, fell, and escaped unhurt); farther beyond, and above, the lower plateau of the Alps, gently swelling, green, grassy, and studded with white cottages, chapels, hamlets, and clumps of trees; still higher, and retreating backward, the rocky sides of the Alps, here and there covered with pine forests; and high above all, the long line of their bleak and snow-clad pinnacles mingling with the clouds; on the left the broad and rapid river again, passing under a suspension-bridge, and, garnished with poplars, threading its way along the windings of the valley towards the far off Danube, and finally disappearing behind the market-town of Hall.

Allusion is made in the above lines, and particularly in the last of them, to a circumstance which occurred during the author's residence in this Castle, in the summer of 1849.

As the Emperor Maximilian, and is now owned and inhabited by the family of Maximilian of Innsbruck. It was in the great hall of this castle the Emperor received in state the Russian Ambassadors. From this hall, or, if you please, from its balcony, elevated from forty to fifty feet above the high and steep rock on which the castle stands, is a prospect not to be surpassed, perhaps, in the world. In the foreground and far below you, on the right, in the midst of parks, gardens, and green meadows, the white, open, and irregularly built city of Innsbruck, with its famous wooden bridge, and innumerable gilded spires and cupolas glittering in the sun; immediately in front, and at an equal depth below, the resting and impetuous river, and the valley of the Inn; beyond, on the first

WEYERBURG'S BOWERS SO GREEN.

WRITTEN IN FRAEULEIN ANNA ATTLMAYER'S ALBUM, ON OCCASION OF
LEAVING SCHLOSS WEYERBURG, NEAR INNSBRUCK, JUNE 11, 1849.

"Téll me, sweet Áнна, téll me, práy,
How mány thóu hast séen,
Rich, nóble, váliant, gráve, or gáy,
'Mongst Weýerburg's bówers so gréen?"

"Rich, nóble, váliant, gráve, or gáy,
As mány Í have séen,
As áre the léaves upón the trées
'Mongst Weýerburg's bówers so gréen."

"How mány háppy, téll me nów,
Sweet Áнна, hást thou séen?"
"Háppy! I néver sáw but twó
'Mongst Weýerburg's bówers so gréen.

"A fáther ánd a dáughter hére
From Íreland Í have séen;
A párent kind, a dúteous child,
'Mongst Weýerburg's bówers so gréen.

"They wére not rích, they wére not gréat,
Far bétter théy, I wéen;
Fónd of each óther, júst toward áll,
'Mongst Weýerburg's bówers so gréen.

"Háppy they wére, if háppiness
Éver on éarth has béen;
A ténder sire, a lóving child,
'Mongst Weyérburg's bówers so gréen.

"I lóve to sit and thínk of thém,
To bé where théy have béen;
Ah! dó they éver thínk of mé,
And Weyérburg's bówers so gréen?"

TO FRAEULEIN LAURA WIDMANN,

ON OCCASION OF A SEARCH IN VAIN FOR HER PORTRAIT, LOST IN
MY APARTMENT IN THE HOTEL AT INNSBRUCK.

I séarched my chámber róund and róund,
The táble, sófa, cháirs, and gróund,
But nówhere Láura's picture fóund;
Till cásting, ór by fáte or chánce,
Upón my ínward sélf a glánce,
I spied, in sécret nóok remóte —
Say, Láura, wás it whát I sóught —
An ángel's pórtait without náme,
Dráwn on my héart in strókes of fláme!

June 14. 1849,

THE FROWN AND THE SMILE.

FOR SELINA'S ALBUM.

"Come, in my álbúm write a vérse,"

Matílda sáid ónce tó a póet;

"But mínd, no nónsense; fór I vów,

To ál the wórld I 'll súrely shów it."

He tóok the pén, and trémbling wróte

These véry wórds, or néarly:

"Of ál the máids I knów on éarth

There 's nóne I lóve so déarly —"

Matílda, frówning, stópped him shórt:—

"My álbúm, yóu have spóiled it,

I wóuld not fór my bést new gówn,

Your pén had éver sóiled it."

"Spoiled whát? soiled whát?" the póet cried;

"Pray, Mádam, lét me fínish;

The bútter 's hére, but nót the bréad —

The éggs, but nót the spínach,"

He tóok the pén agáin, and wróte,

Fírmlý this tíme, and cléarly:

"Of ál the máids I knów on éarth

There 's nóne I lóve so déarly,

"That Í for hér one hóur wóuld lóse

Of háppy báachelor lífe."

Matílda smíled; and ére a mónth

The póet cálléd Matílda wífe,

LEGHORN, November, 1849.

TO MISS LOUISA GRACE,

WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS LEAVING PISTOJA, WHERE HE HAD BEEN
PAYING HER A VISIT.

Cease, céase, ye téars, to blót the fárewell lines
My héart at pártng tó Louísa sénds;
Drý them, and with them póst to hér, ye sighs,
Fáithfullest cóuriers bétwixt párted friends.

LEGHORN, November 16. 1849.

TO THE SAME,

FROM VILLA STROZZI, ROME.

The téar-drops, fróm our eýelids stárting,
So fást upón our páper féll,
'Twas áll in váin we stróve, at pártng,
To write our friend one kínd farewéll.

By tíme assúaged, our sórrow nów
Assúmes a sóberer, sófter húa,
And sighs, not téars, decláre the páin
With which we bíd our friend adieú.

Adieú! be háppy! thínk sometímes
Óf the two friends that lóved thee só;
Óur hearts still fónldy túrn to thee,
Thróugh the wide wórld whereé'er we gó.

December 7. 1849.

PART OF A LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR TO AN ANTIQUARIAN FRIEND IN IRELAND,

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE TOMB OF ATISTIA, WIFE OF EURYSACES,
RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT ROME, OUTSIDE THE PORTA MAGGIORE,
ON THE ROAD TO NAPLES BY FROSINONE.*

* * * * *

Or máy be you 'd ráther I 'd téll you the stóry
Of the báker's wife's tómb outside Pórtá Maggiore,
How for fóurteen long cénturies snúgly it láy
Built úp in the wórks which Honórius one dáy
So áwkwardly ráised at the Lábican gáte,
And Pope Píus the Séventh demólished of láte,
Bringing báck into dáylight the mónument quéer,
By the fúnny old báker érected hére,
To recéive the remáins of Atístia, his wífe,
Befóre him depárted this tróublesome lífe:—
“A véry good wífe was Atístia to mé,
As áll will obsérve who this mónument sée,

* There are two inscriptions belonging to this tomb. The words of the first are:—

FVIT ATISTIA VXOR MIHEI FEMINA OPITVMA VEIXIT QVOIVS CORPORIS
RELIQVIAE QVOD SVPERANT SVNT IN HOC PANARO

This inscription has been removed, along with the full-length figures of the husband and wife, and affixed to an adjoining wall.

The words of the second inscription are:—

EST HOC MONIMENTVM MARCEI VERGILEI EVRYSACIS
PISTORIS REDEMPTORIS APPARIT

This has been left in situ, simply, as it would seem, because it could not be removed without pulling down the entire building.

All the subjects described in the text are actually to be seen on the frieze.

Which, in hónor of hér and my báking tráde,
In the shápe of a báker's panárium I 've máde;
And the móre to expéss my deep cónjugal griéf
In the frónt I 've set úp the dear créature's relíef,
With my ówn inconsólable sélf by her síde,
In my bést toga dréssed, for rich bákers have príde;
And abóve on the frieze the whole árt I 've displáyed
Of the Róman flour-mílling and báking tráde.
The gráin you see fírst, then the míll, then the flóur;
The knéading comes néxt, then the míxing the sóur;
And thére, in the mídst of the bákehouse, commánding
How the wórk shall be dóne, the chief óverseer 's stánding;
And in frónt of the húge, gaping móuth of the óven,
The jóurneymen réady the néw batch to shóve in,
Arms náked, legs náked, long shóvels in their hánds;
And hígh on the cóunter the státera stánds;
And cústomers ín at the shóp-door are drópping,
And sóme into bágs the smáll loaves are pópping,
While óthers the lárge loaves are cútting and wéighing,
And the clérk 's taking cóunt of the móney they 're páying:
Your éar must be dúll not to héar what they 're sáying.
And nów to the óther síde fóllo w the frieze,
And you 'll sée a square bóx—more this wáy, if you pléase—
There it is, a square bóx, rather lónger than wíde,
Pierced thróugh with round hóles the whole lénth of its síde,
A jóur, as the Fránk sáys, to lét the light thróugh,
For the óffside wóuld mách, were it pláced wíthin víew;
The panárium that is, where, accórding to rúle,
Each fresh batch from the óven is sét by to cóol;
That véry panárium — I hópe I don't bóre ye —
That supplíed the désign of the tómb here befóre ye,
Where to cóol I 've láid bý sweet Atístia, my wífe;
Fresh and crísp from this hót, báking, óven of lífe;
And whére, kíssing crúst to crúst, ón the same shélf,

I 'll be láid with her, pléase Jove, some fíne day mysélf.
Eurýsaces, míller and báker, am Í,
And, bý letters pátent, monópolý
Enjóy of the mílling and báking tráde;
And óf this panárium what móre need be sáid?"

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, Dec. 13. 1849.

TO MEMORY.

Wíizard, begóne! and lét me néver
Sée thy háted fáce agáin!
Thou prómisedst a róund of pléasure,
Ánd hast gíven me nóught but páin.

Cóuld thy cónjuring ród not cáll up
The déar scenes óf depárted yéars,
Bút it must sáme time fróm my póor heart
Strike a flóod of scálding téars?

Cóuld thine enchánted gláss not shów me
The rádiant fórms my bóyhood knéw,
Bút it must thrúst their sépulchres,
Át the same móment, ón my víew?

Cóuld not thy mágic écho síng me
Nótes from líps of lóve that féll,
Bút it múst same ístant bríng me
Their lóng and língering lást farewéll?

Juggling wizard, how I hate thee,
 With thy magic and thy spells,
 By black Melancholy taught thee
 In her silent, sunless cells!
 Foul enchanter, hence! and drown thee
 In the depths of Lethe's wave!
 Fair is the world God spreads around me,
 Thou wouldst make it but a grave.

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, Jan. 13. 1850.

L I N E S

SUGGESTED BY THE COMPLETE INTERRUPTION OF MY NEWLY MADE,
 BUT MUCH VALUED ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE REV. W. SCRIBNER,
 OF NEW YORK, BY HIS DEPARTURE FROM ROME FOR NAPLES,
 JANUARY 7. 1850.

Sée the fire, how fast it burns!
 And the stream, how swift it runs!
 How night after night returns!
 How soon set our brightest suns!

The rose that blossomed yester-morn,
 Today upon the stem hangs dying;
 The breeze that fanned us yester-even,
 Tonight in other lands is sighing.

But far more fleeting friendship's breath,
 A breeze from heaven that may not last;
 And earlier withered friendship's flower,
 And friendship's stream runs swifter past;
 And quicker friendship's flame expires,
 And friendship's days are sooner sped:
 We fain would stir the ancient fires,
 And stir but ashes cold and dead.

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, Jan. 7. 1850.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

SONG WRITTEN ON SEEING FOR THE FIRST TIME, IN THE CAPITOLINE MUSEUM, IN ROME, THE STATUE OF THE WOUNDED AND DYING DACIAN SOLDIER, COMMONLY CALLED THE DYING GLADIATOR.

Ah! swéet is the déath of the sóldier bráve,
And his cóuntry with láurels shall plánt his gráve,
Histórians and póets his práises shall wíte,
And fáir maidens síng them, and gréy-beards recíte.

For his is no língering héctic decáy,
By slów degrees gnáwing his vítals awáy,
His vígor consúming, and blánching his chéek,
Tedious mónth after mónth, and long wéek after wéek.

With hánd locked in his, by his bédside all níght,
No ténder wife wátches his lífe's waning líght,
Hoping, féaring, despáiring, and wéeping by túrns,
As bríghter or dímmér the flic'ring flame búrns.

But his cóuntry commánds him: awáy to the wárs!
For vátor there 's hónor, there 's láurel for scárs;
His son hánds him his swórd; his wife búckles it ón;
One kíss, one embráce; the next móment he 's góne.

He 's góne, and has fálleñ: — abject mínions, forbéar;
'Tis a sóldier that yónder lies strétched on his bíer;
Keep your síghs, keep your téars, for the déath-fearing sláve;
They sháll not pollúte the sóldier's gráve.

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, January, 1850.

R O M E.

From Villa Strózzi, Róme,
Tó my loved friends at hóme,
This vígil óf St. Bláse,
Whén the wild duck láys,
Ánd the fáint primróse
Únder the báre hedge blóws,
Ánd the mezéreon blóom
Spreads wídest its perfúme,
And mérry bélls are rúng,
And Cándlemás is súng,
And dáys begín to bríghten,
And héarts begín to líghten;
Fór the wínter 's pást,
Ánd Spring 's cóming fást.

Thóugh most trávellers só invént things,
And wántonlý misréprésént things,
Thát I have héard it sáid 'twere bétter
A tráveller néver wróte a létter;
Yet whát I sáw in Róme, believe me,
I 'll téll ye trúe, and nót decéive ye;
Fór, ás at tímes sweet flówers are fóund
Grówing in únpropítious gróund,
And ás some pickpockets, they sáy,
Are mén of hónor in their wáy,
And nów and thén clear ríght 's in cávillers,
Why nót the trúth *sometimes* in trávellers?

Bút that I máy not béfore swíne
Cást my péarls, or póur my wíne,
I fáin wóuld máke, with yóur permíssion,
Ére I begín, this óne condítion:

That simply, without guile or art,
Ye, too, perform your proper part,
Fling far away all préconception
Obstrúctive óf plain trúth's recéption;
And, like an úncorrúpted child,
Listening tó precéptor mild,
Méekly your dócile éar inclíne
Tó the tále of Róme divine.

With invocátion tó the Níne
Sháll I begín that tále divine,
And húmbly fróm Apóllo súe
Fire for mysélf, to impárt to yóu?
Or sháll I séek my inspirátion
Ín the old glóries óf the nátion,
The áir I bréathe, the gróund I tréad,
Ánd the bright ský hangs ó'er my héad?
Or ráther túrn my nóthward lóok
Tóward the dear scénes my féet forsóok,
But nót my héart, — oh! néver, néver,
From thát loved lánd my héart shall séver —
Tóward the snug cóttage Glénagéary,
Ánd the warm héarth of bést-loved Máry,
Toward óld Ballíevey Hóuse and Míll,
Ánd the new fárm of Múttón Híll?
Nów, indéed, my rhýmes run frée;
Nów my thóughts are mélodý;
Cóme, Inspirátion, cóme alóng;
Bróther and sísters, héar my sóng.

Now, thóugh a póet múch my bétters,
The véry Beau Nash óf Belles Léttrés,
Says, póets whó would mérit práise
Must júp, slap dásh, *in médias rés*,

Yet Í 'm detérmined fór this ónce,
Éven at the risk ye dúb me dúnce,
On nó man's cóat-sleeve mý faith pínning,
Tó begín with thé beginning;
Ánd, procéeding thróugh the míddle,
Nót till the énd hang úp my fiddle.

Só, as I love to dó things néatly,
Ín due órder ánd discréeetly,
And dóubt not thát, as Quákers sáy,
Fáir and sóft goes fár in the dáy,
Í 'll eschew the vúlgar tóne,
Ánd adópt a stýle of my ówn;
And, sínging ín an únder-stráin,
And chécking mý poétic véin,
Príck on géntly ó'er the pláin,
With my Pégasus tíght ín réin,
Spáring the nóble ánimál's bówels,
Kéeping the pólish ón my rówels,
And léaving tó some gréater máster
Óf the mánege tó ride fáster.

CHAUNT FIRST.

The Shé-wolf, thén, I cháunt her fírst,
That Rómulús and Rémus núrse;
You 'll sée her ín the Cápítol stánding,
Whén you 've móunted thé fírst lánding
Óf the Háll Consérvatóri,
Ón whose síte Rome's áncient glóry,*
Íf you cán put fáith ín stóry,

* See Servius on Virgil, En. VIII. verse 1.

Tó the bréeze the flág unfúrled,
 That wáved abóve a cónquered wórld.
 In brónze she stánds there, Róme's She-wólf;
 Grim, bláck, and dísmal ás the gúlf
 On which the sáilor's lóok is cást
 When hópe to sáve his bárk is pást,
 Ánd it 's pláin she 's fóundering fást,
 Ánd he féels her séttlíng mótion
 Ín the míddle óf the ócean,
 Ón a stórmy níght in wínter,
 And, láying hólđ of spár or splínter,
 Gázes appálled one móment róund,
 Then cléars the táffrel wíth a bóund:
 Not blácker lóoks the ráging déep
 Ás he tákes his désperate léap,
 Heaven's bléssíng ón his Lílla práying,
 Thán that grím and gáunt Wólf báying,
 Whíle, wíth gápíng móuths uptúrned,
 Squát, besíde her thúnder-búrned
 And rént hínd-lég, síť ón bare bréech
 The róyal cúbs, too shórt to réach,
 By góod síx ínches át the léast,
 The téats of thé íll-fávored béast,
 Túrgíd to búrstíng wíth Róme's glóry,
 Cónsuls, Popes, Césars, ánd my stóry.

CHAUNT SECOND.

My sécond cháunt — stay, lét me sée —
 My sécond cháunt — what sháll it bé?
 It shóuld have béen the Cúriátii,
 At déadly gríps wíth thé Horátii,
 Hád ye not héárd the óther dáy

A thróste sing that véry láy,*
In tónes of súch sweet mélodý,
It wére impértinence in mé,
A minstrel óf a róughér gráin,
To trill one nóte of thé same stráin.

What thén shall bé my sécond cháunt?
Whó can in Róme a súbject wánt?
Where Brútus strúck, and César féll,
And Cícero spóke so lóng and wéll,
And Vírgil póured his tíde of sóng,
And Hórace, pláyfullý alóng
The Lésbian lýre his fingers flínging,
Ánd his Róman Sápphies sínging,
Neglécted his ówn rúles of árt,
And tóok the stráight way tó the héart;
Whíther bý some róund I 'll fóllow,
Withóut the pássport óf Apóllo.
Let thóse who wíll, stand bý the rúles
Of crábbed másters ánd their schóols;
I 'll léave them in the dústy pláins,
And túrn my géntle pálfrey's réins
Ínto some wínding páth that léads
Úp the bróoks and cróss the méads;
And thróugh Imáginátió's déll,
Midwáy 'twixt Réason's frigid cèll,
And Pássió's éver-bóiling wéll,
And róunding thé heart's cítadél,
That stíll in frónt 's deféended wéll,
Ín at the nárrow póstern-gáte,
That ópen stánds earlý and láte,

* See Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome."

To lét the fóragers go óut
And ránsack ál the cóuntry abóut,
Énter, únobserved, unknówn,
As íf I wére of the gárrisón,
Secúre, once éntered thére, of líving
For éver jóyous, and joy-gíving.

CHAUNT THIRD.

What hinders thát I táke the wórd
Fróm my sécond chaunt fór my thírd?
'Whó can a súbject wánt in Róme?'
The árchitét's and scúlptor's hóme;
Where, póised in áir, thrice fífty métres
Abóve the pávément, hángs St. Péter's
Néver tó be équalled dóme,
Éurope's wónder, príde of Róme;
So gránd, so beáutiful, so bríght,
So sólíd, yét so áiry líght,
You gáze and gáze, until your síght
Áches with thé unmixed delight,
And túrns to rést on méaner thíngs,
Ás a bird líghts to rést its wíngs,
Then sóars up tó its héaven agáin,
And léaves belów this wórld of páin.

Whó can a súbject wánt in Róme?
The páinter's fóstering, fóstered hóme;
Where Gúido hís Auróra dréw,
Of súch ethérial, róseate húa,
So sóft and swéet, so frésh and fáir,
So frée from táint of éarth or cáre,
You cáannot knów what ángels áre,
Unléss you 've hád a síght of hér;

Unléss you háve behéld her rún
Befóre the cháriot óf the Sún,
Scáttering those déw-besprinkled flówers,
Fóllowed bý those dáncing Hóurs;
Ah, háppy Sún! ah, háppy Hóurs!
How jóyous Í too, ó'er those flówers,
Hánd-in-hánd with thóse gay Hóurs,
Would fóllow thróugh heaven's chámplain wide
The fóotsteps óf that ángel guíde!

CHAUNT FOURTH.

Wére it fór my húndredth cháunt,
Cóuld I in Róme a súbject wánt?
Pénetráte yon sáncuary;
Ásk the márble gróups that sígh
Óver the rélics óf the júst,
The wárrior's bónes, the státesman's dúst;
What ánsver cómes from that mássy tómb,
Dimly séen in the cháncel glóom?
"Hére the tenth Léo wáits the dóom."
What sáys that gráve where, his sóns betwéen,
Éngland's third Jámes has fóund a scréen
Agáinst the bíllows ánd a gále
Áll too stróng for his véssel fráil? —
But thére in péace let the shipwrecked lie;
In sílence páss that mónument bý;
"Lást of the Stúarts" their élegý;
And cóme and see where Manútius sléeps,
And óver Bémbo Léarning wéeps,
And Frá Giovánni da Fiésolé
Lies wrápt in ímmortálitý,
And Rósa's áshes sánctifý
Saint Máry's Dégli Ángeli.

Pilgrim of Sion, réverent tréad
 Óver thy Táссо's láurelled héad,
 Where lówly in Onófrio's áisle
 It résteth fróm its mórtal cóil.
 Túrn, Nature's vótary, híther túrn;
 Hást thou no wréath for Rápheel's úrn?
 No téar for him that blighted died
 In his súmmer's súnny pride,
 Léaving on chúrch and pálace wáll,
 Inscribed in létters mágicál:—
 "Heaven júdged my páintings wére more fáir
 Thán man's dázzeled sight might béar,
 And tóok me tó hersélf or ére
 Compléte my séven-and-thirtieth yéar;
 Práy that my sín may bé forgiven —
 It wás not éarth I dréw, but héaven."

CHAUNT FIFTH.

A póet whó would láurels wéar
 Must bíte his náil, and twírl his háir
 Betwéen his fínger ánd his thúmb,
 Cóaxing the right pat thóught to cóme;
 And, whén it háth come, múst take cáre
 It máke its éntree with the áir,
 As fár from fórwárd ás from shý,
 Of óne used tó good cómpany,
 Who, thróugh the thickest óf the bévy
 Át the dráwing-róom or lévee,
 Mákes his wáy with an éasy gráce,
 Then bóws polítely, ánd takes his pláce.
 "What 's áll this símilé abóut?"
 Ásks your púzzeled áir of dóubt;
 So with some móre let 's hélp it óut.

It 's nót enóugh a thóught be júst,
Grand, beaútiful; it álsó múst,
Befóre it cán be póetry,
With its néighbour thóughts agrée,
Like children óf one fámily,
Like nótes of thé same mélody,
Like féathers in the sáme bird's wíng,
Like díamonds sét in thé same ríng,
Like flówers into one nósegay tíed,
Ór embróidered síde by síde,
Or cólors ón one cánvas spréad,
Green, yéllow, órange, blúe, and réd,
Blénding in óne harmónious whóle,
Wárm from the épíc páinter's sóul,
Some Íliad ór some Ódyssey
Of Rúbens ór Da Fiésolé.

The náil is bít, the lóck is twirled
Till scárce a háir is léft uncúrled;
The néw thought 's cóme — Lord, bút it 's róugh!
And yét at bóttom it 's good stúff;
Óff with your cóat; set tó and scrúb;
It brightens hére; anóther rúb;
Bríghter and bríghter évery mínuté;
I knéw there wás good métal in it;
There, sét it in the próper líght;
Í 'm in the wáy of lúck to-níght;
Stay, isn't it tóo large fór the ríng?
That cólor tóo 's not júst the thíng;
You dó not méan to sét a béryl
Betwéen an émeráld and a péarl?
I ówn it 's á most chárming gém,
Fít for a róyal díadém,
But hére it 's whólly óut of pláce;

So láy it bý in thé glass-cáse
With your ámethýsts apárt,
Tíll you 're sétting your córal héart;
For 'tis a sáying óf Vertúe
Whose sáyings you knów are álwáys trúe,*
Rúby and émeráld with péarl,
Córal and ámethýst with béryl.

Now cán ye ásk the réason why
Í 've for some fúture cháunt set bý
The thóught that stóod prepáred for this,
Or táke its ábsence hére amíss?

R O M E.

(CONTINUED.)

I lóve to ríse betímes
To héar Rome's mátin chímes,
And sée the lústy sún
Begín his ráce to rún,
These fírst bríght dáys of Márch,
Líghting up tówer and árch,
And pínnacle and dóme,
Óver the expánse of Róme;
From Pórta Pópoló,
And Mónte Márió,
And Sánto Spíritó,
And frówníng Ángeló,
And ímmense Váticán,
Alóng the slóping ván
Of hígh Janículíne,
On bý the Áventíne,
And róyal Pálatíne,
And Árch of Cónstantíne,

* "Vertue was incommode, he loved truth." — WALPOLE.

And óld John Láterán,
 And ólder Lábicán,
 Quite róund to the Ésquilíne,
 And stéep Capítolíne,
 And díadem'd Quírinál,
 Ánd my own Víminál,
 Whére, from high balcóny
 O'erhánging dárk Negróni,*
 Séated in éasy cháir,
 I enjóy the próspect ráre,
 And drínk the bálmy áir,
 And méditáte on chánge
 As my wándering eýe doth ránge,
 And from rúined Látian Jóve,
 Long Álba's hills abóve,
 A tímíd glánce lets fáll
 On St. Péter's cróss and báll;
 Then túrn my cháir abóut,
 And shút the próspect óut,
 And rést my wéary síght,
 And colléct my wíts to wíte
 The gréetings mý heart sènds
 To my fár-off Írish fríends.

CHAUNT SIXTH.

"In hármless spórt and mérrimént
 At léast this óne day sháll be spént,
 To-níght at twélve begins the Lént;
 So túrn the pháëton óut, Giovánni,
 And páck betwéen the séats so mány
 Wide-mouthed bágs of súgar-plúms,
 And cómfits bíg as mý two thúmb's,
 Thát there may bé no róom for féet,
 Unléss we pút them ón the séat.

* Villa Negroni, formerly Villa Massimi, is overlooked by the Casa or Palazzo of Villa Strozzi, from which it is separated only by the breadth of the road leading from Santa Maria Maggiore to the Baths of Diocletian.

Well dóne, Giovánni; óne, two, thrée,
 Four, fíve, six bágs; there, dón't you sée
 Fór anóther bag thére 's room yét? —
 Bléss me, hów these hórses frét!
 Postílions, cán't you kéeep them stéady
 Till the Sígnorína 's réady?
 There 's Ángelá awáy two hóurs,
 And nót come báck yet with the flówers;
 Íf she was yóunger Í might sáy
 We sháll not sée her agáin to-dáy;
 Come, Kátharine, put ón your másk,
 And gíve me míne; well! it 's a tásk
 To gét so mány tráps togéther —
 What thínk'st, Giovánni, óf the wéather?
 I 'm súde I 'm néither fóol nor sót,
 Yét the main thíngh I 'd nígh forgót —
 The móccolí, the móccolí;
 The máches ánd the móccolí;
 Less péniténtial fár to mé
 Were bácon wíthout bróccolí,
 Than múmming wíthout móccolí.
 Thánk ye, Giovánni; láy them só;
 And nów we 're réady áll to gó,
 For yónder Í see Ángela cóming
 Wíth the nósegays fór our múmming:
 Nósegays frésh! and nósegays fáir!
 Préttier nósegays néver wére;
 Why, Ángelá 's a créature rare.
 Nów, postílions, áre ye réady?
 Stáy one móment — stéady, stéady —
 Críck-cráck, críck-cráck, and dówn the stréet;
 Nóds and bécks to áll we méet —
 But whát comes in yon cáraván?
 Sáve us, Chríst! a whóle diván

Of únbelieving Mámelúkes,
 With their hóse-tails ánd chibóuks.
 Cóme, let 's pélt the Móslem créw;
 What bússiness hére has Túrks or Jéws?
 Cómfits, cómfits, lárgé or smáll;
 Lét 's have át them, óne and áll;
 Ha! há! take thát, my Lórd Vizier —
 "Kátharine — child — what dó you féar?"
 "Papá, they 've hit me ón the éar:" —
 "Don't mínd it, child, it 's áll in fún,
 Fór the Cárnival 's júst begún,
 Mériest féast benéath the sún."
 "Papá, they 're géttíng úp behínd:" —
 "It 's áll in pláy, child, néver mínd."
 "Papá, they 're móunting úp befóre:" —
 "Kátharine, I vów you 're quíte a bóre."
 "Papá, they 're clímbíng the coach-dóor:" —
 "Dówn, sírs, dówn! why áll this róut?
 Postílions, whát are yé abóut?"
 "Your Hónor sées how wé are jámméd,
 And hów from síde to síde is crámméd
 The Córso, chókeful óf pedéstrians,
 Cárs, and cóaches, ánd equéstrians."
 "Why, Kátharine, we 're in a shówer
 Of snów or dúst; no, bút of flóur:
 Hough! hóugh! I 'm chóked; my éyes are blínded:" —
 "Déar papá, sure yóu won't mínd it;
 Fór the Cárnival 's júst begún,
 Mériest féast benéath the sún;
 And thóugh you 've gót a míller's hát,
 And mý crape 's pówdered, whát of thát?
 'Tis but the frólic óf the séason,
 That móre of rhýme has thán of réason;

And Í for mý part wón't compláin,
 Íf we gét home without ráin:" —
 "Ráin, child! — ráin would quíte destróy us;
 Nóthing could hálf so múch annóy us;
 For, nót to spéak of còlds or féver,
 Óur best clóthes were spóiled for éver,
 Sínce Giovánni, that cáreless féllow,
 Hás not gíven us óne umbrélla,
 Ánd the fírst drops óf a shówer
 Would into páste turn áll this flóur.
 Ráin, child! — ráin would quíte destróy us,
 Nóthing could hálf so múch annóy us —
 Ha! whát was thát that fláshed so bríght?
 Postílions, hólđ the hórses tíght;
 Whý! it 's almóست as dárk as níght.
 Was éver héard such a thúnder-crásh?
 And thére 's anóther bríghter flásh,
 And ón its héels a lóuder bráttle —
 Hów the walls sháke, and wíndows ráttle —
 And úp, and dówm, and éverywhére,
 Ínto café and pórté-cochère,
 Únder pórticos, ínto shóps,
 Flýíng fróm the bíg rain-dróps,
 Rún the múmmers héltér-skélter,
 Ánd in the véry chúrches shéltér:
 It 's néíther háil, rain, fíre, nor wínd,
 But wínd, háil, ráin, and fíre combíned,
 Áll fórms at ónce of wínter weáther,
 Áll the foul éléments lóosed togéther,
 As íf on thís devóted tówn
 The héavens themsélves were túmbling dówm;
 Or Jóve and áll his héáthen Góds
 Hád regáined their óld abódes,

And ópened ón the arch-énemý
Áll the báttéries óf the ský."

"Thóugh our clóthes are míddling wét,
Déar papá, we 're nót drowned yét;
I wónder yóu 'd so fúme and frét.
This pórticó 's a pléasant cóver,
Ánd the shówer will sóon be óver;
For yónder cómes the blúe agáin,
Ánd less héavy fálls the ráin;" —

"Míghty pléasant, tó be sùre,
And équal tó a wáter-cùre,
Dripping wét from héad to tóe,
Shívering, quívering, hére to gó
Fór some twó good hóurs or só,
Úp and dówn this pórticó,
Sómetimes quíck and sómetimes slów,
Blówing ón our fínger-énds,
Wáiting tíll the wéather ménds,
Thínking ón the spórt we 've lóst,
Móurning ó'er our fórtune cróssed,
Cóunting úp the dámage dóne
To hórses, líveries, pháëtón;
Our súgar-plúms to sýrup mélted
Ére a dózen wéll were pélted;
Our nósegays wíthered, tórñ, and báttéred,
Clóthes, hands, fáces, áll bespáttered —
Míghty pléasant, tó be sùre,
And équal tó a wáter-cùre,
For óne who stréngth has tó endúre,
And dóes not díe at ónce outríght
Of sháme, vexátion, ór mere spíte."

“Côme, papá, let 's léave our cóver,
Fór the stórm 's entírely óver,
Ánd the súnbeams bréaking óut —
But whát makes áll the péople shóut?”

“Quick, child, quick, or we 'll lóse the pláce
We have táken fór the póny-ráce;
Quick, child, quick, we múst run fást,
Ór the pónies will be pást:
Six prétty pónies áre to rún,
Bláck, white, piebald, gréy, and dún,
Bút it 's the sórrel I 've bét upón;
Last yéar it wás the sórrel that wón.
Wéll run, Kátharine! — tó the spót
Ín good tíme at lást we 've gót,
Núber one húndred twénty-fóur,
Two pláces, bálcóný first-flóor.”
“Your tíckets, sír.” — “Our tíckets? whát!
By Jóve! the tíckets I quáte forgót
Ín the pócket of mý wet cóat,
And hóme they 're góne in the pháëtón —
Now, Kátharine, whát 's tó be dóne?”
“Come, lét 's run dówn intó the stréet,
And trý if wé can't gét a séat
Ón a plátform or in a shóp.”
“Yes — nó — stay, child — stop, Kátharine, stóp —
I 've lóst my púrse, if it 's nótt forgót
With the tíckets in mý great cóat.
Stólen it is, I 'm súde it 's stólen,
Fór my pócket thére 's no hóle in.
Thieves, sírs, thieves! I 'm róbbed, I 'm plúndered!
Thieves, pickpóckets, bý the húndred!
Bád as we áre with thieves at hóme
We 're twénty tímes worse hére in Róme;

For while at hóme there 's nót a mán
But is as hónest ás he cán,
In Róme there 's nót a mán but wóuld
Rób you if he dúrst and cóuld,
Or cút your thróat, no máttér wích,
And thrów your bódý ín a díth."
"Déar papá, don't bé so véxed:" —
"Wéll, child, wéll, what wórse comes néxt?
In thís curs'd tówn anóther dáy
I wóuldn't, if Í could gét awáy,
No, nót for twénty Cárniváls, stáy.
For thóugh the póet trúly síngs
Thát pátiéce is the bést of thínks —
But stóp! what 's thát? — the pónies' féet
Cláttéríng, báttéríng dówn the stréet;
The pónies' féet — the pónies' bélls —
Hów the héavénly músic télls
On évery fíbre óf my héart;
Óh, thát we hád but séen them stárt!
Then, thén, indéed, could nó one sáy
Thát we hád misspént our dáy,
Or láugh at ús when wé get hóme
For míssíng the fínest síght in Róme.
Six lóvelíer pónies néver rán
Sínce the ráce of tíme begán:
Six pónies óf one áge and stréngth,
One héíght, one wéíght, one bréadth, one lénth,
Long-máned, long-táiled, wíde nóstríls fláring,
Broad-hóofed, long-pástérned, éyes red gláring:
One glóssy bláck, from Bárbary bróught;
One péarly wíte, in Sícily cáught;
A píeball fróm Majórca ísland;
A stóut grey shélty fróm Scotch híghland;

A créamy Árab, néarer dún;
 And the bright sórrel I 've bet upón,
 That cáme from Fránce twelve mónths agó
 With thát great áss of an Óudinót.
 But whát means áll this crówding, rúshing,
 This jóstling, shóuldering, élbowing, crúshing?
 Báck, Sir; stand báck; where áre you púshing?
 Kátharine, hold fást; I 'm óff my féet,
 To múmmy spuéezed, and chóked with héat." —
 "Papá, I héar the cánnon firing;
 Papá, the sóldiers áre retíring" —
 "'Hurráh! hurráh!' thát wás a shóut:
 'Hurráh! hurráh!' whát wás it abóut?
 'Hurráh! hurráh! the ráce is dóne.'
 'Hurráh! hurráh! the bláck has wón.'
 The bláck has wón! I 've lóst my móney;
 Confúsiön táke thát sórrel póny,
 And Fránce, and chánce, and Óudinót —
 But dánh it, háng it, lét it gó;
 It 's bút a húndred crówns to páy,
 And háven't we hád a mérry dáy?
 It 's bút a húndred scúdi dówn,
 And thén good-býe to this cursed tówn:
 A húndred scúdi! wéll, no mátter,
 'Twon't máke me thínner, nór much fátter;
 But mínd, unléss you 're bént to quárrel,
 From hénceforth néver méntion sórrel.
 There, Kátharine, blów thát táper óut,
 And líght your ówn: whát áre ye abóut?
 Give mé the máches: why! they 're wét;
 Run, búy a bóx; stop, dón't go yét;
 The rógue thát óf my púrse beréft me
 Not éven a hálf-baióccho léft me.

Whát 's to be dóne? we múst get light;
But hów? 's anóther quéstion quite.
See whére they 're láughing ás they páss,
And gíbing át me: — 'Whát an áss!
In Róme, upón Shrove-Túesday níght
Máskeráding without light!' —
I wón't, I cán't endúre it; nó:
I 'll gét a light, or hóme I 'll gó:
For néver wás a trúer sáying
Than, 'Pláy what yóu see óthers pláying;
And if you 'd wéll the wórld get thróugh,
Just dó in Róme as óthers dó;' —
For Nícholás in Rússia stánd;
In Gérmaný for Fátherlánd;
In Túrkey bé a Músselmán;
In Fránce a stáunch Repúblícan;
In Éngland á dim Púseyíte,
Wáiting fór the pérfect light,
SídeWAYS tó the Pópe inclíníng,
On Sáturdáys with Wíseman díning;
Or, bétter stíll, Free-tráder bé,
And crý, 'Down with Monópolý,'
Máke her díschárgé her íll-got pélf,
And crám it áll íntó yóursélf;
In Íreland bé a béggarmán,
Or béggar-guárdian; whát you cán,
Excépt landlórd or géntlemán;
And hére in Róme, Shrove-Túesday níght,
Róbber or róbbed, it 's équal quite,
Provided ónly yóu 've a light —
But stáy; what 's thís? where áre we nów?
They 've pút out évery light, I vów —
And nót a gás-lamp! — Góths and Vándals! —
And súch a sténch of snúffed-out cándles!"

The cánnon 's bóoming Shróve-tide's knéll;
 Dear, mérry Cárnivál, farewéll. —
 And só we jóg home, wét and wéary,
 Tó our Strózzi VÍlla chéery,
 Thére to refrésh us fór the mórrów,
 Dáy of áshes, dáy of sórrów.
 Warm párlour; súpper; óff to béd:
 'Tis a strange róundabóut we tréad,

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, 1850.

AMONG THE DASHING WATERS RUDE.

Fróm the sea-béach at éven I víewed
 A rócky íslet, whére it stóod
 Amóng the dáshing wátters rúde.

For póet ór for páinter wíght
 It wás in trúth a prétty síght,
 That íslet's bóld and rócky héight,
 Whére in the évening líght it stóod
 Amóng the dáshing wátters rúde.

No líving thíng was séen or héard,
 Not éven a sáil on the séa appéared:
 The lóvelier in its sólitude
 That rócky íslet, whére it stóod
 Amóng the dáshing wátters rúde.

The wátters fóamed and the wátters fláshed,
 And hígher stíll and hígher láshed
 The stéep sídes óf that rócky ísle,

So cálm and úndistúrbed the while,
Methóught, almóst, it séemed to smíle,
And sáy, could it be únderstóod:—
“Dash ón, dash ón, ye wátters rúde.”

The bréeze blew frésher, ánd the tíde
Gáined stíll upón thát íslet's síde;
And, rólling ínwards fróm the déep,
The bíllows, wíth a bróader swéep,
And héavier stíll and héavier shóck,
Búrst upón thát íslet rók.

My néver ídle phántasý
Péopled thát sólitúde for mé:
Yon íslet ís a cítadél,
Bý its strong wáll deféended wéll
Agáinst its fóes' beléaguering míght;
Yon émerald bíllows gláncing bríght,
In the évening súnbeams' méllow líght,
Are wárríors ín green ármour díght;
Sée how they tóss their crésts of wíte,
Sée how they rúsh wíth swórd and shóut
Ón to the rámpart ánd redóut.
What thóugh, repélled fróm thé steep wáll,
Ín dísórdér báck they fáll,
Short páuse make théy, short bréathing-hált;
Alréady théy renéw the assáult;
They 'll díe, or wín thát cítadél,
Thóugh its strong wáll bestéad it wéll.
Stíll frésher bléw the bréeze; the sún
Behínd the dárkening séa went dówn,
And, wrápt ín clóuds, the níght came ón;
The lóng bent shívered ín the blást,
The ráck acróss the ský sped fást;
Each móment 's dárker thán the lást.

I turned me from that dreary shore,
I turned me from those billows' roar
And sought the shelter of my door,
Curtains and shutters fastened tight
Against the howling storm and night,
And, drawing my tea-table towards the hearth,
And mingling in the kitten's mirth,
Forgot the rocky isle that stood
Among the dashing waters rude.

That night, as I lay in my bed, the rain
Battered against the window-pane;
That night it blew a hurricane;
I saw the arrowy lightning's flash,
I heard the pealing thunder's crash,
And thought of the rocky isle that stood
Among the dashing waters rude.
I fear, I fear for that citadel,
Though its strong wall bestead it well.

Fléd are the clouds, and storm, and night;
The rocky isle basks in the light
Of the morning sun so fresh and bright;
Scarce tipped the émerald waves with white;
Eye hath not seen a fairer sight;
My heart flows over with delight,
And I love that rocky island more
Than ever I loved an isle before.

Man, too, may a sunny morning see
Rise on his night of adversity,
And harmless burst life's billows rude
Upon the rock of his fortitude.

VIA MAGGIO, FLORENCE, April 26. 1850.

NIGHT'S CLOUDLESS HEAVEN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF B. CARNERI.

I gáze at night upón the clóudless héaven,
I pénetráte its déep, ethéreal blúe,
Where stárry hósts in rival spléndors glísten,
Sýstems on sýstems crówd, and wórlds on wórlds:
Then think within mysélf:— I 'm bút a spéck,
A scárcely sénsible póint on this great glóbe,
Itsélf a scárcely sénsible póint, compáred
Éven with the smáallest óf those stárs that stúd,
Éach with its séparate póint, th' expánsé of spáce;
And yét I hólđ within my swélling bósom
The bóundless nótion óf Infínity,
And cómpass with my vást, expánsive thóught
The illimitáble únivérse itsélf:
But Límitéd holds nót Illimitáble;
And Ínfínite is fór Etérnity;
Ínfínite, thérefore, ánd to live for éver,
This spéck of thóught, this póint, this thínking Í.

AUGUSTUS ALLEE, DRESDEN, Dec. 21. 1850.

WRITTEN AT DRESDEN

DURING THE FIRST FALL OF SNOW IN THE WINTER OF 1846-7.

Sée, in the fléecy múffle with which Náture
Guárds her fair fáce agáinst the winter cóld,
An émblem, nót unápt, of mórtal mán:
Spótless and púre, as thése soft flákes, créated;
Defíled and sóiled as sóon; as sóon dissólved,
And ré-absórbed intó Etérnity.

His lóok is sínister; I líke him nótt;
 Lówering and dárk his brów, his fórehead nárrow,
 His héad betwéen the éars swells bróad and déep,
 His squínting eýes do álmóst tóuch each óther.
 'Twas bútt just nów I sáw him, with an áir
 Of ill-dissémbled lévity and éase,
 Dróp a dark whísper ín his cómrade's éar,
 Whó with a líke mystéríous whísper ánswered.
 'Twas bútt just nów I sáw him ón his cháir
 Wríggling and fíidgetty, then rísing súdden,
 And súdden ágain séated, ánd round lóoking
 As thóugh his cónscience tóld him sóme one márked him,
 And díved íntó his púrpose: thén, ágain,
 Stánding stock-still, withóut more sígn of lífe
 Than gláred ín thát malignant férret eýe
 That, píercing ánd pursúing áll thíngs, ránged
 Incéssant úp and dówn the gáy assémbly;
 And thén, when cóme at lást he thóught the tíme
 To dó the déadly, médíted déed,
 I sáw, dístíntly sáw, the rápid plúnge
 Óf his ríght hánd íntó his léft breast-pócket,
 In séarch of dírk or dágger thére conceáled,
 Or múrderóus revólver; ánd my blóod
 Ran cóld with hórror át the ístant flásh
 And spárkle óf the —— díamond-stúdded snúff-box,
 From whích, thrice géntly with forefínger tápped,
 And délícately ópened, fírst his fríend,
 And thén hímsélf, took éach so vást a pírch,
 So púngent, rích, and ódoríferous,
 As míght have pút their nóses ín good húmor.

GLENAGEARY COTTAGE, DALKEY, Sept. 22. 1851.

PROGRESS.

Yés; I 'll believe in prógress wén I sée you
Báttering old jáils down, ánd not búilding néw;
Wén I behóld you máke but á beginning
To sléep with ópen dóors and únbarred windows;
Wén I obsérve a thínning, nóť an íncrease,
Óf your policemen ánd constábulary,
Your jústicés, and córoners, ánd detéctives,
Your póor-law guárdians ánd commissioners;
Grass grówing in your láw courts, ánd fell spíders
There láying snáres for flíes, not mén for mén;
And stámped recéipts, recógnizánces, wríts,
A tále of thé old, Págan, iron tíme,
Nót of this cháritable, Christian présent.

I 'll thén believe in Prógress wén I héar
That fáthers féel the blóod mount tó their chéeks,
What tíme they críngé, and bów, and líck the shóes
Éven of the vílest clérk in thé War-óffice,
For léave to pút a mótley lívery súit
Upón their sóns, and sénd them óut as hírelings,
With gáy cockáde, and dángling swórd at síde,
To kíll and rób and éxtirpáte, wher'éř
Kílling and róbbing ánd éxtirpating
Ópens a wíder fíeld to Brítish cómmerce.

Aye; tálk to mé of Prógress wén you shów me
Your cíty bánker, ór East Índia méřchant,
Áfter his fóřty yéars of cóunting-hóuse,
And lábor frúitless óf all élse but góld,
His bágs chokefúl and búrsting with the wéight

Of bills, and bónds, and mórtgagés, and scrip:
Shów me, I sáy, your wéalthy Lóndon mérchant
Contént with his full bágs, and nótt intént
To crám with thé like stúff still óne bag móre;
And cóme and téll me yé are máking prógress.

Lét me obsérve in á full ráilway cárriage
Some hálf a dózen, aye, some thrée, some twó,
Some single sólitáry óne that dóes not,
Éven in the máttér óf front séat or báck,
Or púlling úp or létting dówn a windów,
Exhibít his invéterate, ingrained,
And wórse than Phárasáic, sélfishnéss;
Ánd I 'll begín to thínk yé are máking prógress.

Here ám I réady tó believe in Prógress
First tíme I héar your líttle gírls cry "Sháme!"
"A cóward's sháme!" upón the wrétch that húnts,
With hórse, and hóund, and críes of sávage jóy,
For spórt, mere spórt, and nótt to appéase his húngr,
The póor, weak, tímíd, quívering háre to déath;
And twice a cóward's ánd an ídler's sháme
On him that skúlks, hóurs, dáys, besíde a bróok,
Pútting forth áll the tréachery and cúnníng
That lúrk withín the dárk den óf man's bráin,
To entráp the sílly tróutlíng, ánd ínfíx
Déep in his wríthíng gílls the slý, barbed hóok.

Thát yé are máking prógress Í 'll believe
The fírst tíme Í percéíve your cónscience twíngé yé,
For ánsweéríng your quéstíoníng chíld with líes,
Or chíll evásíon óf the lónged-for trúth;
Denýíng him the advántage óf that knówledge
Yé púrchased fór yóursélves with mány a héartache,

And mány an ágony and blóody swéat;
And sénding him to sáil the wide, wide wórld,
As hélpless, ignorant, and únprotécted,
On bóard no cómpass, nó pole-stár on hígh,
As bý your párents yé were sént yourséives,
To swim, if quíck to léarn; to sínk, if nót.

First tíme I héar ye sáy that yóur devótíon
Hás not a tíde more régular thán the séa,
And séldom is exáctly át the fúll,
Just ás the párish clóck strikes twélve on Sún-day;
And thát ye cóunt it ránk hypócrisy
To gó to chúrch, and thére, with héart lukewárm
Or cóld, and dámpe'd with wórldly cáres and bússness,
Knéel before Gód, and máke preténce of práyer,
In órder thát your children, friends, and néighbours,
May háve the bénéfit óf your góod exámple:
That móment Í 'll believe ye are máking prógress.

Whén ye no lónger báckward stárt with hórror
At síght of géntle Déath, and wríng your hánds,
And wéep, and crý that yé will nót go with him,
Though ónly hé can léad you tó your héaven:
Then, thén indéed, I 'll sáy ye have máde some prógress.

GLENAGEARY COTTAGE, DALKEY, October 1. 1851.

SIX PHOTOGRAPHS

OF

THE HEROIC TIMES.

- I. The foundation of Carthage.
- II. The fall of Troy.
- III. Voyage in the Mediterranean.
- IV. Loves and cruel death of Dido,
Queen of Carthage.
- V. Funeral games.
- VI. Tour in the Under-world.

Begun at 6 Fitzwilliam Square, East, Dublin, in the year 1841,
and, after many attempts in various measures, and several
times printing and reprinting different parts of the work,
completed at Dresden; April 20. 1853.

I.

I am the same that warbled once
On óaten reed a slénder sòng,
Then took my wáy forth fróm the wóods,
And fórced the néighbouring tillage fields
To obéy the fármer whát though griping;
A wórk that pléased the húsbandman.

But nów with trúmpet-nóte I chánt
Mars' bristling árms and thát great mán
Whom Fáte, of óld, brought réfugée
From Trójan clíme to Ítalý,
And ón Lavínium's séa-bord lánded.

On lánd and séa sore tóssed was hé
(Fell Júnó's lóng-remémbering íre,
The míght dívine agáinst him móving);
Sórely with wár, too, hé was hárassed,
Whilst ínto Látium his Gods bríngíng,
And fóundíng thére a cápítal cíty.
From hím derived our Látín ráce,
The Álbán síres and hígh Róme's tówers.

Téll the cause, Múse; the próvocátion;
For whát offénce agáinst her Gódhead
The quéen of héaven from tóil to tóil,
From wóe to wóe so dróve a mán,
Éminent for évery ténder vírtue.
Is't póssible Góds can bé so ángry?

I am the same that watched once
 On ocean reed a slender song,
 Then took my way forth from the woods,
 And forced the neighbouring tillage fields
 To obey the garner what though crying;
 A work that pleased the husbandman.

The mouths of the Týber
 And Ítaly fácing,
 Beyónd sea afár,
 Florished ónce on a tíme
 The áncient and pówerful
 Cíty of Cárthage,
 A cólony Týrian,
 Bítterest, most práctised
 Of wár's bitter ádepts.

This dwélling, they sáy,
 More than ány on eárrh,
 Móre even than Sámos,
 Was Júnó's delight;
 Her cháriot was hére,
 And hére were her árms.

This cíty alréady
 The Góddess designed,
 And with fónð care was núrshing
 To wíeld, might the Fátes
 But by sóme means allów it,
 The swáy of the wórld;

Fór she had héard
 There was nów beng réared,
 From Tróy's stock, a nátion
 Wide-rúling and mártial
 Which should sómetime o'erthrów
 Her cítadels Týrian,
 And dévastate Líbya;
 Ánd that the Párcae
 Were rólling things róund so.
 Satúrnia, this féaring,
 And remémbering moreóver
 The invéterate wár
 That, of óld, she had wáged
 At Tróy, for dear Árgos—
 Nor hád she forgót yet
 The kéen stinging smárt
 Which occásioned those íres;
 In the dépths of her mínd stored
 Lies Páris' wrong júdgment,
 And slíght of her béauty;
 From how ódious a first stock
 The ráce had descénded;
 What an ínsult to hér
 Kidnapped Gánymede's hónors.
 With thése thoughts, too, fired,
 From Látium she képt far,
 And ó'er the whole máin tossed
 The rémnant the Dánaï
 And rúthless Achilles
 Had léft of the Trójans,
 And mány a sea round,

For mány a lóng year,
 Impélléd by the Fátes,
 They went wándering ón.
 Such a cóil was there fóunding
 The nátion of Rómans.

Óf the Sicílian land
 Scárce had they lóst sight,
 And awáy to the high deep
 Were jóyfully sáiling,
 And with brázen bows dáshing
 The sált sea-fóam,
 When, withín her bréast núrning
 The wóund everlásting,
 Thus tó herself Júnó: —

‘Am Í to desíst, then, o’ercóme
 And too wéak from Itália to túrn back
 The kíng of the Teúcri?
 Forbíd by the Fátes, to be sùre!
 But wás the strength wánting to Pállas
 The fléet of the Árgives to búrn,
 And whélm the crews in the deep séa
 For the síngle offénding of Ájax,
 Oíleus’ mad són?
 Jove’s rápid devóuring flame dówn
 From the clóuds with her ówn hands she shót,
 And túrned up the séa with the winds,
 And scátered their véssels abóut,
 And on Ájax, while óut of his móuth
 The fire that had shót him was blázing,
 With míght and main húrling a róck,
 With its shárp, craggy póint pierced him thróugh:

But Í, both Jove's sister and wife
Whom the Góds, as I wálk, salute quéen,
Must so mány years wáge war with óne single nátion.
Will ány one hénceforth adóre Juno's gódhead,
Or láy on her áltar the súpliant's gift?

Déep in her fláming breast
Thése thoughts revólving,
The Góddess arríves at
The cóuntry of stórms,
Eólia, land téeming
With ráging south-wésters;
Where king Éolus rules óver,
And, with bárrier and cháins
In a vást cave restráins
The stróng-struggling winds
And témpests sonórous.

In his cástled seat high
Sceptred Éolus síts,
And sóftens their pássion,
And témpers their íres,
Else, be síre, they would béar,
And awáy through the áir
In swift flight sweep with them
Lands, séas, and deep ský;
But the Fáther omnípotent,
Thís fearing, stówed them
Awáy in dark cáverns,
And on tóp of them pláced
A máss of high móuntains,
And gáve them a king
By the térms of his cómpact

Bound to hold the reins tighter
 Or looser, as ordered:
 Whom Júnó addresséd then
 In thése suppliant wórds:—

‘O Éolus, fór unto thée
 The Góds’ sire and king of mankind
 Has gíven the wáves, to be sóothed
 Or lífted up high with the wind;
 A péople with whóm I’m at wár
 Acróss the sea Týrrhene is sáiling,
 Into Ítaly cárrying Ílium
 And Ílium’s cónquered Penátes.
 With áll thy winds át them, and scátter them wide,
 Or dówn in the séa’s abyss plúnge them,
 And stréw the whole déep with their córpses;
 To rewárd thy desérvings, I’ll gíve unto thée
 Of twice seven lóvely nýmphs that are míne,
 Déiopéia, the lóveliest,
 To líve with thee álways, thy wéddeð wífe,
 And máke thee the síre of a béauteous óffspring.’

‘Be it thy task, O quéen, to detérmine thy wish’,
 It was thús replíed Éolus thén,
 ‘To obéy thy behést shall be míne.
 For this scéptred commánd, be it léss be it móre,
 And the fávor of Jóve I’m indébtéd to thée;
 Through thy gráce I reclíne at the féasts of the Góds,
 Over stórmcloud and témpést through thy gráce I réign.’

Having thús said, he púshed
 With his lévelled spear’s póint
 The móuntain’s side hóllow,

And out through the vent,
As it were in battálion,
The winds rushed, and bléw
With a whirl the lands thróugh;
And dówn on the séa
Dashed at ónce and togéther
South-éast and Sirócco,
And Áfricus squálly,
And túrned it all úp
From its lówest bóttom,
And rólled to the shóre the vast billows.
What shóuting of mén then!
What créaking of córdage!
From the eýes of the Téucrí
Sudden clóuds snatch awáy
Both the ský and the dáy;
Dark níght on the déep broods,
Loud thúnder the póles,
Ether fást flashes lightning,
And évery thing 'róund
Threatens déath instantáneous.
Chill súdden unstrings
Enéas's límbs;
And, with hánds stretched toward héaven,
Deep gróaning, he cries:—
“Happy, thrice happy, théy
Whose lótt 'twas to díe
Troy's hígh walls befóre
In the síght of their síres!
Ah! why could not Í
By thý hand have fállen,
O Tydídes! most bráve
Of the ráce of the Dánaï?

Ah! whý could not Í
 Have póured my life óut
 On the Ílian pláins,
 Where fell Héctor lies lów
 By Eácides' spéar,
 Low, mighty Sarpédon;
 And Símoïs' wáters
 Awáy in such númbers
 Sweep hélmets, and búcklers,
 And bráve heroes' córpses?"

In the mídst of his ráving,
 A whístling north-blást
 Strikes the sáil right abáck,
 And lífts the waves úp to the stárs;
 The óars smash; the prów veers,
 And túrns its side róund
 To the stéep mountain pile
 Of the bíllow that dówn
 On the tóp of it 's béaring;
 On the crést of the wáve
 These hére hang suspéded;
 The wide-gaping tróugh
 Shows those yónder the bóttom;
 The súrging tide, fúrious,
 Rolls with it the sánds.
 Sirócco three sáil takes
 And whírls on the rócks
 The Itálians call "Áltars,"
 That, lúrking a-mídsea,
 Just ráise their huge húmmock
 To the lével of the wáter.
 Awáy from the déep

South-east drives other thrée
To shállows and Sýrtes,
A pity to sée!
And ón the banks dáshe,
And girdles with dúnes.
Befóre his own eýes
A huge séa tumbles dówn,
And strikes on the póop
The véssel that cárried
The Lýcians and faíthful Oróntes;
Out próne on his héad
The cáptain is tóssed,
And the véssel itsélf,
Thrice róund and round whirled
By the rápid sea-éddy, and swállowed.
Here and thére in the swéll
An odd swimmer is séen;
Armour, plánks, Trojan tréasure,
Float wide on the wáters.
Of Ílioneus' stóut ship
The stórm now is máster;
And nów of the ships
Of Achátes the bráve,
Of Ábas, and gréat-aged Aléthes;
Through tílber-joint lóose,
And wide-gaping séam,
They let in every óne
The wátery fée.

Meantíme perceives Néptune,
With nó small emótion,
The séas troubled róaring,
The témpet let lóose,

And the still under-waters
 Thrown úp from the bóttom;
 And óver the bíllow
 His héad serene raising,
 And táking the hígh sea
 In próspect all róund,
 Behólds o'er the whóle deep
 Enéas' fleet scátted,
 And the Trójans o'erpówered
 By the might of the wáves,
 And the dówn-rushing ský;
 When, at ónce recognising
 The guile of his síster,
 The ánger of Júnó,
 He cálls to him Éurus
 And Zéphyrus stráight,
 And in thése words addrésses:—

“Cóunt ye so múch on your clán's strength, ye winds,
 That, unármed with my sánction divíne,
 Ye dáre heaven and éarth so to túrn tópsy-túrvy,
 And ráise all this húbbub and póther?
 I'll téach ye—
 But thése troubled wáves I must pácify fírst;
 With fár other pénalty símilar déed
 Next tíme ye shall rúe.
 Awáy now, begóne; and thus sáy to your kíng:—
 Not his lot, but míne, the domáin of the séa
 And the térrible trídent;
 Your wild rócky homes, Éurus, he hólds for his pórtion,
 Théy are his pálace-hall; thére let him blúster,
 And whén he has shút up the winds in their prísion,
 Tyranníze as he líkes, autocrát paramóunt.”

He said; and the swollen waves,
More quick than he spoke, stilled,
The gathered clouds routed,
And brought back the sun.
At the same time Cymóthoë
And Triton the vessels
With might and main pushing,
From the sharp rock heave off;
Himself lévers with trident,
The vast Syrtes opens,
The sea surface témpers,
And on light wheels glides over
The tops of the waves.
And ás oftentimes,
When the populace músters,
A túmult arises,
And the lów, vulgar mind
Is inflámed to a ráge;
Brands and stónes they are flýing,
Fury wéapons supplying—
Should they thén chance a mán
Of tried weighty mérit
And piety sée,
They áll stand by sílent,
And with éars intent listen,
While that mán with his wórd
Rules their íres, soothes their bréasts.
So subsided the whóle
Crashing róar of the sée,
As sów as the síre,
Looking óut o'er the wáters,
Gave the lásh to his cóursers,
And benéath the clear héaven

Flew caréering alóng
In his fáir-rolling chárriot so frée.

For the néarest shore striving
The wéary Enéadae
Toward Líbya's coast túrn;
Deféended in frónt
And made into a pórt
By a shéltering íslet,
On whóse seaward side
The bréaking waves rún up
In mány a créek,
Lies a cóve far retired;
On éach side vast rócks
And a cliff to heaven tówing;
Betwéen, in the glóom
Of the dárk forest-láandscape
That clóthes the steep bánts
And hangs shímming óver,
The cóve spreads its wátters
In sáfety and sílence;
In the ópposite blúff
Hanging rócks overárch
A cáve, with fresh wáter
And náatural stone séats,
The háunt of the nýmphs.

Hére, where no áchor's
Cróoked tooth fástens,
Where nó hawser binds
The wéary véssel,
Enéas with séven ships
Oút of his whóle fleet

Collected, puts in.
 The Trójáns, enámoured
 Of lánd, disembarking,
 Take posséssion with jóy
 Of the wished-for stránd,
 And ón the shore strétch
 Their bríne-famished límbs.

And first strikes Achátes
 The spárk from the flínt,
 In fóliage receíves it,
 Spreads nùtriment róund it,
 And rápidly ínto flame
 Géts the dry kíndling;
 Then, síck, sore, and sórry
 They pút ínto órder
 Their séa-damaged córn
 And ímplements Céreal,
 And prépare for the róasting,
 And crúshing ín quérns,
 The gráin they have sáved.

In the méantime Enéas has climbed up the cliff,
 And óver the wide sea all róund cast his víew,
 Any témpet-tossed Ántheus thére to discern
 With his Phrýgian birémes, or else Cápys,
 Or the árms of Caícus upón his high póops.

Not a shíp is ín síght; on the shóre he sees stráying
 Three stágs, and behínd them the whóle trooping hérd
 Coming brówsing alóng through the vállies:
 He stópped, and his bów and swift árróws
 From fáithful Achátes' hand snátching,

The léaders themsélves with their high heads
 And wide-branching hórn's first laid lów;
 Then the whóle vulgar créw with his shafts
 Through the léafy glades dróve in disórder;
 Nor céased till his víctory strétched
 Seven cárcases húge on the swárd,
 For éach ship a cárcase.
 Retúrned to the pórt then the préy
 Amóngst all his cómrades he sháres,
 And distribúting tó them the wine
 Which in wéll-plenished cásk's good Acéstes
 Had on bóard their ships pút, when the héro
 Bade farewéll on the shóres of Trinácria,
 Their sád breasts with thése words he sóothes: —

‘O yé, not fór the first time nów
 Compánions óf my wóes,
 Yé, who have wórse than this endúred,
 This tóo the Gód will énd.

Close úp even tó the dínníng réefs
 Of rábid Scýlla yé have sáiled,
 Éven of the Cýclop's' rócks
 Tells yóur remémbrance.

Call báck your cóurage,
 Yóur sád féars dísmíss;
 Perháps even thése woes tóo
 Ye máy with sátisfáction
 Some fúture tíme remémber.

Through ál these chánces várious,
 These mány críticoal conjúctures

We ténd toward Látium ón,
 Where tó our view the Fátés
 Hold óut a quiet hóme,
 And whére to ríse agáin
 Troy's émpire is permitted.
 Endúre, and fór good times
 Kéep yourselves in resérve.'

In súch terms he spóke,
 And with feigned look of hópe
 His sóre trouble híding,
 Pressed déep in his héart down
 His sórrow and cáre.
 The repást to get réady
 His cómrades set tó then;
 From the gáme strip the skín,
 And láy the flesh báre;
 Then into junks cút it,
 And spít it still quívering;
 While sóme in brass cáuldrons,
 Dispósed on the shóre,
 Heat wáter for wáshing.
 Alóng the grass strétched then
 Their stréngth they recrúit
 With a héarty regále
 On the vénison rích,
 And wéll-seasoned wine.
 Then, as sóon as the góod cheer
 Their húngér had sáted,
 And the bóard was remóved,
 On their missing friends túrns
 Their lóng sad discóurse;

And sometimes the hópe is
They 're living and well,
And sometimes the féar is
They 've súffered the wórst,
And cánnót the cáll hear
That bíds them retúrñ.

And kéenest of áll is the grief
Of kindly Enéas himsélf,
As ínly he móurns the misfórtune
Of gállant Oróntes and Lýcus,
And the déstiny cruel of Gýas,
Cloánthus and Ámycus bráve.

And nów 'twas all óver, when Júpiter, lóoking
From éther's top dówn on lands lýing belów him,
And cóasts, and wide péoples, and ship-traversed séas —
As thús upon héaven's highest tóp he was stánding,
With his eýes on the Líbyan realms stéadfastly fixed,
And cáres such as thése in his bréast was revólving,
Behold Vénus with sómewhat of sádness accósts him,
And her bright eyes suffúsed with téars: —

'O thóu, that with etérnal swáy
Rúlest th' affáirs of Góds and mén,
And wíeldst the thúnder's térrors,
So gríevously agáinst thee hów
Could mý Enéas, cóuld Troys sóns have sinned,
That áfter áll the déaths they 've súffered
The whóle wide wórld agáinst them still
On Ítalý's accóunt is clósed?
'Twás thy sure prómise thát in lápse of yéars
The blóod of Teúcer shóuld revíve in thém,

And fróm them cóme the Rómans, cóme those chiefs
Thát should rule páramóunt o'er lánd and séa;
What chángé of séntimént is this? O sire!
Fór the sad rúin ánd downfáll of Tróy
I fóund my cónsolátion in thy prómise,
Ánd the one fáte repáid me fór the óther;
But nów the sáme ill-fórtune fóllovs still
Mén who so lóng by fórtune háve been hárrassed.
What énd, great kíng, appóintest óf our tóils?
Escáped out óf the mídst of thé Achívi
Anténor cóuld his Teúcrian cólony
And cíty óf Patávium fóund
Far úp th' Illyrian gúlf explóred in sáfety,
Beyónd the útmost réalms of thé Libúrni,
Beyónd where thróugh Timávus' fóuntains níne
The séa outbúrsting mákes the móuntain rúmble,
And with a róaring déluge whélms the fields;
The árms of Tróy withál he thére hung úp,
The náme of Tróy gave to the státe, and thére
Repóses nów in séttled péace and quáiet;
But wé, thine óffspring, únto whóm thou grántest
Heaven's róyal pálaces, are víctimised
To grátify an índivíduál's íre;
Have lóst, O hórrible! have lóst our shíps,
Ánd from Itália's cóasts are wide díssévered.
Is this the guérdon thóu awárd'st the dúteous?
Is 't thús to thróne and scéptre thóu restór'st us?"

The sówer of Góds and mén, with thát aspéct
Which stílls the stórms and smóoths the rúffled skíes,
Tóuched with his líps his dáughter's líps and smíled:—
"Spáre thy fear, Cýtheréa," thén he sáid;
"Thy Trójan fátes stand stéadfast;

Lavinium's promised towers thou shalt behold,
And to the stars of heaven shalt bear aloft
Magnánimous Enéas;
Nor knows my sentiment change.
But since this anxious care so gnaws thee
The secrets of the future I'll declare,
And, further on, the fates unroll before thee.

"In Italy a great war he shall wage,
Crush tribes ferocious, found a capital city,
And teach his people civilization's arts,
Till the Rutulians, for three winters' space,
Have called him conqueror, and the third summer
Beheld him reigning paramount o'er Látium.
But he that Ílus was while Ílium stood,
The boy Ascánius, now Íulus surnamed,
Thirty great years through all their rolling months
Shall with his reign complete, and from Lavinium
To Lóna Alba, made a fortress strong,
Transfer the governmental residence.
The dynasty Hectórean here shall rule
Three hundred years, until queen-priestess Ília,
Pregnant by Márs, shall bring twain burthen forth.
Then wolf-nursed Rómulus, delighted wearing
His tawny wolfskin, shall receive the nation,
Found the strong-fortified Mavórtian city,
And from his own name call the people Rómans.
To them I set no bounds of time or space,
Boundless the sway I have bestowed on them;
Even she, harsh Júnó's self, that with her fears
Now in a ferment keeps earth, sea and sky,
Shall better counsel take, and with me cherish
The tógaed Rómans, masters of the world.

Súch my decree, and só to mé seems fit.
 Elápsing *lústra* shall bring ón a tíme
 Whén upon Phthía and renówned Mycénae
 Assáracus' hóuse shall fix the victor's cháin,
 And rúle liege lórd of súbjugáted Árgos.
 Of Tróy's fair stóck shall César thén be bórn;
 Whose émpire, ócean, whose high fáme, the stárs
 Alóne shall límit; César, Július cálléd
 From thíne Iúlus, his great áncestor.
 Him too, with óriéntal spóils all láden,
 To héaven secúre at lást thou shált recéive,
 And héar his náme with vóws and práyers invóked.
 The sóur-crabbed génerátions of the wórl'd
 Shall thén grow méllow, and lay wárs áside;
 Vésta and hóary Faith shall législáte,
 Ánd the twin bróthers Rémus and Quirínus.
 Fást shall be clósed those gátes of íron díre,
 Those stróng-clamped *Bélli Pórtæ*; and withín,
 Unpítýing Fúry, with his hánds behind him
 Pinioned with a húndred knóts of bráss,
 On ínstruments of hávoc shall sit, prisoner,
 Róaring with hórrid blóody-slávering móuth."

He sáys: and, lést in ígnorance óf the Fátes
 Dído might from her bóunds warn óff the Téucrí,
 Sénds from on hígh the són of Máia dówn,
 To ópen to them hóspitáblý wíde
 The lánds and cástled fórtress of new Cárthage.
 Hé, through the gréat air óaring, wíngs his flíght
 Toward Líbya's cónfines, and, there quíck alíghted,
 Procéeds forthwíth to éxecute his bídding.
 The Póeni at the Gód's wíll lay áside
 All bítterness of héart, all hóstile féeling;

Espécially the Quéen accépts a spirit
Of géntleness and goodwill tóward the Teúcri.

But, áll night thróugh, afféctionáte Enéas,
Much póndering, resólves to issue fórth
At bóon light's dáwn, and the new pláce explóre;
What cóasts be thése to which the wind has blówn him,
And, for he sées untill'd the chámplain líe,
Whó be the ténants, whéther mán or béast;
And to his cómrades with repórt retúrn.
Within a wóoded bíght he hídes his fléet
Únder a stéep rock's óverhánging brów,
Where trées of thickest shúddering shádows róund
On áll sides clóse it in: then in his hánd
Grásping two jávelins with broad bládes of íron,
Walks fórth, attéended ónly by Achátes.

To him full in his páth his móther
Amidst the wóod présents hersélf,
In fáce and dréss a Spártan máid,
Ánd as Spártan máid accóutred,
Or líke Harpálycé of Thráce
Whom pánting stéeds pursúe in váin,
And whose swift flight outstrips swift Hébrus;
Fór from her shóuldérs she had húng
The húntréss' úsual hándy bów,
And fréely her long trésses gíven
Tó the bréezes to dishével;
Náked her knée, and in a knót
Her gárment's fúllness at the bréast,
Tied, and confíned from flówing:—

"What, hó! young mén"; she prior thus;
 "Sáy, have ye chanced a sister míne,
 With spotted lynx-hide girt and quiver,
 This way tó have seen a-stráying,
 Ór with whoop-whóop-hallóo the cháce
 Óf the wild fóaming bóar pursúing."

So Vénus; and thus answered Vénus' sòn:—
 "No sister thine have Í or héard or seen,
 O, hów shall Í salúte thee, máid? for nót
 Mórtal those féatures, nór of éarth that vóice;
 O Góddess cértain: árt Apóllo's sister?
 Ór of the nýmphs' blood? ón us lóok propitious,
 Ánd our toils lighten, whósoé'er thou árt;
 And 'néath what ský we 're tóssed abóut at lást,
 In whát world-dístrict, téach us: óf the pláce
 And péople álike ignoránt we wánder,
 Hither by winds compélled and vásty wáves.
 Mány the víctim which, in thánks to thée,
 By óur right hánd shall fáll befóre thine áltar."

"Of súch high hónor", Vénus thén,
 "I déem me áll unwórthy.
 'Tis the Týrian máidens' úse
 To béar the quiver ánd to láce
 The midleg hígh with púrple búskin.
 Hére thou behóldst the Púnic réalms,
 A cíty of Agénor's sóns,
 A Týrian cóloný amídst
 Líbya's indómitáble tribes;
 Dído the rúler, fróm her bróther
 And Týrus cíty híther fléd.
 'Twere lóng through áll its róundabóuts

The stóry of her wróngs to fóllow:

The príncipal points alóne I'll tóuch.

“A spóuse was hérs, by náme Sicháeus,
Ríchest of Phóenícia's lándlords,
And déarly díd the póor soul lóve him;
To whóm her síre had gíven her spótless,
Ánd in á first wédlock jóined.
Bút Tyre's áutocrát, Pygmálion,
Wórst of bád men, wás her bróther;
Ánd, in the phrénsy of a feúd
That róse betwéen him ánd Sicháeus,
Th' unnátural bróther, blínd with góld-lust,
Ánd of his síster's lóves regárdless,
Came stéalthily upón, and sléw
Th' unwáry húsband at the áltar;
And lóng time thé deed híding, mócked
With mány a wícked glózing líe
And éempty hópe the lóving bríde's heartsíckness.
Bút in a dréam the véry ímage
Óf the unbúried húsband cómes,
And, vísage wóndrous pále uplifting,
Báres the gored bréast, and áll revéals;
Her kíng's dark críme, the crúel áltars;
Then spéedily to flée advíses,
And léave behínd her fátherlánd;
And, fúrtherance of her wáy, díscloses
An áncient hóard, híd in the éarth,
A wéight unkónwn of góld and sílver.
In déep emótion Dído flíght
And pártners of her flíght prepáres;
Who bítterly the týrant háte,
Or shárpely féar, togéther méet,

Ships at hand séize, and lóad with góld;
 Gríping Pygmálion's stréngth and súbstance
 Away beyónd the déep are bórne;
 A wóman héads the énterprise.
 Yónder arrived, where nów the húge
 Strong-búlwarded tówers and cítadel
 Óf new Cárthage thóu see'st rísing,
 They buý — and from the cúmstance
 Cáll the place Býrsa — ás much lánd
 Ás with a búll's hide théy may cómpass —
 But yé, who áre ye áfter áll?
 Hither from whénce come, whither bóund?"

With vóice drawn fróm his bósom's dépths,
 He ánsvers her inquíry síghing: —
 "O Góddess, hádst thou lístening léisure,
 And wére I from the fírst beginning
 The ánnals of our tóils to tráce,
 The dáy wóuld clóse befóre my stóry,
 And Vésper shút Olýmpus úp.
 From áncient Tróy, if ón thine éars
 Troy's náme perháps hath éver sóunded,
 Through mány a fár sea vóyaging,
 A témpet's chánce hath hére at lást
 Upón the cóast of Líbya thrówn us.
 My náme 's Enéas, éther hígh
 Fámous for déeds of chárity;
 Acróss the séa I cárry with me,
 Sáved from the fóe-mídst, mý Penátes,
 In séarch of fátherlánd Itália,
 Ánd my kin sprúng from Jóve suprême.
 Pursúing pré-appóinted fátes,
 My Góddess-móther the way shówing,

With twice ten véssels Í embarked
Upón the Phrýgian séa-plain;
Shattered by Eúrus and the wáves,
Scarce séven are nów surviving;
From Eúrope and from Ásia driven,
Mysélf unknówn and néedy hère
The Líbyan wástes am róaming.”

Vénus, no fúrther pláint permitting,
Thús interrúpts him mídst his grief:—

“Not whólly únaccéptable

Tó the celéstial pówers, I wéen,

Bréath'st thou the vítal air,

O thóu, whoé'er thou árt, that hère

Drawest nigh the Týrian city;

Ónly procéed, and hóld thee ón

Hénce to the précincts of the Quéén.

Fór, if the árt of áugury

Not vainly my fond párents táught me,

Í am the hérauld of the néws

Thát thy véssels with their créws

Bý the véering róund north-éaster

Háve been brought báck, and lódded in sáfety.

Yon tróop of twice six swáns behóld

Which but just nów the bírd of Jóve,

From tráct ethéreal swoóping dówn,

Thróugh the ópen ský was driving;

How jóyous théy, in lóng arráy

Nów on the gróund alíghting,

And nów upón the wíng agáin,

Alréady séeming to look dówn

With scórn upón their pláce of réfuge:

Júst as those swáns on whírring wíngs

After their sáfe retúrn are spórtíng,
 And whéel their círcles róund the ský,
 And síng their sóng of júbilée,
 Thy ships and créws are sáfe in pórt,
 Or énter in full sáil the róad.

Ónly procéed and lét thy stéps
 Fóllow the guídance of the páth."

She sáid: and as she túrned awáy,
 Her néck shone rósy bríght,
 Fróm her long háir and crówn of her héad
 Bréathed a dívíne ambrósíal ódour,
 Dówn to her fóot-sole flówed her róbe,
 And her gait tóld the Góddess.

He récognised, and with these wórds
 His móther, as she fléd, pursúed:—

"Ah crúel thóu too! why thy són
 Móck'st thou so óft with shápes illúsiive?
 Why nó to jóin right hánds permítted,
 And cónverse hólđ in terms unféigned?"
 With súch wórds of repróach he túrns
 His fóotsteps tóward the cíty.

But Vénus róund them, as they gó,
 Thróws a thíck fénce of múrky áir,
 And in an ámple clóudy clóak
 The Góddess wráps them úp;
 That nó one sée or tóuch them máy,
 Or wórk them stóp or wórk them stáy,
 Or why they cóme ínquire;
 Awáy for Páphus thén she sóars,
 And the séats revísits jóyful,

Whére of fresh wréaths
Her témples bréathes,
Ánd her húndred áltars glów
With fránkincénse Sabáean.

Meanwhile, where the páth points the wáy,
They have hástily bóuned them alóng,
And alréady the gréat hill are climbing,
That, óver the cíty immédiatey rising,
Looks dówn on the cítadel's ópposite tówers.
Enéas with wónder the vást fabric viéws
Which ónce was no móre than an Áfrican kráal,
With wónder the gátes views, and lóud noisy stréets;
The Týrians, they úrge their work árdently ón;
The wálls some are réaring, or rólling up stónes,
And búilding the cástle; selécting sites sóme,
Or with a plough-fúrrow the whóle round enclósing.
They are búsy with láwgiving tóo, and eléct
The sácred sénate and mágistrátes;
Here sóme dig the hárbour, while óthers thére
The théatre's déep foundátions are láying,
And the húge columns quárry that shall the stáge
So lóftily órnamént hereáfter.

Só, through the flówery chámplain wide,
Toíl busy bees benéath young súnmer's sún,
The nátion's fúll grown prógeny bringing óut;
Or pácking in the célls, until they búlge,
The hóney's líquid ánd nectáreous swéets;
Or líghtening the arrívers of their lóads;
Or márshalling battálions, ánd awáy
Dríving the lázy dróne-crew from the stálls;

Wárm glows the wórk, and frágrant smélls of thýme
The sávory hóney.

“Háppy, whose tówers alréady rise!”

Enéas sáys, the cíty súmmit
Eýeing with úpward glánce;
Thén, in his clóudy mántle wrápped,
Énters, and míxes with the crówd,
Wóndrous to téll! unséen of ány.

Amídst the cíty stóod a gróve
Of móst delightfú sháde;
Where érst the wínd- and- wáve-tossed Póeni
The méttled cóurser's héad exhúmed,
Tóken, by róyal Júnó gíven,
That thére, a wéalthy wárríor nátion,
Áges on áges théy should flórish.

To Júnó hére Sidónian Dído
A témples fábric vást was búilding;
Rích in thank-ófferings was the fáne,
Ánd in the Góddess' grácíous présence;
On brónze steps róse its frónt of brónze,
With brónze doors ón their hínges grátíng;
Its brónze roof ón brónze píllars résted.

In thís grove first présents itsélf
A nów and féar-assuáging síght;
Here fírst Enéas dáres to chérish
A hópe of sáfety, and to trúst
That áll perháps is nó yet lóst.

For whilst, in the huge fane, awaiting the queen,
 He surveys every object around,
 And with wonder reflects on the city's good fortune,
 With wonder observes the harmonious result
 Of the various artificers' skill,
 And ponders the toil of the work;
 He beholds there in series the Ílian battles,
 And the wars by fame published now through the whole world;
 The Atridae and Priam he there beholds,
 And Achilles, the fell foe of both.

He stood still; and with tears said: "What place now, Achates,
 What region on earth is not full of our toils?
 See Priam: desert even here hath its guerdon,
 Even here human misery touches the heart.
 Fear not: for believe me this fame here
 Will bring us some safety."

So saying, he fed his mind on the void picture,
 Much groaning, and floods of tears wetting his face;
 For he saw, in the war around Pergamus waging,
 How here fled the Græïi, and Tróy's youth pressed on;
 Whilst, by crested Achilles pursued in his car,
 There the Phrygians were fleeing;

Nor far off, through his fast flowing tears recognises,
 With their snow-white tent-sheets, the pavilions of Rhesus;
 Which Tydides all bloody, and reeking with carnage,
 In the first faithless sleep has surprised and laid waste,
 And away toward his camp turns the fiery coursers,
 Before they have tasted the fodder of Tróy,
 Or drunk of the Xánthus.

And yónder see Tróilus; unfórtunate yóuth,
 Who would cope, though no mách, with Achíles!
 His árms they are lóst, and awáy he has fléd,
 And his hórses they drág him alóng,
 To the éempty car clínging, and hóliding the réins;
 Nape and shóuldérs and lóng hair are swéeping the gróund,
 And the póint of his spéar, traile'd behind, marks the dúst.

All súppliant, sád, with dishévell'd háir,
 And smítting their bréasts with their pálm's,
 To the témp'le of únjust Pállas meanwhile
 The Ílian mátrons are wénding,
 And the *Péplum* bear with them alóng:
 But the Góddess awáy from them túrns, and her eýes
 Keeps stéadfastly fixé'd on the gróund.

Round Ílium's wálls had Achíles
 In fúry dragg'd Héctor thrice,
 And for góld was now sélling the córpse.
 Sore indéed was his gróan from the dépth of his bréast,
 When the cháriot he sáw, and the spóils,
 And the bódý itself of his friénd,
 And Priam forth-strétching his hélpless hánds.

With the chiefs of the Achívi in mélee
 Himsélf too he récognised thére,
 And bláck Memnon's árms, and the ránk's Eóan;
 And Pénthesiléa leads fúriously ón
 Her Ámazon bánds crescent-shiélded;
 With a bélt of gold búckled benéath her bare páp,
 She ráges and búrns midst the thóusands,
 A wárrior máiden with mén coping féarless.

Whilst Dárdan Enéas these wonders is viéwing,
And fixed in one gáze stands astónished,
With large éscort of yóuths to the témples the Quéén comes,
Most beáutiful Dído.

On Cýnthus' heights só, or the báncs of Eurótas,
Diána comes dâncing, with quíver on shóulder,
And áll overtópping her góddess tráin
Of a thóusand encírcing Óreads,
Whilst sílent joy thrills Latóna's bréast.
Such was Dído, and só through the midst of the thróng
She bóre herself jóyous and státely álong,
And pressed ón with the wórks of her fúture kíngdom.

In frónt of the dóors of the Góddess' cell thén,
High ráised on a thróne, she tákes her séat
Undernéath the váulted dóme of the témples,
And fénced round with guárds, issues édicts and láws,
Into équal pórtions the wórks dívides,
Or by lóttéry assigns to éach his pórtion.
When, áll on a súdden, Enéas sées,
Accómpâned bý a great cóncourse, appróaching,
Ántheus, Sergéstus, and bráve Cloánthus,
And thóse other Teúcri, whom óver the séa-plain
The bláck whirling témpést had scáttéred ábout,
And quíte carried óff to óther shóres.

With gládness, and féar, and astónishment útter
Himsélf and Achátes are bóth struck álike,
And, though éagerly búrning to clásp their friends' ríght hands,
Dare not vénure, in ígnorance hów stands the cáse;
They díssímulate thérefore, and wrápt in their clóud,
Reconnóitre what fórtune their friends has befállen,
On what shóres left their shíps, and why they come thíther;

For out of each ship representatives there
To the temple were hieing with loud cries for grace.

So, when they have entered, and leave
To speak in the presence is granted,
With words, such as these, from his calm breast
Ílioneus mighty begins: —

“O Queen, on whom Jove has conferred
The privilege to found a new city,
And with law's curb restrain haughty tribes,
We wretched Trojans, o'er all seas
Blown about by the winds, beg and pray thee,
Save our ships from the threatened flames' horrors,
Spare a people well moralled and honest,
And into our case look more closely.
We come not with havoc and slaughter
To devastate Libya's homesteads,
Or down to the shore drive a booty;
To men, like us conquered, belongs not
That violent high-daring spirit.

“There's an ancient land, warlike and fertile,
Hesperia the Græi call it,
Which once the Oenotrii tilled,
Whose successors, fame says, name it now
From the name of a chieftain, Italia.

“Thither our course was, when, rising
With sudden surge, stormy Orion
With his boisterous south-westers wholly
Dispersed us, and cast us away
On blind shoals and impassable rocks,

With the briny surf óver us bréaking:
To these cóasts of yours wé few have flóated.

“But what ráce of men this? or what cóuntry
So bárbarous a úsage permits?

They méet us with wár, and forbid us
On the édge of the lánd to set fóot.

If mén ye contémptuous spúrn,
And mán's retribútion, remémber

At léast that the Góds keep accóunt
Of what 's ríghteously dóne, and what wróng.

Enéas our Kíng was, than whóm
None was éver in mártial deeds gréater,

More corréct in his cónduct toward óthers,
Or in life's tender chárities rícher:

If, not yét to the crúel shades súnk down,
That mán the ethéreal air bréathes,

And the Fátes still présérve him alive,
Fear nótt thou shalt éver repént thee

Of géttíng the fórehand of hím
In cóurtesy's óffices kind.

In Sícily, tóo, we 've a cóity
And fríends who know hów to wield árms,

And of Trójan stock cómes famed Acéstes.

“Permit us our séa-shattered véssels
On drý lánd to dráw up, some tímbers

To fít in the wóods, peel some óars;
That with jóy we may stéer for Itália,

Should it bé in the fátes that once móre,
With cómrades recóvered and Kíng

For Itália and Látium we stéer;
But if our salvátion 's quite góne,

And the dépths of the Líbyan sea hóld thee,
 O most éxcellent síre of the Teúcri,
 And lóst to us álso for éver
 The prómise we hád in Iúlus,
 At léast let's retúrn to the hóme,
 Left behind us on Sícily's cóast,
 And táke King Acéstes for King."
 So Ílioneus; ánd the Dardánidae
 Shóuted with óne voice assént.

Her mínd then briefly Dído thús,
 With módest, dówncast lóok delivers: —
 "Dismiss fear fróm your héarts, O Teúcri,
 Your ánxious cáres cast fár awáy;
 A stérn necéssity compéls me
 To táke these méasures, ánd to guárd
 My néw-made réalms with wátch and wárd.
 Who knóws not thé Enéadáe?
 Troy's cíty únto whóm unknówn,
 Ánd its heróic déeds and héroes,
 Ánd that gréat war's cónflagrátion?
 We Poéni béar not héarts so dúll,
 Nór from this our Týrian cíty
 Dóes Sol, whén he yókes his hórses,
 So túrn awáy his fáce with hórror.
 Whéther your chóice be gréat Hespéria,
 Ánd the fiélds, called áfter Sáturn;
 Or Éryx' térritóries ráther,
 Ánd the domáins of King Acéstes,
 I'll sénd you sáfely ón your wáy,
 Ánd with all nécessaries hélp you.
 Shóuld you préfér to séttle hére
 In thése my réalms alóng with mé,

Draw úp your ships upón the lánd;
 Yóurs is the cíty í am búilding;
 Trójan and Týrian sháll by mé
 On équal térms be tréated éver;
 And wóuld that hére were présent nów
 Your King Enéas, bý the sáme
 South blást compélléd; at léast I'll sénd
 Trústy scouts óut alóng the shóre,
 And bíd them séarch the whole léngth of Líbya,
 Lést by some chánce, in wóod or cíty
 A shipwrecked sáilor hé may wánder."

Chéered by these wórds, Achátes bráve
 And síre Enéas fróm the clóud
 To bréak forth fór some time were búrning,
 And first Achátes to Enéas: —
 "What thinkst thou nów, O Góddess-bórn?
 That évery thing is sáfe thou sée'st,
 Thy fléet and friends recóvered áll,
 One ónly missing whóm oursélves
 Behéld amídst the bíllows súnk;
 All élse is ás thy móther prómised."

Scarce úttered wére the wórds, when áll at ónce
 The circumámbient clóud dívides ítsélf,
 And cléars awáy íntó the ópen éther,
 And fórtH Enéas stóod in the clear líght
 Refúlgent, fáce and shóuldérs líke a Gód;
 For ínto the son's éyes the móther's sélf
 Had bréathed bríght gládness, and his fáce adórnéd
 With yóuth's frésh róseate húa and rínglets fáir;
 Líke ívory he lóoked whích wórkman's hánds

Had pólished to the útmost, or like silver,
Or Párian márble, sét in yéllow góld.

The Quéén he thén addrésses, and to ál
Thús, unexpécted, of a súdden spéaks: —

“Hére in your présence ám I whóm ye séek,
Trójan Enéas, snátched from the Líbyan wáves.
O thóu, who sóle Troy’s crúel súfferings pítiest,
Whó to be pártners of thy hóme and cíty
Tak’st ús, poor rémnant by the Dánaĩ léft,
Us, déstitúte of ál things, and exháusted
By évery évil chánce of lánd and séa;
Becóming th ánks excéed our pówer, O Dído,
Excéed the pówer of the whole Dárdan ráce,
Wheréver thróugh the wide world nów they’re scátted.
The Góds, if Góds there bé that lóok with fávor
On húman déeds of chárity and kíndness,
If ánywhére at ál there is respéct
For cónsciéntious úprightness of cónduct,
Bestów a wórthy récompénce upón thee.
So lóng as rívers rún intó the séa,
And hólloWS in the bósom óf the móuntains
Are slówly cóursed round bý the móuntain shádows,
And bý the fírmamént the stárs are féd,
So lóng for éver lást thy náme, praise, glóry,
Let mé be cálléd to wháte’er lánds I máy.”

He sáid, and with his ríght hand clásped the hánd
Óf his friend Ílioneus, Seréstus’ hánd
Cáught with his léft; then gréeting líke bestówed
On Gýas bráve, brave Clóanth, ánd the rést.

Strúck with the fírst sight óf the héro,
Ánd by his gréat misfórtune móved,

Thus answered then Sidonian Dido: —
 “What evil chance, O Goddess-born,
 With all these périls pursues thee?
 To these uncouth wild shores of ours
 What force superior drives thee?
 Art thou that same Enéas whom
 Boon Vénus to Anchises Dárdan
 Bore beside Phrygian Simois’ wáve?
 And well I recollect when Teúcer,
 From his native realms expelled,
 To Sidon and my fáther came,
 In séarch of á new réalm in Cýprus,
 Frúitful lánd, just then o’errún
 Bý my fáther Bélus’ árms,
 And át his ábsolúte dispósal.
 From that time fórth well knówn to mé
 The Trójan city’s évil fórtune,
 Thy náme, and thé Pelásgian Kíngs.
 Himsélf, the fóe, used tó extól
 With no cómmon práise the Teúcri,
 Ánd from the áncient Teúcrian stóck
 His ówn descént was fáin to tráce.
 Come then, young mén, my dwélling énter:
 Hére in this lánd at lást to séttle,
 Áfter long búffetings abóut,
 A fórtune like your ówn has willed me.
 Expérienced in misfórtune, Í
 Have léarned to hélp th’ unfórtunáte.”
 She sáys; and into thé house róyal
 Át the sáme time léads Enéas,
 Át the sáme time in the témples
 Tó the Góds bids thánks be óffered;

Nór meantime negligéts to sénd
Tó the shóre down ánd his cómrades
Twénty óxen, ánd a húndred
Bristly bróad-chined swíne imménse,
Fát lambs with their dáms a húndred,
Ánd the Gód's enlivening gift.

With spléndor, meanwhile, and lúxury róyal
The hóuse far within is laid óut for the bánquet;
Of críimson supérb are the richly wrought clóths;
The vast sérvice, of silver and góld;
Where tráced in relief were th' explóits of their síres
From the first ancient rise of the nátion dówn
Through mány a héro in lóng, long arráy.

But Enéas — a fáther's love képt him unquiet —
Beforehánd to the ships swift Achátes despátched,
To acquáint, and condúct to the cíty, Ascáníus;
Ascáníus, his déar parent's whóle thought and cáre:
Gifts too bade him bríng, snatched from Ilíon's rúins,
The mántle all stiff with embróidered gold fígures,
And with sáffron Acánthus round bórdered the wímple;
Attíre ornaméntal of Árgive Hélen,
Her móther Léda's gift, wóndrously fáir,
And óut of Mycénae brought with her by Hélen,
When for Pérgamus she bóuned her and núptials íllicit.
The scéptre too, whílom by Ílione bórne,
Of the dáughters of Príam the éldest,
Ánd the pearl cháín which she wóre on her néck,
And dóuble gold córonet stúdded with jéwels.
To despátch these commissíons Achátes
His wáy to the ships was wénding.

Bút Cytheréa a nêw scheme is plánníng,
 A nêw cunning schéme in her bréast,
 How Cúpid his fígue and féatures should chángé,
 And, góing in swéet Ascánius's pláce,
 Kíndle to fúry the Quéen with the présents,
 And into her ínmost bones wórk the fíre;
 The fámily duplicity 'tís she 's afráid of,
 And the dóuble-tongued Týrians, I wéen;
 And sórely atróciouse Júnó fréts her,
 And stíll with retúrning níght cómes back her cáre.
 So in wórds, such as thése, winged Lóve she addrésses:—

“O sôn, my gréat stréngth and effíciénce;
 O sôn, who alóne at nought sèttest
 The supréme Fátter's wéapóns Typhóean,
 To thée I fly súplíant, implóring thy Gódhead.
 How thy bróther Enéas sea-tóst is thou knówst,
 From shóre to shóre róund by unfáir Júnó's spíte,
 And óft with my sórrow thou hást sympathísed;
 Him Dído Phoenícian has hólde of, and, cóaxíng
 With sóft soóthing wórds, makes to stáy;
 And Júnó, I féar, plays not hóstess for nóthing,
 And in só gréat a crísis wíll nótt sit ídle.
 To bé beforehánde with her thérefore I'm plóttíng,
 And with súch a flame róunde to encómpass the Quéen,
 That with lóve strong as míne she may dóat on Enéas,
 Beyónde any Gód's power to swérve her or chángé.
 How bést thou mayst dó this now héar my opíníon.

“The róyal bóy, my cáre most espécíal,
 At his déar síre's súmmons to gó is préparing
 To the cíty Sidónían, and béars with him gífts
 Whích the séá have survíved and the flámes of Tróy.

Ínto a déep sleep lethárgic I'll pút him,
And on lófty Cythéra or Móns Idálius
Within the sánctified précincts híde him,
That by nó possibility he may knów,
Or be áble to thwárt our strátagem.
Thou, a bóy, the boy pérsonate, ánd for no móre
Than óne single níght, his known féatures put ón,
That, whén in the héight of the róyal repást,
And flów of the líquor Lyáean,
To her bósom most jóyous Dído shall táke thee,
And húc, and imprint with sweet kísses,
Thou mayst ínto her bréathe the fíre occúlt,
And póison her únsuspécted.”
Love obéys his dear párent's words, dóffs his wings,
And wáiks with the gáit of Iúlus, delighted.
But Vénus the límbs of Ascánus bedéws
With plácid sléep, and, cúddled in her bósom the Góddess
Bears him úp to the hígh sacred gróves of Idália,
Where soft márjoram wráps him abóut with its flówers
And swéet odoríferous sháde.
And nów the behést of his párent obéying,
Ánd to the Týrians the róyal gifts béaring,
Cupid, léd by Achátes, hied jóyful alóng.
The Quéen had her pláce at the héad of the táble,
Befóre he came, táken, and ón the gold sófa
Dispósed herself séemly benéath the supérb dais.
Now arríves sire Enéas, and Tróy's youth arríve,
And reclíne in their pláces on cóverlets crimson;
Man-sérvants with wáter to wásh hands presént them,
And fíne napless tówels; and sérve bread from báskets.
Fifty máids are withín, charged to sét in due órder,

And prépare for the táble the lóng stock of viands,
 And tó the Penátes keep blázing the fire.
 Maids a húndred, and équal-aged páges as mány
 The plátes plenish héavy, and sét down the wine-cups;
 And in through the glád gates the Týrians come póuring,
 And on bróidered cloth cúshions recline each where bid.
 With wónder they gáze on the gifts of Enéas,
 And ón the God's mimic Iúlus with wónder,
 How flúshed are his féatures! how éager he tálks!
 And thén on the mántle, and thén on the wimple
 With sáffron Acánthus embróidered all róund.

But, móre than the rést all, the hápless Phoeníssa,
 Doomed so sóon to that plágue to be victimised,
 By the bóy and the gifts alike fired, gazes ón,
 And, the lónger she gázes, the lónger would gáze.
 But the bóy round Enéas's néck having húng,
 Ánd his delúded sire's lóve gratified,
 Is awáy to the Quéén, who, with her eyes, ón him,
 And áll her whole héart, doats, and tó her lap tákes him,
 And cúddles betwéen-whiles: Ah! little wots Dido
 What a mighty God thére of her láp sits posséssor.
 Then his móther's commánds Acidálian obéying,
 He begins from her bósom to blót out Sicháeus,
 And tries from a déad love to túrn to a living
 Her lánguid and lóng unaccústomed héart.

The sérvíce remóved, and the féast at a páuse,
 They sét the great wine-cups and crówn them;
 The dín the whole hóuse fills, as thróugh the wide hálls
 They send rólling their vóices;
 Burning lámps hang suspéded from céilings of góld,
 And the flámbeau's flame cónquers the night.

Here the Quéén for the jéwelled and héavy gold bówl calls
Which Bélus and Bélus' succéssors used éver,
And with the pure júice of the grápe fills it úp,
And sáys after sílence obtáined through the building:—
“O Júpiter, fór in all things, appertáining
To the rights of the stránger, they sáy, thou art lórd;
May this day a dáy of joy bé to the Týrians,
A dáy of joy bé to our guésts here of Tróy,
And by thóse to come áfter us héld in remémbrance;
May jóy-giving BÁCchus and bóuntiful Júnó
Be hére with us présent, and yé in this méeting
With warm héarts and kind wishes, O Týrians, take párt.”

Having thús said, she póured on the táble the hómage,
Then the bówl of libátion just tóuched with her líps,
And hánded to Bítias with chállenge and chiding;
Nor lóth at all hé took the swilling gold bówl,
And drénched himself wéll with the fóaming líquor;
So one áfter anóther the rést of the nóbles.

And lóng-tressed Iópas sang tó his gold lúte
The lóre he had léarned of Átlas the mighty,
The móon's wanderings sáng, and the tóils of the sún,
Whence mén and beasts cáme, whence came wáter and fíre;
Of Arctúrus he sáng, and the Hýades ráiny,
And óf the two Béars; and whý in such húrry
To dip in the ócean are midwinter's sún,
While its nígths dip so slów — what is it deláys them?
Repéated the pláudits of Týrian and Trójan;
The fórmér the wáy lead, the láttér come áfter.
With várious discóurse, too, unfórtunate Dído
Protrácted the nígth, and of lóve deeply dránk;
Abóut Priam ásking oft mány a quéstion,

And mány a quéstion abóut Hector óft;
 Now, the hórses of Díomede whát were they líke;
 And nów, was Achilles of státüre so míghty:—
 “Nay, cóme, guest, and téll us the whóle tale”, she sáys,
 “From the véry beginning; the Dánaĩ, their ámbush,
 Thy cóuntry’s misfórtunes, and hów, for seven súmmers,
 Over áll lands and wáves thou art wándering abóut.”

II.

All gazed intént, and listened,
When from the high sófa thús
Enéas síre begán: —
“Thou bídst, O Quéen, revive
That ágony of grief;
How lámentáblý féll,
By the Dánaï o’erthrówn,
The puíssant réalm of Tróy;
What hárrówing síghts I sáw,
Mysélf a súfferer chieíf.
Who cóuld from téars refráin,
Súch a thème discóursing,
What Mýrmidon, or Dólops,
Or hárd Ulýsses’ sóldier?
And nów down from the ský
Precípitous spéeds damp níght,
And stár-set cóunsels sléep;
Yet, if to háve acquáintance
With óur misfórtunes’ stóry,
And bríefly héar reláted
The clósing wóe of Tróy,
So stróng be thy díre,
I wíll the tásk attémt,

Though with hórror mý sad sÓul
Shrinks from the récolléction.

“War-wórñ, and bý the Fátes repúlsed,
The chieftains óf the Dánaĩ,
So mány yéars awáy now glíding,
Build, with Palládian árt divíne,
A hórse with ribs of clóven píne,
And húge as ány móuntain;
Fór their retúrn preténd it vówed,
Ánd that rúmor spréad abróad,
Bút in its dárk side privily
Enclóse a bánd of sóldiers árméd,
By lÓt selécted, ánd complétely
Fílling its vást cavérnous wómb.

“Withín view óf the Trójan cóast
Lies Ténedós’ most fámous ísle,
Wéalthy, whilst Príam’s émpire stóod;
Nów but a báy, and fáithless róadstead;
Thíther they sáil acröss, and lie
Enscónced on the desérted shóre:
We máke no dóubt but théy have léft us,
Ánd depárted fór Mycénae.

“All Teúcria hér long móurning nów
Has thérefore cást áside:
’Tis pléasant thróugh the ópened gátes
To sálly fÓrth, and sée
A désert áll, the Dóric cámp;
Ánd the sea-cóast left frée: —
“’Twas hére the bánd Dolópián píched,
Dréadful Achíllés thére;

This was the státion for the shíps,
And thát the báttle field.'

"Sóme at the húge bulk óf the hórse,
Vírigin Minérva's déadly présent,
Gáze with astónishment and wónder;
And fírst Thymóetes, éither guíleful,
Ór becáuse the fátes of Tróy
Nów at lást that wáy were béaring,
Exhórts withín the wálls to dráw it,
And pláce it in the cítadel.
But Cápys and the wíser sórt
Ínto the séa wóuld héadlong thrów
The strátagem of the Dánaï;
Ór, with flámes set úndernéath it,
Thé suspícious présent búrn;
Or élse bore ínto, ánd explóre
The hóllo wídings óf its wómb.

"Divided bétwixt ópposite cóunsels,
The uncértain crówd stands wávering,
When fóremost thére befóre them áll
Fróm the high cítadel runs dówn,
Bý a great crówd accópanied,
Laócoon árdent, ánd excláims,
While yét afár: — 'What só great mádness,
O wrétched cítizens, is this?
The fóe's depárture crédito ye?
Or think ye thére can présents bé
Óf the Dánaï, without guíle?
Is this your knówledge óf Ulýsses?
Éither, shut úp withín this wóod,
Concéaled Achívi líe,

Or 'tis an éngine théy have built,
 Our hóuses to espý,
 And ón our tówn, despite our wálls,
 To cóme down fróm on high.
 Trúst not, O Teúcri, in this hórsa;
 Some látent chéat is hère;
 Howé'er it bé, with áll their gífts,
 These Dánaí I féar.'

"He sáid, and 'gainst the cómpact síde
 Óf the béast's well róunded bélly
 Húrléd with pówerful stréngth his spéar:
 Fíxed in the wóod
 Quívering it stóod;
 With a hóllow groaning sóund
 The womb's cáverns rebóund.

"Thén, had the Góds' fates bút permítted,
 Nór infátuate béen our mínds,
 He hád impélléd us tó demólish
 With rude stéel the láir Argólic,
 And thóu, O Tróy, wert nów surviving,
 And Priam's high cítadel stánding nów.

"But sée yon Dárdan shépherds drágging
 With great clámor, tó the Kíng,
 A yóuth with hánds behind his báck bound;
 Whó, of his ówn accórd, himsélf
 Unknówn had in their wáy présénted,
 This véry púrpose tó efféct,
 And ópen Tróy so tó the Achívi;
 Assúred of spírit, ánd álíke
 For éach altérnative prépared;

Tó succéed with his impósture,
Ór submit to cértain déath.

“The yóuths of Tróy on évery síde
Pour rúshing róund, to sée desírous;
And stríve, who móst will móck the cáptive.
Now héar the strátagem óf the Dánaï,
And fróm the síngle villainy léarn
What villains théy are áll.

“For ás full in the géneral gáze,
Confúsed and hélpless, thére he stóod,
And lóoked round ón the Phrýgian bánds:—
‘Alás! in whát land ór what séa
Can Í take réfuge nów?’ he críes;
‘Or whát resóurce left fór a wrétch
Whose pláce amóng the Dánaï’s lóst,
Ánd for the fórfeit óf whose life
Éven the Dardánidae cáll in ánger?’

“Chánged by that cry our minds, and áll
Violence représsed: we úrge our prisoner
To spéak, and lét us héar his stóry;
What blóod flows in his véins, on whát
Strong póint rests máinly his reliance.
He thróws fear óff at lást, and sáys:—

‘Trúe conféssion óf the whole mátter,
Lét it háve been whát it will,
Í shall máke to thée, O Kíng.
Ín the first place, Í dený not
Thát I’m óf the Argólic nátion;
Fór, though Fórtune máde him wrétched,

Néver shall that réprobate
 Máke a chéat and liar of Sínon.

‘Tó your éars repórt perháps has
 Bróught the glórious, wide-spread náme
 Of Pálamédes, són of Bélus;
 Whóm, when a fálse cry róse of tréason,
 Á nefárious información’s
 Guiltless víctim, whóse sole crime was
 Thát he ráised his vóice agáinst war,
 Thé Pelásgi sént to déath down,
 Ánd lámént, now thát he ’s déad.

‘Mé, that Pálamédes’ kinsman,
 Hither with him ás compánion,
 Ánd to léarn to bé a sóldier,
 Mý poor síre in éarly yóuth sént.
 Lóng as hé stood firm, and flórishéd
 A prínce amóng consúlting prínces,
 Í too bóre some náme and hónor;
 Bút when Ulysses’ cózening málice —
 Wéll known áre the fácts I téll —
 To quít this úpper wórld compélléd him,
 Í, with sháttered fórtunes, draggéd on
 A lífe of glóom and míserý;
 And ó’er my guíltless friénd’s misfórtune
 Cháféd withín mysélf, indígnañt;
 Nor, mádman thát I wás, képt sílence,
 Bút róused agáinst me bítter hátreds
 With thréats of véñgeance, shóuld chance óffer,
 And shóuld I tó my nátive Árgos
 Éver retúrn with víctory.

“Hénce my first blight óf misfórtune,
Hénce Ulysses with new charges
Still térrified me; wórds ambíguous
Still amídst the rábble scátted;
Still sought wéapons whérewithál
To éxecúte designs close hidden
From áll excépt his sécret cónscience;
Till at lást by méans of Cálchas —
But why th’ ungráteful tále
Thús repéat in váin?
Or whérefore dállly?

For yóu, who thínk the Achívi
Are áll of thé same kind,
’Tis enóugh that ye have héard
I am óne of the Achívi;
Take the pénalty at ónce
Ye should lóng ago have táken:
’Tis the véry consummátion
Which Íthacus desires,
And which at a great price
The Atrídae fain wóuld púrchase.’

“Then, thén indéed, we ’re áll on fíre
To ásk him quéstions, ánd to héar
Some éxplanátion óf the máttér;
Little awáre of thé deep guile
And villainy of thé Pelásgi.
Trémbling he góes on with his glózing.”

‘Oft tímes the wéary Dánaï
Desired to táke their flíght,
To léave Troy behind them,
And abándon the long wár;

And I wish to héaven, they hád;
 But the róugh and stórmy séa
 Intercépted óft the wáy,
 And Áuster óft detérred them,
 When ón the póint to gó.
 Abóve all, whén of máple-planks
 Fírmlý knít togéther
 This hórse here was sèt up,
 Óver the whole éther
 Stórm-clouds bráttled.

‘Wé, in óur suspénse,
 Send Eurýpylus to consúlt
 The óracle of Phóebus;
 And hé back fróm the shríne
 Bríngs these wórds of sórrow: —
 ‘With a sláughtered vírgin’s blóod
 The winds ye appéased,
 When fírst to Ílium’s cóasts
 Ye cáme, O Dánaï;
 With the blóody sácrífice
 Óf a lífe Argólic
 Ye must púrchase your retúr.’

“As sóon as that wórd
 Reached the éar of the públic,
 All mínds were astóunded,
 And thróugh the bones’ píth
 Thrilled an ícy-cold trémor: —
 ‘For whóm prepares Fáte this?
 Apóllo calls whóm?’
 ‘Here Íthacus drágs
 Forth into the mídst,

With a great tumult,
Soothsaying Cálchas,
And to expound
That blessed will of the Góds
Impórtunate prèsses.
And mány alréady
Foretóld me the fúture,
Or, ónlooking múte,
The villainy réad
Of the crúel intríguer.

‘Twice five days he ’s silent,
And clóse housed refúses
Any óne to denóunce,
Or hand óver to déath;
Till, bý the loud clámors
Of Íthacus hárdly
At lóng and last fórced,
He speaks óut, as arráinged,
And dooms mé to the áltar.
All assént and on óne
Poor wrétch’s head túrn,
And dischárge the destrúction
Each had féared for himsélf.

‘The hórrid day ’s cóme;
For the ríte they ’re prepáring;
The méal ’s mixed with sált,
The tíar ’s round my témples —
Awáy from the sláughter
I bróke, I dený not,
And my bónds left behind me.

In an oozy morass
 Among the sedge lurking,
 All the night I lay hid,
 And awaited their sailing,
 If haply they would sail.

‘And now I ’ve no more hope
 To see my old country,
 Or the sire I ’ve so yearned for,
 And the sweet children,
 Who perhaps must account
 With their lives for my crime,
 And wretchedly expiate
 This my escape.
 But, by the Gods above,
 And by those Deities,
 To whom truth is dear,
 And who know I speak truth;
 And by whatever
 Faith uncorrupted
 Is still anywhere
 Among men to be found,
 I pray you, take pity
 On hardships so great;
 On a mind, not deserving
 Such hardships, take pity.’

“These tears win his life,
 And more — even our pity —
 And first Priam’s self
 His manacles tight
 Commands to take off,
 And speaks to him kindly: —

‘Whoéver thou árt,
Hencefóward forgét
The Gráii thou hast lóst,
(For óurs thou shalt bé)
And trúe answer gíve
To the quéstions I ásk thee;
This húge monstrous hórse
For what púrpose set úp?
By whóm? with what méaning?
Is it émblem relígious?
Is it éngine of wár?’

“He sáid; and the wrétch,
In Pelásgian arts vérsed,
Toward the héavenly lights úpwards
His úntied hands lífting,
‘Bear wítness’, excláimed,
‘Ye fíres everlásting,
Whose Gódhead ’s invíolate;
Bear wítness, ye áltars
And hórrible kníves,
From which I have fléd;
And yé, sacred fillets
My víctim brows wóre;
I sín not in bréaking
The Gráian sánctions;
I sín not in háting
The Gráii themsélves,
And tó the light brínging
Their évery sécret,
Whaté’er it may bé;
Nor ám I bound lóngér
By láws of my cóuntry.

Only thóu to thy prómise
 Stánd stedfast Tróy,
 And thy sáviour sáve,
 If I téll thee the trúth,
 If I récompense ámply.

‘Éver in the áid of Pállas
 Pláced the Dánaï théir whole hópe
 And cónfidénce of háppy issue
 Tó the wár they had úndertáken;
 But fróm what tíme Tydídes ímpious,
 Ánd Ulýsses, crime invéntor,
 Fróm the sácred fáne attétempted
 To téar awáy the weírd Palládium,
 And sláying the high cítadel’s gúards,
 Séized on the sácred éffigy,
 Nór with blóody hánds not dáred
 To tóuch the Góddess’ vírgin tiar:
 Ébbed from that tíme the hópe of the Dánaï,
 Bróken their stréngth, estránged the Góddess’ fávör.

‘Nor wás it bý ambíguous pórtents
 Thát Tritónia shéwed her ánger;
 Scárce placed in the cåmp the ímage,
 Whén its eyes stáred, and spárkled fire;
 A sált sweat bróke out ón its limbs,
 And thrice, O wónderful to téll!
 Úp from the gróund it spráng entíre,
 Béaring its shíeld and quívering spéar.

‘Immédiatelý their flight must bráve
 The házards óf the séa’, chaunts Cálchas;
 ‘For Pérgamús is nót to bé
 Bý Argolic árms demólished,

Until at Árgos háving táken
 New áuspicsés, they cóme back híther,
 Brínging with them thát same héavenly
 Gráce and bléssing thát has nów
 To Gréece sailed with them in their cúrved ships.'

'And nów that théy have tó their nátive
 Mycénae sáiled home, théy 're prepáring
 New wár, and wóoing Góds to escórt them;
 Which dóne, they 'll cróss the séa agáin,
 And be hére when léast expécted.
 Só adróit a hánd is Cálchas
 Át the análysis of ómens.

'To réconcile the Déity,
 And éxpiate the mórtal crime
 Óf the théft of thé Palládium,
 Cálchas cóunselled thém to sét up
 This státue hére, but át the sáme time
 Tó so gréat a héight to eréct it,
 And óf such stróng and mássy tímber,
 That thróugh the gátes it cóuld not páss,
 Nór be drawn úp intó the city,
 Thére to succéed the fórmér image,
 Ás the tútelar óf the péople.

'Fór, if your hánds did víolence
 Tó the gift óffered tó Minérva,
 Great rúin — ón the próphet's sélf
 Dischárge the próphecý, ye Góds! —
 Would whélm Priam's émpire ánd the Phrýgians;
 Bút, if your ówn hands dréw it úp,
 And pláced it high within your city,

Thén would Ásia in her túrn
 Beóme aggréssor, ánd agáinst
 The Pélopéan rámparts cóme
 With míghty wár: such wére the fátes
 That wáited óur postérité.'

"By thése insidious árts of pérjured Sínon
 The affáir is crédited, and thóse whom néither
 Tydídes, nór Achilles of Laríssa,
 Nór a ten yéars' siege, nór a thóusand shíps
 Could súbjugáte, becóme the éasy préy
 Óf an impóstor's wéll dissémbled téars.

"And hére a gréater, fár more áwful, sight
 Fílls with alárm our míserable bréasts;
 Laócoón, by lóť drawn priest of Néptune,
 At the sólemn áltars á huge búll was sláying,
 Whén, behold yónder! 'cróss the tránquil déep,
 From Ténedos, I shúdder to reláte it,
 Come twó imménse-orbed snákes stémming the séa,
 And máking, síde by síde, díréct for lánd;
 Whose bréasts, amóng the wáves érédted, réar
 Their blóody wáttles hígh abóve the wátters;
 Whíle, in volúminous cóils, their bácks imménse
 And hínd parts swéep the áudibly fóaming bríne.

"They 're ón the lánd: their blóodshot éyés glare fire;
 With swíftly tó and fró vibráted tóngues
 They líck their híssing jáws: aghást we sée,
 And flée in áll díréctions: tó Laócoon
 They táke their márch díréct; and fírst the bódies
 Óf his two líttle sóns both sérpents clásp,
 And brówse upón, and bíte, their wrétched límb;

Himsélf, then, cóming tó their áid with weápons,
Lay hólđ on, ánd with húge coils bind; and nów
Twice clásping him abóut the míddle; twice
Círcing his néck round with their scály trúnks,
Abóve his héad their héads and táll necks réar.
Bespéwed with bláck and vénomous góre his tíar,
Ás with his hánds their knóts he stríves to súnđer,
Ánd the same móment tó the stárs lifts hígh
His shóuts horrífic; bélłowing like a búll,
Thát from his néck the unstéady áxe has tóssed,
Ánd from the áltar with a wóund escápes.
Bút the two drágons áway glíding flée
Tó dréad Tritónia's lófty cíttadel,
Ánd in the fáne and át the féet of the Góddess,
Behínd her shíeld's orb, líe in cóvert clóse.

“’Twas thén, indéed, that évery bréast
Quáked with a nów and thrílling féar;
And ríghteously desérved, they sáid,
The pénalty Laócoon páid,
Whó, with póinted spéar accúrsed
Húrléd agáinst the síde of the béast,
Had hárméd the sácred wóod.

“Tó the Góddess' témples,
Áll shout óut togéther,
The ímage múst be bróught,
Ánd the grácious clémency
Óf the bléssed Déity,
Húmbly with práyer be sóught.

“We bréach the cíty wálls,
We thrów the fórtress ópen,

All gird their loins, and fall to work;
 Beneath its feet, some, rollers set,
 Some, hempen cords throw round its neck.
 Teeming with its freight of arms
 The fatal engine scales the walls;
 Boys and girls sing hymns around,
 And touch the rope, delighted.
 It enters, and glides menacing
 On through the city's midst.

“O Ílium! O my country!
 Habitation of the Gods!
 City of Dardánidae,
 Valiant and renowned!
 In the very entrance
 Four times it stopped short;
 Clanging within the womb
 Arms four times were heard.
 Onward, not the less,
 Unheeding, furious, blind we press,
 And in the consecrated high-place
 Set up the unlucky monster.

“Then too Cassandra's mouth
 To the coming fate gave utterance,
 That mouth which, by the Gods' will,
 The Teúcri believed never.
 We, wretches who were not
 Another day to see,
 Deck with féstal foliage
 The shrines throughout the city.

“Round rólls in the méantime the héaven,
And Níght from Océanus rúshing,
Enwráps in her gréat shade the éarth,
And the ský, and the wíles Myrmidónian.
And nów that, all óver the cíty,
The Teúcri outstrétched lie and sílent,
And déep sleep their tíred limbs embráces;
From Ténedos, fúllý equípped,
To the shóres that it knóws so wéll,
In the stíllý moon's friendly sílence
The ármament Árgive sails óver,
When the Kíng's ship has húng out its líght;
And Sínon, safe ín the protéction
Of the Góds' partial déstinies, lóoses
All stéalthy the wómb's piny shútter,
And léts out the Dánaï.

“To the áir, the horse ópened, refúnds them;
And fórth from the hóllo wóod jóyful
The chieftains Thessánder and Sthénelus come,
Alóng the let-dówn rope glíding,
And díreful Ulysses, and Thóas,
And Ácamas, ánd Meneláus,
And Macháon the fóremost of áll,
Neoptólemus, grándson of Péleus,
And himsélf, the snare's ártist, Epéus.

“They máke their attáck on the cíty,
As it líes in sleep búried and wíne,
Cut dówn the níght-wátch, and admítting,
At the wíde-ópened gátes, all their cómrades,
Uníte into óne their leagued bánds.

"It wás the éarly hóur of sléep,
 When thát most gráteful gift of héaven
 Bégins to stéal on cáre-sick mórtals:
 Ló! in a dréam, befóre mine eýes,
 Héctor, methóught, all wóe-begone
 And wéeping tórrents, stóod beside me;
 Frésh from the cháriot whéel,
 As érewhile Í had séen him,
 And áll begrimed with dúst and blóod;
 Ín his swollen féet the thóngs.

"Alás me, whát a Héctor!
 How gréat a chángé was thére,
 From the Héctor thát retúrnéd
 Clád in Achíllés' spóils!
 From the Héctor thát had húrled
 Phrýgia's lightéd bránds
 At the ships of the Dánaï!

"Squálid was his béard,
 Clótted his lócks with blóod,
 His bódý gáshed all óver
 With the wóunds he had recéived
 Befóre his nátive wálls.
 I wéeping tóo, methóught,
 Addréssed of my own mótion
 These sád words tó the héro: —

'O light of Dardánia!
 O Teúcrian hope sùrest!
 What gréat delay képt thee?
 Or whénce comest at lást?
 O Héctor, expécted so lóng!

After hów many déaths
Of thy friends look we ón thee!
After hów many tróubles,
And hárassing tóils,
Both of péople and cíty!
Thy visage seréne
Why fóuled thus unséemly?
And whát wounds are thése?'

"He ánswered nó my ídle quéstions,
He wróught me nó deláy,
Bút from his bósom's innermost
Groaned héavily and sáid: —
'Ah! flée, O Góddess-bórn,
And sáve thee fróm these flámes:
The fóe is máster óf the wálls,
And in rúin from its súmmit
Down túmbles lófty Tróy.
For Priám and thy cóuntry
Enóugh hast thóu perfórmed;
Had Pérgamus' defénce
In ány right hand láin,
This ríght hand thé defénce
Of Pérgamus had béen.
Tróy to thy cáre comménds
The óbjects shé holds sácred;
Take thése Penátes with thee,
To bé thy fátes' compánions,
With thése Penátes gó,
And fóund the mighty cíty
'Tis thy déstiný to fóund
After mány a long wándering
Áll the wide sea óver.'

“He said, and in his hands
Brought out, from the interior,
Potent Vesta, and the Fillets,
And the everlasting Fire.

“Meantime within the city far
’Tis woe all and confusion,
And though my sire Anchises’ house
Stood among sheltering trees retired,
Yet louder still, and louder grew,
And nearer still and nearer drew
War’s horror, and the din of arms.

“Starting, and roused from sleep
I climb the roof’s steep ridge,
And with pricked ears stand listening.

“Twás as when through standing corn
By raging southwinds flames are borne,
Or mountain torrent’s rapid flood
Prostrates fields and smiling crops,
Prostrates the labors of the ox,
And headlong drags with it the wood.
From the high top of a rock,
The shepherd, ignorant what has happened,
Hears with astonishment the sound.
Then, then indeed, the truth was clear,
The ambush of the Danaï open.
Now has Deiphobus’ large house,
By Vulcan overpowered, fallen in;
And now Ucalegon’s on fire,
His next adjoining neighbour;
And far and wide
Sigéum’s friths

Refléct the gláre;
 And cláinging trúmpets,
 Shóuting mén,
 Their lárúm ráise togéther.

“Distrácted Í take árms, though smáll
 The góod from árms to bé expécted;
 Bút my soul búrns to gáther róund me
 Some gállant hándful óf compánions,
 And thrów mysélf intó the cástle;
 Mádness and wráth impél me héadlong,
 Ánd, what a chárming thing it is
 To díe in árms, comes ’cróss my mínd.

“But sée, escáped out of the mídst
 Óf the Acháian weápons, Pántheus
 Tóward our hóuse comes rúnníng wildly;
 Pántheus Othryádes, the priest
 Óf the Phóebus of the cástle,
 Ín his own hánd the cónquered Góds
 Ánd *sacrárium* cárryíng wíth him,
 And drágging ón his líttle grándson: —
 ‘Quite lóst? Or nótt yet quáte lost, Pántheus?
 The cástle — cán we hólđ out ín ít?’

“Scarce háđ I thé words úttered,
 When wíth a gróan he ánswered: —
 ‘Th’ ínévítáble dáy,
 Dardánia’s lást ís cóme:
 We Trójan’s áre no móre;
 Ílium ’s déad and góne,
 Ánd the hígh Teúcrian glóry.
 Wíld and sávage Jóve
 To Árgos há’s transférred

Áll that ónce was óurs;
 The Dánaí have fired,
 And are másters óf the cíty;
 Within whose véry córe
 The tówing hórse teems wárríors,
 Ánd victórious Sínon
 Flíngs his bránds, insúlting.
 More númerous thóusands néver
 Cáme from gréat Mycénae
 Than are yónder at the gátes,
 That stánd with bóth wings ópen:
 Hére their brístling fíles
 Besét the nárrow stréets,
 With náked swórds in hánd,
 Glístening, prepáred for sláughter.
 Scarce thóse upón the édge
 And fórefront óf the dánger,
 The níghtwatch óf the gátes,
 Attépt the dárkling fíght,
 And óffer blínd resístance.'

"Ínto the mídst of árms and flámes
 By thése words óf Othrýades
 Ánd the Gods' wíll I'm bórne;
 Whíther sévere Erínnys cálls,
 Whíther the dínn calls, ánd the shóut
 Hígh to the éther vólleyed.
 By fávor of the móonlight,
 Rípheus, and váliant Épytus,
 And Hýpanis, and Dýmas
 Gáther abóut and jóin me,
 And Mýgdon's yóuthful són
 Coróebus, whóm the víolence

Of his pássion for Cassándra,
Júst at that tíme, it chanced,
Had bróught to Tróy, to assist,
With the árms of a són-in-láw,
Priam and the Phrýgians;
Unháppy! that not listened
To his éxtasied bride's wárning.

“Whóm when I sáw so bóld,
And bánded for the báttle,
To shárpen still their cóurage,
With thése words Í endéavour:—
‘Yóuths of brávest héart,
Brávest I féar, in váin;
If résolute your desire
My désperate léad to fóllow,
Fórtune's áttitúde ye sée:
Forsáking shríne and áltar
The Góds have áll depárted,
That ónce sustáined this émpire:
'Tis tó a búrning city
Thát ye bríng your súccour.
Ínto the fíght's thickest
Lét us rúsh and díe;
To cást awáy all hópe
Is the sóle hope óf the cónquered.’

“Tó the yóung men's cóurage
Fúry thus is ádded,
Ánd like wólves rapácious,
Rávening in a dárk fog,
Whén the villáinous pinch
Of húngér hás enráged them,
Ánd their whélp expect

With párched jaws their retúrn,
 Ón through the midst of fóes,
 Ón through the midst of weápons,
 Tówards no dóubtfú déath,
 We márch alóng the hígh street,
 Únder the hóllow sháde
 Of dárk Night flitting róund us.

“Of thát night’s hávoc sláughter
 Whó has wórds descriptíve?
 For the sórrors of thát night
 Whó has téars suffícíent?
 The áncient city fálls
 After mány a yéar’s dominíon;
 Thróugh the stréets and hóuses,
 And Góds’ religious témples
 Dead bódiés évery whére
 Lie strówn abóut in númer’s.
 Nor páy the Teúcri sóle
 The blóody pénalty:
 Éven to the cónquered bréast
 Cóurage at tímes retúrn’s,
 Ánd in their víctory’s mídst,
 The Dánaï are laid lów.
 Cruel wóe is éverywhére;
 Éverywhére is féar
 And mány a shápe of déath.

“Andrógeos, fírst of áll,
 In our wáy presénts hímsélf
 Wíth a gréat tróop of Dánaï;
 And, ígnorantly believing
 Thát we ’re óf hí pártý,

Thús, of his ówn accórd,
With friendly wórds accósts us: —
‘Make háste, my gállant féllows,
What láziness is this,
Thát so láte has képt you?
While your cómrades Pérgamus
With fire and swórd are sácking,
Yé, from the lófty shíps,
Are bút just nów arríving.’
“He sáid, and ón the íntant —
For óur reply was nót
Sufficíently straight fórdward —
Percéived that hé had fálled
Ínto the mídst of the fóe,
And astóunded chécked his spéech,
And retréated on his stép.

“As óne, that ón a snáke
Ín a thórny bráke
Unexpéctedly has tród,
And báckwards in dísmáy
Stárts, and flées awáy
Befóre its rísing íre
And blúe and swélling górgé;
Just só, at síght of ús,
Andrógeos trémbling fléd:
We rúsh on, ánd aróund them
Póuring in dénse armed númers,
Róut them in áll díréctions,
Ígnorant óf the gróund
And strícken wíth a pánic.
Ón our first emprise
Fórtune breathes auspícious.

“And hére, flushed with succéss,
Coróebus cries exúlting: —

‘Whére propitious Fórtune
Now first points óut the wáy,
That prómises to sáve us,
O cómrades, let us fóllow;
Lét us intérchánge
Búcklers and appóintments
With these Dánaï hére,
And as Dánaï equip us.
Só the báttle ’s wón,
Whó ever quéstions whéther
’Twas by ártifice or vátor.
Our énemies themsélves
Shall fúrnish us with árms.’

“Andrógeos’ bushy hélm
And hándsome emblemed shield,
So sáying, he put ón;
Ánd the Argive swórd
Adápted to his síde;
Rípheus does the sáme,
Ánd the sáme does Dýmas,
And áll the jóyous yóuths;
Éach and évery óne
Ín the frésh spoils árms him.

“Then, with the Dánaï míngled,
We márch withóut the éscort
Of our ówn accústomed Góds;
Ánd in mány a clóse-hand fight,
In the dárkness of the night,
Full mány of the Dánaï

Despáitch to Orcus dówn;
And sóme of them fly scáttèred
To the shíps and fáithful shóre,
And sóme, in a vile pánic,
The húge horse climb agáin,
And stów themselves awáy
Ínto its wéll known páunch.

“Alás! there ’s nó succéss,
If héaven ’s not só inclined:
See whére, with háir dishévelled,
Cassándra, Priam’s dáughter,
Óut of the fáne is drágged
And fróm Minérva’s shríne;
Stráining, but áll in váin,
Toward héaven her árdent eýes:
Her eýes, for fétters hólð
Her délicate hánds confíned.

“That sight Coróebus bróoks not,
And in a frénzy flíngs him
Ínto the mídst, to díe.
We fóllo w in a bódy,
And in amóng them rúsh
With thíc k and héavy báttle.

“Here first we ’re óverwhélmed
Fróm the hígh top óf the témp le
Bý our ówn friends’ míssiles,
Ánd a most píteous sláught er
Aríses fróm the fálse show,
Máde by our Gráian árms
And búshy hélm et - crésts.

Then, with gróans and indignátion
 At the réscue óf the vírgin,
 From évery síde collécting,
 The Dánaï fáll upón us;
 Ájax móst redóubted,
 Ánd the twáin Atrídae,
 Ánd the whole bánd Dolópián.

“So sómetimes á tornádo búrst,
 And winds with ópposite winds conténd,
 Zéphyrus and Nótus ágainst Eúrus,
 Ín his éastern stéeds rejóicing:
 The wóods screech, ánd, in his illhúmour,
 Néreus with his trident fóamy
 Stírs the séa up fróm the bóttom.

“Those tóo appéar whom in the dárk night
 Bý our strátagem wé had róuted,
 And húnted óver thé whole cíty;
 The fírst are théy to récogníse
 Our árms and wéapons, ánd to márk
 The díscrépance betwéen our vóices,
 Ánd the extérior wé assúmed.
 That íntant, númeres óverwhélm us,
 And fírst Coróebus próstrate líes
 Strétched by the ríght hand óf Penéleus
 Besíde the armípotent Góddess’ áltar.
 Rípheus tóo fálls, by fár the jústest
 Ánd móst ríghteous óf the Teúcri;
 Bút the Gods ótherwíse decreéd.
 And Hýpanís and Dýmas pérish,
 Pierced by the wéapons óf their cómrades;

Nor shielded thee, as down thou sankest,
Thy gréat and mánifold piety, Pántheus,
Ór the Tiára óf Apóllo.

“Bear witness, Ó ye Ílian áshes,
Ye pyre-flames óf my friends, bear witness,
I faced in thát your hóur of rúin
Évery weápon óf the Dánaï,
Bráved unshrinking áll their táctics;
Ánd had my fáll been in the Fátes,
Bý my hands’ déeds well éarned my fáll.”

“Our pártý ’s violently sévered:
Pélias and Íphitus gó with mé;
Héavy with yéars the láttér, Pélias
Slów with a wóund dealt bý Ulysses:
To Priám’s pálace bý the clámor
Immédiately we ’re cálléd awáy.

“’Twas hére indéed the báttle ráged,
As if elsewhére were nóne,
No déaths beside in thé whole city;
So fúriously was rámping hére
Indómitable Márs,
So strénuously the Dánaï
Úp the stéps were striving,
And hóused benéath the slóping cópe
Of shields compácted firm togéther,
The véry dóor were síeing:
Ánd up scáling ládders rúshing,
With búcklered léft hand wárded missiles,
With right hand séized the párapets.

"Against them thé Dárdanidae,
 For weápons óf defénce in this
 Their hóur of útmost néed and déath,
 Uptéar rooftóps and túrretings,
 And gílt beams dówn upón them ról,
 Their fóresires' lófty órnaments.
 Óthers belów in á dense bánd
 Within the dóor, drawn bládes in hánd,
 Intént to guárd the éntrance, stánd.

"To bríng assistance tó the cónquered,
 Ánd relieve the róyal pálace,
 My spírit ríses frésh within me.
 Behind there wás a sécret éntrance
 And pássage óf commúnicátion,
 Neglécted ánd unúsed of láte,
 Betwéen the párts of Priám's pálace.
 Through this door, while the státe stood firm,
 Háplless Andrómache full óft
 Was wónt to páss withóut atténdants,
 Her fáther - and móther - in - láw to visit
 Ánd to his grándsire, in her hánd,
 The bóy Astýanax conducted.

"I énter, ánd the whóle way páss
 Úp to the hígh roof sùmmít,
 From whénce the wrétched Trójans dówn
 Their míssiles váin were húrling.
 Óut of the róof, hígh tóward the stárs
 A tówer rose pérpendícular
 Óver the frónt wall óf the búilding;
 From whénce there wás a próspect wíde
 Of áll Troy, ánd th' Acháian cámp,

And óf the návy óf the Dánaï:
Attácking it with crówbars róund,
Where insecúrely it was jóined
Tó the roof-térace, wé uphéave
And púsh it fróm its high foundátion.
With wide and súdden crásh it fálls
Upón the squádróns óf the Dánaï;
But óthers tó their pláce succéed,
Nor is there, in the méan time, páuse
Of stónes or ány fóm of wéapons.

“Befóre the véry thréshold
Óf the véstibúle itsélf,
In his wéapons’ brázen light
Exúlting Pýrrhus glístens;
As the Cóbra, that lay swóllen
Únder the shélltering gróund
Áll the cold winter thróugh,
Now háving cást his slóugh
And crópped his póisonous hérbs,
Tó the light comes fórward,
Renéwed in yóuth and beauty,
And ón his slímy spires
Cóiling himsélf eréct,
His bréast rears tó the sún,
And báck and fórward shóots
His twinkling tóngue tri-fúrrowed.

“Alóng with him huge Périphas,
And hé that dróve Achilles’ stéeds,
Ésquire-at-árms Autómedon,
Alóng with him th’ whole Scýrian yóuth
Úp to the hóuse come, ánd fling high

The firebrands to the battlements.
 Pyrrhus himself among the foremost,
 Seizing a double-headed pole-axe,
 Bursts the door's hard entrance open,
 And from the pivots of the hinges
 Forces the brazen-plated doorvalves.
 And now he has hewed the panel out,
 And a huge wide-yawning loophole
 In the hard wood excavated.
 The interior of the house stands open;
 Exposed to view are the long halls,
 Exposed to view the privacies
 Of Priam and the ancient Kings,
 And they behold men standing armed,
 Immediately inside the threshold.
 But far within 'tis all confusion,
 And groans, and miserable hubbub:
 The whole *cavædium* through and through
 Wails with the wailings of the women;
 The clamor smites the golden stars;
 Affrighted matrons everywhere
 Wildly roam through the vast building,
 And hug and print the doors with kisses.

"In the might of his sire
 Pyrrhus presses right on:
 No barriers may stay him,
 No guards may delay him;
 Before the ram's shock
 The battered door totters,
 Displaced from their pivots
 Lie prostrate the valves;
 Main strength bursts a passage,

The éntance is fórced,
Ín rush the Dánaï,
Sláughter the fóremost,
And the whole place with sóldiery
Fill far and wide.

“Less fúriously the fóaming river,
Whose gúshing flóod has óvercóme
And búrst the dám’s oppósing máss,
And léft its chánnel, ón the fields
Rúshes ahéap, and drágs alóng
Cáttle and stáll o’er áll the pláin.

“Mysélf have séen upón the thréshold
Neoptólemus ánd the twáin Atrídae,
Fúrious, and réeking sláughter:
Hécuba ánd her húndred dáughters
Mýself have séen, and, mídst the áltars,
Priám defíling with his blóod
The fires himsélf had cónsecráted.
Low lie those fífty spóusal chámbers,
So rich hope óf a téeming óffspring,
Low lie those fífty dóors supérb
With cónquered spóils and góld barbáric;
The Dánaï ór the fire have áll.

“Thou ásk’st perháps the fáte of Priám:
Whén he behéld his cíty cáptured,
The éntance óf his pálace forced,
Ánd in his privacies’ mídst the fóe,
The óld man his age-pálsied shóuldérs
In lóng disúsed arms váinly cáses,
Gírd on the úseless swórd, and rúshes
Ínto the thíckest óf the fóe, to díe.

“In the pálace cóurt intérior,
 Benéath the báre ethéreal áxis
 Stóod a great áltar, ánd beside it
 A láurel óf most áncient grówth
 Óver it bénding, ánd embrácing
 Ín its sháadow thé Penátes.

Here in váin gathered róund the áltars,
 Hécuba ánd her dáughters sát,
 Clásping the images óf the Góds,
 And clóse togéther cówered like dóves
 Bý the black pélting témpest flúrried.

“But whén in yóuthful árms equipped
 Priam himself she sáw: —

‘Ah! whát so díreful ímpulse
 Most wrétched spóuse’, she cried,
 ‘Hath girt thee with these wéapons,
 Or whither rúshest?

’Tis nót of súch assistance,
 Of sáfeguards súch as thóse,
 The présent time has néed,
 No, nót, if stánding hére
 Wére my own Héctor’s sélf.

Submít, I dó beséech thee,
 And híther déign to cóme;
 This áltar shíelds us áll,
 Or with us thóu shalt díe.’

“The fúll of yéars, this sáid,
 Untó hersélf she tóok,
 And pláced in the sácred séat.

“But sée where yónder, thróugh the lóng
 And émpty hálls and pórticoes

Fléeing disábled, fróm the midst
 Óf the cárnage máde by Pýrrhus,
 Fróm the midst of fóes and wéapons,
 Cómes Polítes, són of Príam;
 And, behind him, glówing hót
 Pýrrhus with rábid stróke uplifted —
 Now, nów, nay nów the clúch is ón him,
 Néarer the spéar and néarer tó him,
 Till, at the móment whén he énters
 His párents' présence, dówn he fálls,
 Ánd in a gúsh of blóod expíres.

“Nor Príam thén, what thóugh he stóod
 Alréady in the tóils of déath,
 Abstáined from íre or spáred his wórds:—
 ‘But máy the Góds in héaven,’ he cried,
 ‘If ány ténder Góds there bé,
 Who mind atrócities like this,
 With wórthy thánk and guérdon dúe
 For this audácious outrage páy thee,
 Thée, who hast máde the síre eyewítness
 Óf the son’s déath, and with his child’s blood
 Defiled the présence óf a fáther.
 Far óther fóe was thát Achíllés,
 From whóm thou líest that thóu art sprúng,
 Who blúshingly a súppliant’s right,
 A súppliant’s sáncctítý revéring,
 Héctor’s pale córse réstored to Príam
 For sépulture, and sént me hóme
 In sáfety tó my réalms agáin.’

“Thús having sáid the óld man flúng
 His pówerless inefféctual wéapon,

Which made the shield's brass-plating ring,
And, foiled at once, hung where it struck."

'Then to my sire Pelides post,'

Pýrrhus replied, 'and bear these tidings:

The naughty and degenerate deeds

Of Néoptólemus be sure

That thou remember well to tell him;

Now die.' "The old man, with these words,

He dragged to the very altar, trembling,

And in the plash of his son's blood

Slipping; twined in his hair the left hand,

And with his right the flashing sword

Uplifted high, and in his side

Up to the hilt-guard buried.

"Such was the close of Priam's fates;

Such the allotted bourne of him,

Who, of so many Asiatic

Nations and lands proud ruler once,

Saw Tróy in flames, and Pérgamus fallen:

Upon the shore he lies,

The head lopped from the shoulders,

A huge and nameless carcass.

"Then first in all its power I felt

The horror that surrounded me;

I stood aghast: my dear sire's image

Rose to my mind, when I beheld

The equal-aged King his life forth

Exhaling at a cruel wound;

Forlorn Creúsa too rose to my mind,

And my sacked house, and little Iúlus' case.

“I cást a lóok round óf inquiry,
What fórcé there máy be yét abóut me.
All tíred out hád desérted me,
And éither léaped down tó the gróund,
Or thrówn intó the flámes
Their wórñ and févered frámes.

“And nów I wás alóne remáining,
Whén in Vésta’s sécret séat
Týndarus’ dáughter Í behóld,
A lúrking sílent vísitant;
The bríghtness óf the cónflagrátion
Líghts me, ás abóut I wánder,
And éverywhére cast róund my éyes:
Shé, in dréad anticipátion
Of rétribútion fróm the Teúcri
For Pérgamus ó’erthrów and fáll,
In dréad no léss of chástisement
At the hánds of th’ ángry Dánaï,
Ánd of hér desérted cónsort:
Tróy’s and her cóuntry’s cómmon Fúry,
Óbject óf the géneral hátred;
Óut of the wáy had pút hersélf,
And thére was sítting bý the áltar.

“With súdden fláming íre
My sóul is áll on fíre,
To avénge my cóuntry’s fáll,
Ánd the crímal chástise:”

‘And sháll this wretch unscáthed,
Spárta behold agáin,
And fátherland Mycénae?
In quéenly triumph hóme

Tó her spóuse and children,
And tó her síres retúrn,
By crówds of Ílian dámes
And Trójan serfs attended?
And Priám have been sláin?
And Tróy in ashes láid?
Ánd the Dardánian shóre
So óft have sweated blóod?
No, néver! for althóugh
He wins no glorious náme
Who púnishes a wóman,
Nor háš such victory práise,
Still I shall bé extólléd
For extirpating a núisance,
And inflicting on the gúilty
The chástisement desérvéd.
Twill bé some comfort tóo,
To have given myself enóugh
Of the fiery flame of véngeance,
And glútted my friends' áshes.'

“With súch ejáculátion,
I was rúshing in a fúry,
When, néver by mine eýes
So bright before behéld,
My móst benignant móther
Stood vísible befóre me,
Refúlgent in pure light,
Midst the dárkness of the níght,
A góddess undisguised,
In such májesty and gréatness
Ás to heaven's inhábitants
She is wónted to appéar;

And caught me with her right hand,
And held me back and ádded
From her rósy lips these wórds:—
‘What fúry ’s this, my són?
What póignant páin excites
This ungóvernable íre?
Or whither away fléd
Thy wónted care of ús?
Wilt thou not fírst a lóok
Bestów where thou hast léft
Thine áge-worn sire Anchíses?
Whéther thy spóuse Creúsa,
Whéther thy bóy Ascáníus
Survives yet? round all whóm
The Gráian files are róaming,
And whóm the foeman’s swórd,
Bút for my cáre’s resistance,
Had swépt away ere this,
Ór the devóuring fláme.
‘’Tis nót the háteful fáir face
Óf Lacónian Týndaris,
Not crímináted Páris,
But the stérn will of the Góds,
The Góds’ stérn will o’erthróws,
And próstrates, fróm its súmmit,
The pówer and might of Tróy.
‘See hére — for fróm thine eyes
All the clóud I ’ll táke away
Which, dráwn acróss them, dúlls
And dámps thy mórtal vísion,

And spréads thick dárkness róund:
 And thóu, fear nó to dó
 Every bídding óf thy párent,
 Ánd to hér instrúctions
 Refúse not thine obédience —
 Hére, where thóu behóldest
 These húge disrupted másses,
 These stónes awáy from stónes forced,
 These únduláting cólumn
 Of míngled smóke and dúst,
 Néptune is úndermíning,
 And fróm their déep foundátions
 With his great trídent héaving
 The wálls and thé whole cíty.
 Hére, in her fiercest fierceness,
 Júnó, fóremost léading,
 Óccupies the Scáean,
 And, swórd at síde, calls fúrious
 Her állies fróm the ships;
 Alréady óf the high Cástle,
 Tritónian Pállas, (sée
 Behind thee thére,) sits místress,
 In a beamy clóud's
 Effúlgent halo bríght,
 Bríght with her fell Górgon.
 The síre of héaven hímsélf
 Fúrnishes the Dánaï
 With succéssful stréngth and cóurage;
 Stirs úp the Góds hímsélf
 Agáinst the Dárdan árms.
 Awáy, my són, flee swíft;
 Let thy lábors have an énd:
 Éverywhere I'm with thee,

Until I sét thee sáfe
Ón thy patérnal thréshold.
Thús having sáid, she plúnged
Ínto the níght's thick shádes:
Ánd befóre me pláinly
I sáw the díreful fígures
Óf the gréat divínities,
Inímical to Tróy.

“All Ílium thén appéared to mé
To sínk in flámes, and fróm its báse
Neptúnian Tróy to bé o'erthrówn.
'Twás as when hinds, with stróke on stróke
Of dóuble-héaded íron áxe,
Have nígh cut thróugh, and émulous stríve
To óverthrów, an áncient ásh,
Sómewhere amóng the lófty móuntains;
With trémbling lócks, and crówn concússed
At évery stróke, it nóds its héad,
And thréatens stíll, till, grádually
With wóunds o'ercóme, awáy it 's tórn,
Ánd, with a lóng and lóud last gróan,
Down túmbles ón the hílls, a rúin.

“Descénding thénce, I máke my wáy,
Únder the guídance óf the Gódhead,
Thróugh the mídst of flámes and wéapons;
Wéapons gíve wáy and lét me páss,
The flámes retíre befóre me.
But whén the whóle wáy Í have tráversed,
And réached the óld patérnal mánshion,
My síre, whom fírst I sóught, and fáin
Had cárried fírst to thé high móuntains,

Refúses tó survive Troy's fáll,
 Ór prolóng his life by éxile:—
 'O yé, whose blóod is yóung and frésh,
 Whose fírm strength ón itself relies,
 Flee yé', he sáys; 'me tó live lónger
 Hád the celéstial dénizens wished,
 They hád préserved for mé this hóme.
 Enóugh, more thán enóugh for mé
 Ónce to have séen the city táken,
 And ónce outlived its óverthrów.
 Of this dead córse, this láid-out córse,
 Take nów your lóng and lást farewéll:
 I 'll fight until the fóe, in pity,
 Ór to obtáin my spóils, despátch me.
 Í can dispénse with tómb and búrial.
 Ódious to héaven, and úseless hére,
 This lóng time nów, my lágging yéars,
 Sínce the Gods' síre and kíng of mén
 Blew ón me with his thúnder's blást,
 And strúck me with his fire.'
 "Só he persisted sáying,
 Unchángeable ánd resólvéd:
 Wé, on the óther hánd,
 With flóods of téars beséech him—
 Í and my spóuse Creúsa,
 Ascánius, ánd the whóle hóuse—
 Beséech him, the hóuse-fáther,
 Nót to súperádd
 Préssure tó fate's préssure,
 Nór with himsélf the hóuse
 And áll of ús undó.
 Ábsolute hé refúses,

And immovable sits fixed
In the same spot and purpose.

“I rush to arms again,
And in my misery’s depth
Wish death; for now what counsel,
What chance of safety’s left:—

‘And hast thou hoped, O sire,
That I would stir one foot,
And thou left here behind?

And from a father’s mouth
Hath such impiety fallen?

If of so great a city
The powers above are pleased
That nothing shall be left,

And if thou’rt quite determined,
And think’st it right to add
Thy family and thyself

To the fall of falling Tróy,
That gate to death lies open;
Pýrrhus will soon be here,

Who massacres the son
In presence of the sire,
And massacres the sire
Beside the very altar.

‘Is it for this, kind mother,
Thou snatchest me unhurt
Out of the midst of flames,
Out of the midst of weapons,

That I may see the foe,
In the bosom of my home,
And Ascánius and my sire
And Creúsa, lying butchered,

And wéltering side by side,
 Éach in the óther's blóod?
 Bring árms, ye bráve, bring árms;
 The lást day cálls the cónquered;
 To the Dánaï gíve me báck;
 To the fíght let mé agáin;
 Let 's renéw once móre the báttle;
 This dáy we sháll not áll,
 Not áll díe únrevénged.'

"Then wíth my swórd new-gírt,
 And ínto my shíeld's hándle
 Insérting my left árm,
 I was rúshing óut of dóors,
 When, behóld! upón the thréshold
 My spóuse clíngs róund my féet,
 And ín her árms forth strétches
 Little Iúlus tó his síre:—

'If to díe thou depártest,
 Take ús wíth thee tóo
 Ínto áll the worst dángers;
 But íf thine expérience
 Has hópe stíll ín árms,
 Defénd thís hóuse fírst.
 To whóm left thy síre,
 And líttle Iúlus?
 To whóm left am Í,
 Whóm thou ónce call'dst thy wífe?"

"Wíth súch loud críes and gróans
 She was fíllíng the whóle búíldíng,
 When a pródígy rose súdden,
 And wónderfúl to téll;

For thére, among the hánds,
And befóre the very fáces,
Óf the sórrowful párents,
Ló! a light and póinted fláme
From the típ top óf the héad
Of Iúlus séemed to shéd
A bláze of líght aróund,
And with innóxious tóuch
Lick lightly his soft háir,
And féed abóut his témples.

“In trémbling féar and flúrry
We sháke the fláming háir,
And búsily with wáter
The sácred fíre extínguish;
But síre Anchíses jóyful
His eýes lífts tóward the stárs,
And tóward the héaven dírécts
His vóice and óutstretched hánds:—
‘O thóu, almíghty Jóve!
If ány práyers may bénd thee,
Dó but lóok upón us;
And thén, if thóu shouldst fínd
Our píety desérving,
Gíve us thy hélp, O síre!
And rátify this ómen.’

“Scárce had the óld man sáid,
Whén with a súdden crásh
It thúndered on the léft,
And dárting from the ský
A stár with lúminous tráin
Shót acróss the dárkness.
We sée it ó’er the hóuse top

Gliding alóing, and trácing
 Its bright path, till it plúnges
 Ínto the Idéan wóod.
 A lóng and lúminous stréak
 Is léft where it has pássed,
 And, fár and wide aróund,
 The whóle place fúmes with súlphur.

“’Twas thén indéed that, vánquished,
 The síre aróse, and wént
 Fórt to the ópen áir,
 And adóred the hólý stár,
 And thús the Góds addréssed:—
 ‘Now, nów, there ’s nó deláy;
 I fóllow, ánd wheré’er
 Ye léad, am présent thére.
 Góds of my fátherlánd,
 O! présérve my fámily;
 My grándson, O! présérve;
 This aúgury is yóurs,
 And Tróy ’s in yóur protéction.
 I yield indéed, my són,
 Ánd to kéept thee cómpány
 Refúse not ány lónger.’

“He sáid, and nów the fire
 Sounds cléarer thróugh the city,
 Ánd the cónflagrátion
 Néarer rólles its tide:—
 ‘Then cóme, dear fáther, móunt
 Upón my néck and shóuldérs;
 To cárry yóu will bé
 To mé no írksome tóil;

Betide what máy betide,
 For ús two thére shall bé
 One cómmon risk, one sáfty;
 Little Iúlus kéeps
 In cómpany with mé,
 And in my stéps far óff
 My spóuse Creúsa fóllows.
 Ye sérvants, gíve atténtion
 To what I nów shall sáy:—

‘Fácing thóse who léave the city
 Thére ’s an ántique túmulus,
 And sólitáry fáne of Céres,
 Ánd, close bý, an áncient cýpress,
 Bý our síres religiously
 Presérvéd through mány a yéar:
 Át that spót from different quárters
 We méet togéther: thóu, O síre!
 Táke in thy hánd the sácred óbjects,
 Ánd the fátherlánd Penátes:
 For mé, just frésh come fróm the cárnage
 Óf so gréat war, it were ímpious
 To láy hand ón them, till I ’ve máde
 Ablútion in the rúnníng stréam.’

“I sáid; and ón my shóuldérs bróad
 And bént neck first a gármént spréading,
 And thén a táwny líon’s skín,
 Pláce myself úndernéath my búrden.
 Little Iúlus in my ríght hánd
 Intwínes hímsélf, and tó his síre,
 With a child’s shórtér stép, kéeps clóse;
 My wífe comes ón behínd.

"Through dárk ways wé move ón,
 And Í, whom bút just nów
 No shówering missiles rúffled,
 Nor oppósing trúops of Gráii,
 By évery áir am fríghted,
 By évery sóund excited,
 In ánxious féar alike
 For my cómrade ánd my lóad.

"And nów I néared the gátes,
 And thóught I hád made góod
 The whóle way, whén, close bý,
 Áll of a súdden, séemed
 Upón our éars to fáll
 The sóund of trámping féet,
 And thróugh the sháde my síre
 Forthlóoking cries:— 'My són,
 O! flée, my són; they 're cóming;
 I sée their búrning bráss,
 I sée their fláshing shíelds.'
 "I knów not whát malignant Pówer
 Of récolléction hére deprived me,
 And flúrried ánd confúsed my mínd;
 For ás, the ród's diréction léaving,
 I táke my wáy thróugh páthless pláces,
 Alás! some violent déath snatched fróm me
 My spóuse Creúsa. Ít is dóubtful
 Whéther she stópped, or lóst her wáy,
 Or tíred sat dówn, but tó our éyesight
 Néver since thén was shé restóred:
 Nor díd I báckward túrn my lóok,
 Ór of the lóss becóme awáre,

Until to thé old túmulus
And Céres' sácred séat we cóme:
When hére at lást we 're áll collécted,
She ónly tó our númer 's wánting,
And hád not éither bý her cómrades,
Ór by her sòn, or spóuse been séen.

“Whóm of Góds or mén,
Whóm did I nót repróach
In my ráving ánd delirium?
What sight more crúel sáw I
In the sácking óf the cíty?
Ascánus, síre Anchíses,
And the Teúcrian Penátes
I hide in a curved válley,
And comménd to my compánions.
In glittering arms I'm girt,
And séek again the cíty,
Résolute to bráve
All chánces ónce again,
Through the whóle of Tróy retúrn,
Ánd to évery dänger
Expóse my life once móre.

“First I séek the wálls,
Ánd obscúre gate-pórtal
By which I hád passed óut,
Ánd my fóotmarks báckwards
Explóre with séarching eýe,
And thróugh the night retréad.
'Tis hórror éverywhére;
The véry sílence sélf
Strikes térror tó the sóul.

"Thence hóme, if bý some chátice,
 If bý some chátice that wáy
 Her fóotsteps shé had túrned;
 The Dánaï hád rushed in,
 And were másters óf the building.
 Úp to the híghest róof-top
 Bý the wind that instant
 Rólled the devóuring fire;
 Abóve the hóuse rise hígh,
 And cráckle tó the ský,
 The ráging héat and fláme.
 Thence ónward Í procéed,
 And the résidence of Priám,
 And the citadél revisít.
 Ín the vácant pórticoes
 Of Júnó's fáne alréady
 Phóenix and díre Ulýsses,
 Gúards seléct, were wátching
 The héaped up píles of bóoty.
 Thíther from all sídes,
 Tórñ from the búrning shrínes
 Troy's tréasures wére collécted:
 Thére were the cáptured véstments,
 And sólíd gólden góblets,
 And tábles óf the Góds.
 Bóys and trémbling mátrons
 Ín lóng arráy stand róund.
 "Í dáred even tó cry óut,
 And thróugh the dárkness shóut,
 And in sórrow cálléd "Creúsa",
 Úntíl Í fílléd the stréets
 With the óutcry óf her náme

Óver and óver again,
 And óver again in váin,
 And óver again, repéated.

“As thróugh the cíty’s hóuses
 Thus in éndless séarch I ráged,
 Befóre mine eýes appéared,
 Lárger than life, the sháde,
 Sémbulance, and ímaged fórm
 Of Creúsa’s hápless sélf,
 And in these wórds addréssed me,
 And sólaced thús my cáre:—
 ‘What aváils it, Ó sweet spóuse,
 Such mád grief tó indúlge?
 These evénts do nót occúr
 Withóut the will divíne:
 To táke Creúsa with thee,
 Compánion óf thy trável,
 His órdinánce forbíds
 Who réigns o’er high Olýmpus.

‘Áfter á far éxile,
 Áfter thóu hast plóughed
 The vást tract óf the séa,
 Thou shált at lást arríve
 Át the Hespérian lánd,
 Whére with géntle cúrrént
 Lýdian Týber flóws
 Thróugh rich and péopled fíelds.
 A róyal spóuse, and kíngdom,
 Ánd prospérity there wáit thee.
 Weep no móre for lóved Creúsa;
 Néver will Í, a Dárdan,

And Góddess Vénus' daughter,
 The háughty séats behóld
 Of Mýrmidon or Dólops,
 Or gó to bé a sláve
 Tó a Gráian místress;
 The gréat Gods'-móther mé
 Hére in these shóres detáins.
 And nów farewéll, and éver
 Lóve our cómmon són.'

"Ínto thin áir, this sáid,
 Desérting me she fléd,
 And léft me wéeping múch,
 And múch to sáy desíring.
 Abóut her néck there thrice
 I stróve my árms to thrów;
 Thrice from my frústrate grásp,
 Light as the winds, the sháde,
 Swift as a dréam, escáped.

"So spént the níght, at lást
 To my pártý Í retúrn:
 And hére I fínd with wónder
 Great núbbers óf new cómrades
 From áll sides hád flowéd ín;
 Matrons and mén and yóuths,
 A míserable crówd,
 Réady with héart and súbstance
 To fóllo w me to éxile,
 Ínto whatever lánds
 I míght think fít to léad them
 Awáy beyónd the séa.

"And nów o'er Ída's tóps
 Lúcifer was rising,
 And léading ón the dáy;
 Strong bódies of the Dánaï
 Had posséssion of the gátes,
 And évery hópe was lóst;
 I yield: uplift my síre,
 And my wáy take tó the móuntains.

III.

“After the Góds
Had thought fít to destróy,
By a dóom it desérvéd not,
The réalm Asiátic,
And lineage of Priám,
And próud Ilium féll,
And áll Troy Neptúnian
Smóked from the gróund,
Divine áuguries dríve us,
To séek out far lánds,
Desert pláces of éxile,
And close únder Antándrus
And Phrýgian Mount Ída,
We build our fleet’s fábric,
And our créw get togéther,
All úncertain whither
The fátes may convéy us,
Where allów us to hált.

“’Twas the véry beginning
And fírst of the súmmer,
When fáther Anchíses
Gave órders to spréad out
Our sails to the fátes;

And in téars I take léave
Of the shóres of my cóuntry,
And the pláins where Troy ónce was,
And sáil out of pórt,
And awáy to the hígh deep
An éxile am bórne
With my cómrades and sòn
And the gréat Gods Penátes.

“From Tróy’s coast far dístant,
The Thrácians inhábit
A lánd to Mars sácred,
Vast wíde-spreading pláins,
By dóughty Lycúrgus
In óld time reigned óver,
And clósely united
With Tróy in relátions
Friéndly and sócial,
While Tróy was a cíty.

“I sail thíther, and lánding
By nó kind fate sánctioned,
Amóng the shore’s wíndings
Begín straight to búild,
And fróm my own náme,
Call my péople Enéadae.

“A sléek, shining búll
To the Kíng of the Góds
On the shóre I was óffering,
And práying the móther
Dionéan to bléss
The wórks I ’d begún:

It chanced that a túmulus
 Néar hand was stánding,
 O'ergrówn with shrub córnél,
 And stiff spikes of mýrtle.
 I went tó it, and stróve
 From the swárd to tear úp
 Some gréen wood for bóughs,
 To gárland the áltars,
 When a pródigy hórrid,
 And stránge to reláte,
 To my eýes was présented:
 For fróm the first sáplíng,
 Pulled óut of the gróund,
 Black dróps of blood dríp,
 Where 'twas bróke from the róot,
 And the éarth stain with góre.
 Cold hórror my límbś shakes,
 My blóod with fear fréezes.
 Procéeding to púll up
 Anóther tough wíthe,
 And the hídden cause síft
 And explóre to the bóttom,
 From the óther's rínd tóo
 The black dróps of blood íssue.
 I búsy my mínd
 With conjéctures, and ófferíng
 To the rúral nymphs hómage,
 And to fáther Gradívus,
 The Gétic plains' lórd,
 Beséech them to shéd
 On th' appéarance their bléssíng,
 And avért the bad ómen:
 But whén I attépt

With a still greater éffort
 The thírđ rod to wrénch,
 And wíth my knees, púshing
 Agáinst the sand, stráin —
 Shall I spéak out or húsh? —
 I héard from the tómb's depth
 A píteous groan íssue,
 And thús a voice ánswer:—

‘Why lácerate só
 A póor wretch, Enéas?
 Dead and búried let rést;
 And thy kind, tender hánds
 With súch a crime stáin not.
 Thine ówn Troy produćed me,
 And the blóod from this stálk
 Drips not stránger to thee.
 Ah! flée this land crúel,
 These shores cóvetous flée,
 For Í'm Polydórus,
 And this spiky cróp
 Has shot úp from the lánces,
 Sharp - póinted and thícK-set,
 That hére pierced me thróugh.’

“Then indéed I was fríghtened,
 And stóod hesítating
 In dóubt and amázement;
 My vóice to my thróat clave,
 My háir rose eréct.
 This Pólydore, érewhíle,
 With góld a great wéight,
 To the Thrácian King's kéeping

Was privily sent
 By unfortunate Priam,
 When he saw the besiegers
 Investing his city,
 And began to distrust
 The Dárdan arms' strength.
 His host, when the might
 Of the Teúcri was broken,
 And their fortune at ébb,
 Takes part with the conquering
 Arms Ágamemnónian,
 And évery tie bréaking,
 Kills Polydórus,
 And clutches the góld.
 O cursed thirst of góld,
 To what crime persuád'st not
 The bósom of mórtals!

"When the fright left my bónes,
 I reláte to selécted
 Chief mén of the péople,
 And first to my sire
 The pórtents celéstial,
 And ásk their advice.
 All are óf the one mínd,
 To gíve the sails lóose
 To the bréath of the Áustri,
 And the wícked land léave,
 That bróke a host's fáith.

"We sólemnize thérefore
 The fúneral of Pólydore,
 And the túmulus héap huge,

And pile up with éarth;
Ánd to the Mánes
Raise áltars, festóoned
With dárk violet fillets
And sórrowful cýpress.
The wómen of Ílium
Stand róund, as of wónt,
With lóng hair dishévelled.
Foaming milk-boats funéreal
Of wárm milk we óffer,
And bówls of blood sácred;
Then invóke with a lást shout,
And in the tomb búry,
The sóul of the déad.

“Then as sóon as the winds
And the séa had grown plácid,
And séemed fair to prómise,
And Áuster’s mild rústling
To the hígh deep invíted,
Our créws o’er the shóres spread,
And hául down the véssels;
We sáil out of pórt;
Lands and cíties recéde.

“Amídst the sea lies,
Most délightful to dwéll in,
A lánd consecráte
To Néptune Aegéan
And the móther of the Néreids;
Which, in óld time wide flóating
Abóut the coasts róund,
The áffectionate Bówbearer

Bóund between lofty
 Mýcon and Gýarus,
 And stéadied secúrely,
 That it might receive cúlture,
 And at nóught set the winds.

“My cóurse I shape thither;
 That móst placid island’s
 Safe hárbour recéives us
 Fatigued with our vóyage.
 Disembarked, we bow dówn
 With réverence befóre
 Apóllo’s own cíty.
 We are mét by King Ánius,
 Ánius who Kíng is
 And high priest of Phóebus;
 With his témples encírcled
 With láurel branch sácred
 And diadem he méets us,
 And sóon recognizing
 His óld friend Anchises,
 Clasps the hánds of his guésts,
 Who clasp his in retúrn,
 And we énter the dwélling.

“In his tíme-worn stone témples
 I wórshipped the Gód:—
 ‘O gránt us, Thymbréus,
 A hóme of our ówn;
 To our wéariness gránt
 A fórtified strónghold,
 A pérmanent cíty,
 And nácional líne.

Tróy's second Pergamus
 Ó save in ús,
 In ús, the poor résidue
 Léft by the Dánaï
 And rúthless Achilles.
 Whóm bidst us fóllow?
 Which wáy shall we túrn?
 Or whére shall we séttle?
 Advise us, O síre,
 And glide into our mínds.

“Scárce had I sáid,
 Whén of a súdden
 All things seemed to róck,
 And be pút into mótion,
 Both the flóor of the témples,
 Ánd the God's láurel,
 And the whóle mountain róund;
 The shrine was thrown ópen;
 And from únder its cúrtain
 Forth béllowed the Trípod.
 To the gróund we fall próstrate;
 A vóice to our éars comes:—

‘Hárdy Dardánidae,
 That lánd, whence the prímitive
 Stóck of your ráce came,
 Will wélcome with jóy
 Your retúrn to its láp:
 Search ón, till ye find out
 Your áncient móther:
 Enéas' house thére
 And his children's children

For éver and éver
O'er áll lands shall réign.'

"So Phóebus; and gréat joy
In áll rose tumúltuous;
And whére may that lánd be,
They ásk one anóther,
To which Phoebus bids them
Their stráy footsteps túrn,
And thére found their city.

"Then my síre, turning óver
The óld-time traditions,
Says:— 'Chieftains, give éar;
And from mé learn your hópes.
In the séa's midst lies Créte,
With its móuntain Idéan;
The isle of great Jóve,
And the crádle of our ráce;
A rich teeming réalm
With a húndred great cities.
From thénce came of óld
Our mighty sire Teúcer,
If whát I have héard
I récollect rightly,
And chóse for his réalm's site
The séacoast Rhoetéán.
In the váles' depths they dwélt then,
And as yét was no Ílium,
No Pergámean tówers.
Hence bórrówed those rites,
That may nótt be discússed,
Of the Móther that lóves

The haunts of Cybéle;
Hence the Córybants' cýmbals,
Hence Ída's grove bórrówed,
And the lions yoked únder
The cár of our Lády.
Cóme then, let 's fóllo
Whíther the Góds lead;
Let 's propítiate the winds,
And the Gnóssian realms séek,
No léngthy run distant:
With Júpiter's hélp,
The third dáy sets our fléet
On the séa-bord of Créte.'

"He sáid; and the Góds
With due ófferings hónored;
To Néptune a búll slew,
To thée, fair Apóllo,
A búll on the áltar;
To Híems, a bláck sheep;
A white, to fair Zéphyrs.

"Expélled out of Créte
And the réalms of his síres
'Twas repórted that chieftain
Idómeneus had fléd,
And léft us a hóme there,
And nóne to molést us.
Ortýgia's port léaving
We skím swiftly óver
The ísland-sown séa,
Through the clústering Cýclades,
By Oléaros alóng,

And snówy - white Páros,
And vérdant Donýsa,
And the BÁCchanal - révelled
Móuntains of Náxos.
Chéerily sáilors call;
Búsy the hánds of all:—
'For the lánd of our fóresires,
For Créte,' is the cry.
A wind rises áft,
And goes with us alóng,
Ánd to the shóres
Of the áncient Curétes
At lást we come gliding.

"I sét about thérefore,
And éagerly wórk at,
The wálls of the city
I 'd so lónged to see rising;
And cáll it Pergámea;
And my péople exhórt
To cling clóse to a hóme
By so déar a name cálléd,
And réar high their cástle.

"But scárce were the ships
On the drý shore drawn úp;
And the yóung people búsy
With fármíng their néw lands,
And márríage contrácting;
And with láw-giving, Í,
And assígníng of dwéllings;
When ón the limbs súdden,
And ón trees and cróps,

From the póisonous áir
Of the únhealthy séason,
Came a péstilence pútrid,
A wrétched diséase,
That killed the sweet life
Or léft the frame sickly,
Burning Sírius the gráss
And the fields shrivelled úp;
And the dry, blasted cróp
No nóurishment yíelded.
O'er the séa back agáin,
My síre bids us méasure
Our wáy to Ortýgia;
There to bég Phoebus' gráce,
And the óracle ásk,
To whát quarter nów
Is our cóurse to be sháped,
Whére may our wéariness
Hópe to find rést,
What énd, what relief
He appoints to our lábors.

“'Twas night; and all things
That had life were asléep;
When the Phrýgian Penátes,
Whose imágenes sácred
I bróught with me óut
Of the mídst of Troy's flámes,
Seemed, ás I lay sléeping,
To stánd manifésted
In múch light befóre me,
Where the fúll moon was thróugh
The wide-ópen sash stréaming,

And thus to address me,
And solace my cares:—

‘What Apóllo would téll thee
Arrived at Ortýgia,
Behóld! he sends ús,
Of his ówn free accórd,
To decláre to thee hére.
Since the fire of Dardánia
Thy fórtunes we ’ve fóllowed
And thóse of thine árms;
We have sáiled in thy shíps,
And alóng with thee méasured
The swóllen sea acróss;
’Tis wé that shall émpire
Confér on thy city,
And ráise to the stárs high
The héirs of thy líne.
But thóu, from thy trável’s
Long lábour not shrinking,
Prepáre a great city
For gréat men to dwéll in:
It wás not on thése shores,
It wás not in Créte,
The Délian Apóllo
Báde thee to séttle;
Thou must séek other quárters.

‘Hespéria’s the náme
Which the Gráii bestów
On an óld warlike lánd,
Of a rích fruitful glébe,

By th' Oenótriï ónce tilled,
 Ánd at the présent time
 Cálléd, it is sáid,
 By the yóung race, Itália,
 From the náme of a chief.
 There our ríghtful abóde;
 Thence Dárdanus spráng,
 And fáther Iásius,
 The héad of our ráce.
 Úp, up, and jóyfully
 Téll thine aged síre
 These trúths beyond quéstion.
 Let him Córythus séek,
 Ánd th' Ausónian lands;
 Jóve to thee gránts not
 The fiélds Dictéan.'

"By the vísion astónished,
 And vóice of the Góds,
 (Nor wás it mere sléep,
 For I pláinly obsérved
 The filleted háir,
 And lóok of the Déities
 Présent and spéaking;
 And the cóld sweat wás stréaming
 My whóle body óver,)
 I spríng from the cóuch,
 And my vóice, and the pálms
 Of my úpward-turned hánds,
 Dirécting towards héaven,
 Póur on the héarth-fire
 The unmixed-wine libátion.

“The wórship compléted,
 I téll the whole cáse,
 With jóy, to Anchíses.
 He admítted the twófóld,
 Ambíguous, extráction;
 Ánd that he hád now
 A sécond time érred
 Abóut these old pláces;
 Then sáys:— ‘O my són,
 So by Ílium’s fates hárrassed,
 Cassándra alóne
 Such advéntures foretóld me.
 I récollect nów,
 Her próphecies prómised
 These réalms to our ráce,
 And oft cálléd them Itália,
 Hespéria oft cálléd them.
 But whó could believe
 That the Teúcri wóuld cóme
 To the cóasts of Hespéria?
 Or whó had faíth thén
 In Cassándra’s foretéllings?
 Let us gíve way to Phóebus,
 And, táught by this léssoñ,
 Do bétter in fúture.’

“He sáys; and we áll,
 Huzzáing and jóyful,
 Obéy his commánd;
 This séttlement tóo
 Desért, and a féw
 Behínd in it léaving,
 Set sáil, and awáy

In our hóllo w ships scúd
The vást sea-plain óver.

“And nów o’er the high deep
We were hól ding our wáy on,
And no lánd was in síght,
But on évery side róund us
Sky ónly and séa,
When, right óver our héads
And the dárk curling wáves,
Stood a lívid cloud lów ering,
With níght charged and témp est.
In an ínstant the wínds
Raise the vást raging séa,
And dispérse us and tóss us
Abóut on the bíllows.
Through rífts in the stórm clouds
That híde from our síght,
And láp in damp níght,
The ský and daylight,
Shoots the líghtning in vólleys.
We are dríven from our cóurse,
And dríft about blíndly
Óver the wát ers.
Palinúrus hímsélf
Protésts he ’s unáble
Dáy in the ský
To dístíngu ish from níght,
Ór, in the mídst
Of the séa, fínd hí s wáy.
Three dáy s dí m - dístíngu ish ed,
Three stárless níghts, só
In blínd dárkness we dríft;

On the fóurth day at léngth
 Land is fírst seen to ríse,
 And brings ínto víew móuntains
 Áwáy in the dístance,
 And shówes cúrling smóke.
 Dówn drop our sáils,
 To our óars we ríse úp,
 And wíthóut more adó
 Áwáy pull the créw,
 And twírling the drípping foam
 Swéep o'er the blúe.

“The Stróphades’ cóasts
 Are the fírst to recéive me,
 Sáved from the wáters;
 The Stróphades, só
 By a Gráian name cálléd,
 Are íslands that líe
 In the gréat sea lónian,
 Where díreful Celéno
 And the rést of the Hárpies
 Dwéll ever sínce
 From their fórmer caróuse
 They were fríghted áwáy,
 And ágáinst them was clósed
 The pálace of Phíneus.
 More fóul pest than théy
 The Góds’ wrath sent néver;
 Néver from Stýgian wave
 Róse dírer mónster.
 Fáces of dámsels,
 Bódies of bírds,
 Wíth fóulest dung-dróppings,

And hánds crooked to tálons,
 And vísages éver
 Pállid with fámine.

“When, híther arrived,
 We hád the port éntered,
 Lo! we sée, everywhére
 In the fields, without kéeper
 Glád herds of óxen
 And flócks of goats grázing.
 Sword in hánd we rush ón,
 Ánd to a sháre
 Of the préy call the Góds,
 And Júpiter’s sélf;
 Then ráise dining cóuches
 Upón the curved shóre,
 And spléndidly féast;
 Bút, on a súdden,
 Dówn from the móuntains
 The Hárpies are ón us,
 With hórrible clápping
 And clánging of wings,
 Maráuding, despóiling,
 Ánd with uncléan touch
 Pollúting the víands;
 Screaming díre all the while,
 And a nóisome stench shédding.

“Agáin we lay óut,
 In a pláce far remóte,
 Undernéath an o’erhánging
 Rock’s shélder, our tábles,
 With trées closed all róund

And thick branching úmbrage,
 Ánd on the áltars
 Agáin place the fire.
 Agáin come the cláinging pack
 Óut of their hídings,
 Ánd from a dífferent
 Quárter round glíding,
 Pollúte with their tálons
 And fóul mouths the víands.
 I thén bid my cómrades
 Betáke them to árms,
 And that wár with the díre crew
 Múst needs be wáged.
 They dó as commáded,
 Ánd in the hérbage
 Swórds hide and shíelds.
 Só when the whírr
 Of their dównward flight sóunded
 Alóng the cúrved shóre,
 And Misénus with trúmpet-blast,
 Fróm his high lóok-out,
 Has gíven them the sígnal,
 My cómrades rush ón,
 And the nóvel fight trý,
 To wóund with their swórds
 The séa's birds obscéne.
 But théy take no húrť
 Or on plúmage or bódy,
 And awáy toward the ský
 In rápid flight glíding,
 Their hálf-eaten préy
 Leave behínd and foul tráces.
 On a lófty-browed rók

One, Celéno, her pérch takes,
And, únlucky sóothsayer,
Cróaks forth these wórds:—

‘And wáge ye war tóo,
O Laómedon’s sóns,
War tóo for the óxen
And stéers ye have sláughtered?
And will ye the innocent
Hárpies expél
From their cóuntry and réalms?
Hear thérefore my wórds
And in your minds fix them.
What the Fáther almíghty,
To Phóebus Apóllo,
What Phóebus Apóllo
To mé hath foretóld,
I, the chief of the Fúries,
Revéal now to yóu.
For Itália you ’re bóund,
Ánd to Itália,
Áfter your vóws
Ye have máde to the winds,
Ye shall sáfely arríve,
Ánd to land ón it
Sháll be allówed you;
But ye sháll not wall róund
Your appóinted cíty,
Until áfter dire fámine,
Avénging this úndeserved
Ónslaught on ús,
Has compélled you to nibble
And gnáw round your tréenchers.’

“She said; and fled off
To the wood on her pinions.

“Then with sudden fear freezes
The blood of my comrades,
Their courage is fallen,
Nor will they on arms
Rely any longer,
But with prayers and entreaties
The good will implore
Of those beings, whatever
Their nature may be;
Goddesses whether,
Or dire birds obscene.
And father Anchises
With palms wide spread out,
As he stands on the shore,
Invokes the great Gods,
And ordains the due honors:—
‘Avert, ye kind Gods,
The catastrophe threatened,
And your worshippers save.’
Then bids them loosen
And shake out the rope coils,
And the stay cable
Haul off from the shore.
South breezes our sails stretch,
And, following the call
Of the steersman and wind,
We scud over the foam.

“And now midst the waves
Shrub Zacynthus appears,

And Dulíchium, Sáme,
And Néritos' stéep cliffs:
We flée far awáy
From Láërtian Íthaca's
Rócky domáins,
And déep curse the lánd
That núrse'd fell Ulýs'ses.
By and bý Mount Leucáta's
Súmmit's tempéstuous,
And the fáne of Apóllo,
The térror of sáilors,
Upón our view ópens.
Our wéary course thither
We túrn, and heave tó
Beside the small cíty.
From the prów drops the ánchor,
The stérns line the shóre.

“And só of firm lánd,
Beyond áll expectátion
At lást in posséssion,
We perfórm our lustrátions,
And Jóve's altars kindle;
And sólemnize gámes
In dischárge of our vóws,
And let Áctium's shores witness
The pástimes of Ílium;
Our fólk (in delight
To have máde good their flíght
Through the mídst of the fóe's
Many cíties Argólic),
Enácting with náked

And óil-besmeared shóuldern
Their nátive gymnástics.

“In the méantime the sún
Round the gréat year is rólled,
And frore winter's north-éasters
Róughen the séa.
I bíd them their pláces
Take ón the row-bénches,
And sét out from pórt.
But first in the frónt
Of the gáte I set úp
The cóncave brass búckler,
Great Ábas once cárried,
And with this scroll inscribe:
*From the cónquering Dánaï
Enéas these spóils took.*
Then évery oar stríves
Which will smíte the sea stóutest,
And brávely we swéep
O'er the fáce of the déep.

“Straightwáy from our viéw
Slip awáy the Pheácian
Cítadels áiry.
Alóng by the cóasts
Of Epírus we skím,
The Chaónian port énter,
And lie to befóre
Buthrótus' high city.

“An increíble rúmour
Here réaches our éars,

That of Phrygian Eácides'
 Cónsort and scéptre
 Nów in posséssion,
 Priám's son Hélenus
 Rúled far and wide
 O'er the Gráian cíties,
 Ánd that Andrómache
 Cálled once agáin
 A compátriot, lórd.
 I was strúck with amázement;
 My bréast was inflámed
 With a wóndrous desíre
 To spéak with the héro,
 And héar from himsélf
 Of advéntures so stránge;
 I léave fleet and shóre,
 And walk úp from the pórt.

"It chanced, in a sácred grove
 Óutside the cíty,
 By the síde of a mimic
 Símois' wátters,
 Andrómache wéeping,
 To the cínclers of Héctor
 Was póuring libátion,
 The Mánés invóking,
 And óffering the sólemn
 And sád viand-óffering,
 At the Cénotaph túmulus,
 And twó sácred áltars,
 She had búilt of green túrf.

“When she saw me approaching,
 And about me men armed
 With the armour of Tróy,
 Séized with wild fright
 At the márvellous sight,
 She gréw cold and stiff,
 And sank dówn in a swoón;
 And, áfter a lóng time,
 Thus hárdly at lást said:—

‘Is it a réal face,
 And cóm’st thou thysélf,
 Substántial and líving,
 Ó Goddess-bórn?
 Or if unsubstántial
 And nót of this wórld,
 Then why comes not Héctor?’
 “She sáid; and with téars
 And lámements the whole pláce filled.

“With mínd discompósed,
 And stámmering útterance
 I can scárce to her ráving,
 In sýllables bróken
 These féw words replý:—
 ‘I líve indeed — dóubt not,
 For réal what thou sée’st —
 And thróugh all extrémities
 Drág on exístence.
 O thóu that hast fálled
 From a wédlock so hígh,
 Ah! whát ’s thy lot nów?
 Is Pýrrhus thy lórd still?

Ór does a sùitable
Fórtune at lást
Visit hér that was ónce
Héctor's Andrómache?

“She cást down her lóok,
And with húmble voice sáid:—
‘Oh! háppy was shé,
Above áll Priam's dáughters,
Who benéath Troy's high wálls,
At the énemy's tómb
Was commáded to díe;
No lotcásting for cáptives
Had shé to endúre,
No béd ever tóuched
Of a cónqueror and máster.

But Í, made a sláve
When my cóuntry was búrned,
Over fár seas must trável,
And the próud humors béar
Of the háughty young shóot
Of the stóck of Achilles;
Who áfter a child's birth
Transférred me, his bóndsmaid,
To Hélenus his bóndsman,
And awáy went a-wóoing
Ledéan Hermíone's
Hand Lácedemónian.
But Oréstes, inflámed
By the lóss of the bríde
He so ténderly lóved,
And his thóughts' even ténor

Disturbed by his own crime's
 Retributive Furies,
 Pounces on him unwary,
 And slays him in front
 Of the altar domestic.

'Neoptólemus déad,
 A párt of his émpire
 To Hélenus féll;
 Who, from Cháon the Trójan,
 These pláins called Chaónian,
 And the náme of Chaónia
 Bestówed on the kingdom;
 Ánd with this Pérgamus'
 Stróng castle Ílian
 These híll tops compléted.
 But whát winds have blówn thee
 To thése coasts of óurs?
 Or whát fate hath léd thee,
 What Gód driven thee, híther,
 In ígnorance tótal
 Of áll that has háppened?
 And hów does Ascánius?
 Is stíll the boy líving
 Whom while Tróy was a city —
 Is the lóss of his párent
 A gríef to him sómetimes?
 Does his bréast ever glów
 With the óld martial spírit?
 Does he éver remémber
 He 's són of Enéas,
 And néphew of Héctor?'

“As thús she was póuring
Her lóng lamentátion,
And áll in vain wéeping,
Forth óut of the fórtress,
By a gréat suite escórted,
Comes Priám's son Hélenus,
His friends recognises,
And léads with joy in;
And with éach word he útters
Sheds mány a téar.
I obsérve on my wáy
How líke to great Tróy
Their mimic Troy cíty
And Pérgamus tíny,
With the scánty dry stréamlet
They cáll after Xánthus,
And clásp to my bósom
Their Scáean gate's pórtal.

“Nór, at the sáme time,
Enjóyed not the Teúcri
Their cíty of friends;
The Kíng entertáined them
In pórticoes ámple;
In the mídst of the háll
Stood the gólden-served bánquet;
And with bówls in their hánds
They libáted to Bácsus.

“And só, as awáy
Fleeted dáy after dáy,
And the bréezes of Áuster,
Infláting the línt-sheet,

Invited to sáil,
I accóst in these wórds,
And inquire of, the séer:—
‘O thóu Trojan-bórn,
Who intérpret’st the Góds;
Who Phóebus’ divine will
Percéivest and féel’st;
Who expóundest the Clárian’s
Láurels and trípod,
The sígns of the stárs,
And the lánгуage of bírds,
And the ómens derived
From the swift-flying wing,
O sáy — for the Góds,
With one ónly excéption,
To Ítaly cáll me,
And the lánds reserved fór me
Commánd me to trý;
And relígon my whóle course
Has prómised me prósperous,
Only Hárpy Celéno
With áwful wrath thréatens,
And predicts us a fámíne,
Foul, stránge, and prodígíous,
And súch as no píous soul
Dáre even spéak of —
Say whát ’s the chief dánger;
These díffículties hów
Shall I bést shun or cónquer.

“Here Hélenus, fírst
Having sláughtered the stéers

By the rítual required,
Entréats the heaven's gráce;
And, unlóosing the tíar
From his sánctified héad,
Me, in ánxious suspénse
And áwe of the Gód's
Great mánifestátion,
Leads himsélff, in his hánd,
To thy dwélling, O Phóebus.
Thén in prophétic strain
Fróm his divíne mouth
Thús sang the priest:—

‘O bórn of a Góddess!
Since the gréatness is pláin
Of the áuspices which
O'er the hígh deep escórt thee —
Since the mónarch of Góds
Appóints the Fates só,
So dispóses evént
In succéssion and órder —
Sóme out of mány points
Í'll expláin tó thee,
That thou máy'st with more sáfety
The séa take for hóst,
And secúrely at lást
In Ausónian port séttle.
To knów more than this,
Or móre than this téll,
The bán of the Párcae
And Júnó Satúrnian
Hélenus hinders.

'First of áll, that Itália
 Thou déem'st near at hánd,
 And whose pórts thou prepar'st,
 As if clóse at the dóor,
 (Ah how líttle thou knów'st!)
 All at ónce to inváde,
 Beyond mány a lánd's
 Wide impássable tráct
 Lies fár far awáy.
 Thine óar thou must tóg
 In Trinácria's wátters,
 The bríny Ausónian
 Must náavigate róund,
 The Inférnal Lakes visit,
 And páss by the ísland
 Of Círce Eéan,
 Befóre thou canst séttle
 On sáfe land thy cíty.
 I 'll téll thee the tókens:
 Keep them stóred in thy mínd.

'When thóu, in the mídst
 Of thy tróuble and cáre,
 Benéath the holm óaks
 That bólder the bánk's
 Of a ríver retíred,
 A great white sow shalt fínd
 Stretched at léngth on the gróund,
 Gíving súck to her fárrów
 Of thírty young pígs,
 Each as white as hersélf,
 That spót 's thy sure rést
 And the síte of thy cíty.

Nor lét thy flesh créep
At that gnáwing of tréncers;
The Fátes will a wáy find,
Apóllo when cálléd on
Will cóme to thine áid.

‘But avóid the edge néxt us
Of Ítaly’s shóres;
Wicked Gráii inhábit,
And fíll with their cíties,
All that tráct which is wáshed
By this séa-surf of óurs;
Here the Lócric Narýcian
Their cíty have built,
Ánd with his sóldiery
Lýctian Idómeneus
Óccupies wide
The Sállentine pláins.
Here too on the stréngth
Of her wáll Philoctétian
Relies with all cónfidence
Chief Melibóeus’s
Little Petília.

‘Even wén on the óff side
Thy fléet has arríved,
And ón the seashóre
Thou art ráising thine áltars
And páying thy vóws,
Thy lócks thou must shróud,
And thy fáce cover úp,
With a wrápper of púrple,
Lest, whilst at the blázing

And sáncified áltars
 Thou art hónoring the Góds,
 An énemy's fáce
 By some chánce meet thine eýe,
 And már all the ómens.
 Let thysélf, let thy cómrades,
 This cústom obsérve,
 Thy postérity éver
 In hóliness kéep,
 And abide by, this rítual.

'But whén on thy wáy
 Thou hast sét out from hénce,
 And the wind wafts thee néar
 To the cóast of Sicília,
 And the stráits of Pelórus
 Begin to grow wide,
 Keep awáy from the wátters
 And shóre on the stárboard,
 And, awáy to the lárboard
 In lóng círcuit tácking,
 The léft shore sweep róund.

'They sáy that these lánds,
 At first óne and continuous,
 Have, at sóme time or óther,
 With mighty convúlsion
 And vást wreck and ruín
 In twáin leaped asúnder,
 (So powérful is time's lapse
 To bring about chánges,)
 And thát the sea, fórcibly
 In between rúshing,

Cut Ítaly óff
From the side of Hespéria,
Só that an interposed
Frith's narrow wáters
Now wash ópposite cíties
And ópposite fields.

‘The right side by Scýlla

Is gárrisoned stróng;

Charybdis implácable

Síts on the léft,

And into her whirlpool,

Sheer dówn perpendicular

Three tímes in succéssion

Each vást billow súcks,

Ánd to the úpper air

Thrice aloft flíngs each,

And láshes the stárs:

But Scýlla the fáce has

Óf a fair máiden,

And húman her búst is

As fár as the gróin,

Where it énds in a mónstrous

Huge trúnk of a grámpus,

To a wólf's belly knít

And the táil of a dólphin:

And óut of the dárk

Cavern-hóle that conceáls her

She thrústs her face fórch,

And drags ships on the rócks.

Far bétter to cómpass,

Althóugh it deláy thee,

Trinácrian Pachýnus,
 With lóng circuit róund,
 Than one síngle look cást
 On uncóuth shapeless Scýlla
 In her vást cavern cróuching,
 Or the rócks that resóund
 With her blúe cub-wolves' bárk.

‘Besídes, (if in Hélenus
 Áught be of wísdóm,
 If ány reliance
 May be pláced in the séer,
 And if but with trúth
 Apóllo his mínd fills,)
 Of this póint, Goddess-bórn,
 This one póint I'll forewárn thee,
 This one póint above áll,
 And óver and óver
 And óver agáin
 Will repéat and impréss it;
 To Júnó's great Gódhead
 Addréss thy first vóws,
 To Júnó thy gifts bring,
 To Júnó thy práyers sing,
 And, with héart and soul póured forth
 In húmble entréaties,
 Subdúe to thy wíshes
 The pówerful dóнна:
 So shált thou at lást
 From Trinácria be pássed
 To Ítaly's cónfines,
 Succéssful, victórious.

‘When Itália thou ’st réached,
And the cíty of Cúma,
And rústling Avérnus’
Divíne woods and lákes;
Thou shalt sée the crazed máid
That benéath the coved róck
Writes her vèrses prophétic
On plúcked leaves of trées:
So lóng as the dóor
Of the cáve remains shút,
These presérve their due órder,
Arráinged as she léft them;
But whén the door ópens,
The fírst puff of wínd
Sends the ténder leaves flíting
The whóle cave abóut,
And the máid never cáring
To cách, and dispóse them
Anéw in their órder,
Inquirers awáy go
As wíse as they cáme,
And túrn with disgúst
From the cáve of the Síbyl.

‘Here lísten not thóu,
Though thy cómrades may chide thee,
And a fáir wind may cáll thee,
And préss thee to sáil;
Nor the tíme lost to trável
Estéem of such válué,
As nóť to go páy
Thy respécts to the séer,
And bég she may pléase

Her clósed lips to ópen,
And gíve to her próphecies
Útterance óral.

‘Duly wórshipped, the priestess
Will cléarly expláin thee
The nátions Itálian,
The wárs that awáit thee,
And hów thou may’st bést
Flee or béar every tóil;
And ón thy way própserous
Fórward will sénd thee.
With thése admonítions
My vóice is permitted
To wárn and advíse thee.
Now gó, and aloft
With thy bráve deeds exált
Mighty Tróy to the éther.’

“The séer, when with friendly mouth
Thús he had spóken,
Bids mássy gold présents
Be bróught to the véssels,
And on bóard of them gréat store
Of sílver plate stóws,
And ívory fíllagree,
Bówls Dodonéan,
And the línkéd coat of máil
Neoptólemus wóre
Of tríple gold wíre,
And his hélmet so spléndid
With hórse-tail appénded
To hígh toweríng crést.

Gifts appropriate, too,
He bestows on my sire;
And presents us with horses,
Presents us with pilots,
The number of rowers
Fills up complete,
And with rowing implements
Rigs us out new.

“Meantime to get ready
Our masts and our canvas,
And not lose the fair wind,
Anchises gives counsel:
And thus, with much honor
Addressing him, says
The prophet of Phœbus:—

‘O thou, worthy deemed
Of Vénus’ high nuptials,
Special care of the Gods,
Anchises, twice rescued
From Pérgamus’ ruins,
Behold stretched before thee
The land of Ausónia;
Sail away for it straight.
This near side, however,
Skirt along without touching;
Far from it apart
Lies that district Ausonian,
Apóllo throws open.
On, on, of a duteous son
Ó happy father:
The Áustri are rising,

What need of more tálking?
 Or why should I lónger
 With préaching delay thee?’

“Andrómache too,
 Sad at pártng for éver,
 Has bróught for Ascánus —
 Nor is the boy lóth
 With the gift to be lóaded —
 A Phrýgian-wrought Chlámys
 With figures embróidered
 Upón a gold gróund;
 And thús to him sáys:—

‘Take this too, my bóy;
 Let this wórk of my hánds
 Remind thee sometimes
 Of the cónsort of Héctor,
 Ánd of the lóng love
 Andrómache béars thee.
 Take thy rélatíve’s lást gift,
 O thóu, the sole ímage
 On éarth to me léft
 Of Astýanax nów;
 Like thine were his féatures,
 Like thine his hands’ móvements,
 His eýes glanced like thine,
 And he wóuld be, if líving,
 Just nów the same áge,
 Such a stripling as thóu.’

“With gúshng tears thús
 I addréssed them at pártng:—
 ‘Live in háppiness yé,

Who alréady your fórtunes
Have máde and compléted.
While wé out of óne fate
Are cálléd to anóther,
Rest 's provided for yóu:
No wide-spreáding séa-plain
Have yé to plough óver;
No fields of Ausónia,
Still fléeing befóre ye,
Have yé to pursúe.
Ye have hére, in your síght,
An ímage of Xánthus,
A Tróy which your ówn hands
Have búilt, let me hópe,
With áuspices bétter
Than thóse of the óld one,
Ánd to the Gráii
Of áccess less éasy.
If éver the stréam
Of the Týber I énter,
If I éver arríve at
The Týberine fíelds,
And sée the strong cíty
That 's gránted my péople,
We 'll blénd and únite
Into óne Troy in spírit
The twó sister cíties,
The twó kindred péoples,
This in Epírus,
And thát in Hespéria,
Bóth from one fórefather
Dárdanus sprúng,
And the sélfsame misfórtune;

Ánd may our children
The bónd preserve éver.

“Whilst alóng by the néighbouring
Ceraúnians we stéer,
Whence shórttest the pássage
Acróss to Itália,
The sún sets, and dárkness
Falls thick on the móuntains:
Then divíding amóngst us,
For tént-poles, our óars,
We láy us full léngth
On the lánd's welcome láp,
And rést and refrésh us
Alóng the dry béach
At the édge of the wáter,
Till déwy sleep sóftly
Steals ón our tired limbs.

“Borne alóng by the Hóurs,
Night hád not yet réached
The míd arch of héaven,
When úp from his cóuch
Alert springs Palinúrus,
And in his ear's hóllo
Each bréath of air cáatching,
Tries hów the wind blóws:
Notes áll the stars, silently
Ín the sky glíding,
The twáin Bears, Arctúrus,
And Hýades ráiny,
And cásts his eye róund
On Oríon's gold tráppings;

Then séeing the whole sky
For fáir weather séttled,
From the póop gives loud signal:
We decámp, spread our sáils' wings,
And éssay the vóyage.

“And nów from befóre
The first réd of Auróra
The stárs had retréated,
When, díim in the díistance,
The hílls of Itália
And lówland, we sée.
'Itália!' Achátes
Is fírst to cry óut:
Itália the whole crew
Salúte with glad shóut.
Then fáther Anchíses
Tákes a great béaker,
And fílls it with púre wine,
And gárlands it róund,
And ón the high póop standing
Cálls to the Góds:—

‘Ye Góds that rule óver
Lánds, seas, and témpests,
Gránt us a fáir wind,
And prósker our vóyage.’
The wished-for breeze ríses,
And wáfts us on stéady.
The hárbour, as néar we draw,
Ópens, and gíves us
Full view of the témples
Of Cástrum Minérvæ.

We fúrl sail, and tóward the shore
 Túrn our ships' bóws in.
 The créscent-shaped hárbour,
 Scooped óut by the fórcé
 Of the éasterly billows,
 Lies hid from the viéw
 By a lédge of rocks, éver
 With sált sea-spray fúming.
 The túrret-crowned cliffs
 Send dówn to the shóre,
 On this side and thát,
 Their lóng flanking wáll.
 Betwéen, in the dístance,
 The témples 's seen rising.

"Here I sée the first ómen;
 Four hórses snow-white
 In the ópen fields grázing:
 And fáther Anchises:—
 'These hórses bode wár,
 For hórses are párt
 Of the équipage wárlíke:
 O lánd, thou recéivest
 Our vísit with wár.
 Yet there 's hópe of peace tóo,
 For these véry same cáttle
 Are at óther times wónt
 To be yóked to one cár,
 And to dráw in one hárnesh
 Harmóníous togéther.'

"Then váiling our héads
 With a clóse Phrygian múffle,

We bég, at armisonant
Pállas's áltars,
The bléssing and gráce
Of the déity hóly,
That héard the first jóyous
Hurráhs of our lánding;
And Hélenus' strictest
Injúntions obéying,
In due fórm offer úp
To Júnó of Árgos
The hónors commáded;
Then, as sóon as compléted
Our vóws' presentátion,
Turn séaward the hórn
Of our shéeted yard-árm,
And the fiélds leave behind
And suspícious abódes
Of the bórn of the Graii.

“Seen on óne hand the báy
Of Hercúlean Taréntum —
If fáme truly súrnames
Taréntum, Hercúlean —
While ópposite rises
The témples Lacínian,
And Cáulon's hill fórtress,
Ánd Scylacéum's
Shíp-wrecking héadland.
And awáy in the dístance
We sée from the bíllow
Trinácrian Étna:
And héar from afár
The lóud, broken róar

Of the sea on the shore,
As with all its sands seething,
And billows exulting,
It beats on the rocks.

“Then father Anchises:—
‘This can be no other
Than that same Charybdis;
These here are the reefs,
These the horrible rocks,
Of which Helenus warned us:
Bear away, hearty fellows,
And evenly on your oars
Rise all together.’

“They obey the command;
And first Palinurus
Round to the larboard
The braying prow tugs;
Round to the larboard,
With oars and sails tacking,
The whole squadron veers.
On the crest of the swell
We rise up to the sky,
Then sink in its deep trough
Down, down to the Manes.
The hollow rocks thrice
We heard roaring below,
Thrice with the spirted spray
Saw the stars dripping.

“In the meantime the wind,
With departing day, leaves us;

And to the Cýclops' coasts,
Óf the way ignorant,
Wéary we glide.

The pórt itself 's spácious,
And fróm the wind shélted;
But, with rúin horrífic,
Close bý thunders Étna;
Sometimes, with tornádo - burst,
Úp to the éther

A pitchy cloud thrówing
Of smóke and red áshes,
Ánd the stars lícking
With vólumes of flámes;
Sometimes to the ský aloft,
With a roar, bélching
Mólten rocks rént
From its ówn stony bówels,
And vólleys of splinters,
Ánd from its lówest depths
Séething and bármíng.

"The rúmour is rífe,
That benéath this huge Étna
Squéezed lies Encéladus'
Half thúnder - burnt bódý;
Which has búrst itself flúes,
And blázes out thróugh
The mass súperíncumbent,
Ánd with a smóky web
Wéaves the whole ský:
And thát, every tíme
He túrns himself óver
To rést his tired síde,

All Trinácria rúmbles,
And tó the core trémbles.

“Of the nóises unéarthly
We héard all that night,
As we láy in the wóods,
No cáuse could we sée;
For the ský's bright Ethéreal,
And stárfires were ábsent,
And through thick murky ráincloúds
Dead midnight's moon wáded.

“And nów in the éarly east
Mórning was rising,
And Dáwn had the díim shade
Dispélled from the ský;
When óut of the fórest
A stránge apparítion
Comes súddenly fóward;
A mán, to the lást degree
Wásted and hággard,
And tó us a stránger;
Ánd, in most píteous plight,
Tóward the shore strétches
His súpliant hánds.

“We túrn our look tóward him:
Long béard, and filth shócking;
Clothes with thórns stuck togéther;
In áll else a Gráïan,
And érst to Troy sént
In his fátherland árms.

“But hé, still afár,
 At the síght of Troy’s árms
 And our cóstume Dardánian,
 Checked his stép all at ónce,
 And a while stood affrighted:
 Then, áfter a líttle,
 Rushed dówn to the shóre,
 With téars and entréaties:—

‘Bý the stárs I adjúre ye,
 Bý the pówers supérnal,
 Bý the áir we ’re bréathing,
 Ánd the líght of héaven,
 Táke me with ye, Teúcri,
 Tó whatéver lánds;
 Tó whatéver lánds,
 Só from this ye táke me.
 I dený not Í am
 Óf those Dánaï óne
 Whó with wár inváded
 Thé Penátes Ílian.
 Óf which mísdemeanour
 Íf so gréat the críme be,
 Ín the vást sea drówn me,
 Tó the bíllows flíng me,
 Scátter mé, pieceméal;
 To pérish Í objéct not,
 Só it bé by mén’s hands.’

“He sáid; and róund our knées
 Clúng, and rólled, and twisted:
 His náme and his advéntures,
 Ánd what stóck he ’s cóme of,

We bid him boldly tell:
 And sire Anchises' self
 Offers his hand at once,
 And with the immediate plédge
 Assúres the yóung man's mind,
 Who cónfident at lást says:—

‘By bírth I ám of Íthaca;
 My náme is Ácheménides,
 Unfórtunate Ulýsses' cómrade;
 To Tróy, to séek my fórtune, sént
 Bý my poor fáther Ádamástus —
 Áh, that we stíll had póor remáined!
 My cómrades, in their trépidátion
 And hásty quítting óf the vást
 And crúel cávern óf the Cýclops,
 Have hére forsáken ánd forgót me.
 Huge, góry, dárk, that bándquet-háll;
 Himsélf knocks át the stárs, so táll:
 Góds, from súch a mónster sáve us;
 Íll to lóok at, íll to accóst;
 A cánnibál, that ón the flésh
 And grím blood óf poor wrétches féeds.
 Mysélf have séen, where, ás he láy
 Strétched on his báck in thé cave's mídst,
 He séized with his broad hánd, and smáshed
 Agáinst the róck two óf our númer,
 And sét the flóor all róund abóut him
 Swímming in a splásh of sánies.
 Mysélf have séen undér his téeth
 The wárm limbs quívering, ás he chámpe'd them
 Óozy, and drípping with black góre:
 Nót with impúnitý howéver;

Nor wére such pránks tamely endúred
 By Íthacús; nor díd Ulýsses
 Forgét himsélf in thát conjúcture.
 Fór on the ístant thát dead-drúnk,
 And górged with fód, he dróoped his héad,
 And láy, imménse, stretched thróugh the cáve,
 Erúcting in his sléep a másh
 Of wine, and blóod, and hálf-chewed flésh;
 We, áll at ónce, (beséeching fírst
 The gréat God's hélp, and tó each mán
 By lót his séveral párt assígning,)
 From évery síde round póur upón him,
 Ánd with a shárp stake bóre the eýe,
 The óne, huge, súnk eye, thát, as róund
 As Phoébus' lámp or shield Argólic,
 Gláred from benéath his lówering fórehead;
 And só, with jóy, revénge at lást
 The ghósts of óur compánions.
 But flée, O wrétched béings, flée,
 And bréak the rópe off fróm the shóre:
 For éverywhére these cúrved coasts róund
 A húndred óther Cýclops dwéll,
 Ór in the lófty móuntains wánder,
 Each óne as úgly, húge and mónstrous,
 As thát same Pólyphéme, that péns
 His wóolly flócks in cávern hóllo,
 Ánd from their údders thé milk squéezes.

'The móon is nów her hórn with líght
 The thírð time fílling, sínce amóng
 The wíld beasts' désert háunts and hómes,
 Hére in the wóods, I drág exístence,
 Eýe the vast Cýclops ón the rócks there,

And stárt at their voice-sound and footsteps.
 Upón uprooted wéeds I féed,
 And with the córnel's stóny bérries
 Eke óut a pítifúl subsistence.

‘As áll things róund I réconnoítred,
 Thís fleet tóward the shóre appróaching
 Mét my view first; to ít, whatever
 It might be, Í ’ve consigned myself,
 Cárless by yóur hands hów I pérish,
 Íf I escápe that créw accúrsed.’

“Scárce had he sáid, when wé behóld
 Upón the híll-top, mídst his shéep,
 The shépherd Pólyphéme himsélf,
 Unwiéldilý his vást bulk móving
 Ín the shóre’s well knówn diréction,
 A hórrid, shápeless, húge, blind mónster.
 A póllard pine-trunk, ín his hánd,
 Stéadies ánd dirécts his stéps;
 Alóng with him keep cómpány
 The wóolly shéep, his sóle delíght,
 And ónly sólace óf his wóe;
 His pástoral pípe hangs fróm his néck.

“Whén he had cóme down tó the wáter,
 Ánd of the hígh waves félt the cóntact,
 The brúised and clótted góre straightwáy
 He wáshes fróm his eýeless sócket,
 Gnáshing with his téeth and gróaning;
 And thóugh far ín the séa he ’s wálking,
 No wáve has báthed his táll flank yét.

“Wé, upon óur part, silently
 The cáble cút, and táking with us
 The súpliant whó so wéll desérvéd it,
 Spééd awáy in trépidátion,
 And bénding fórdward ón our óars,
 Strive whó will swéep the séa-plain fástest.

“He héard; and in the sóund’s diréction
 His fóotsteps túrned; but whén he cóuld not
 Lay hánd upón us, ór pursúe
 Fást as the Iónian wáves retréated,
 He ráised such án imménse loud shóut
 As máde the séa with áll its wáves,
 Ánd the whole lánd of Ítaly trémble,
 Tó its inmost córe affrighted,
 And Étna’s cróoked cáverns béllow.

“Thén from the wóods and lófty móuntains
 Dówn to the pórt excited rúshing,
 The clán of Cýclops fills the shóres.
 With grim-scówling lówering eýe,
 Disappóinted thére they ’re stánding
 Ín full viéw, the Etnéan bróthers,
 A hórrid dívan, hígh to héaven
 Their táll heads réaring, líke a gróup
 Of lófty-tópped aërial óaks,
 Or cýpressés coníferous,
 High sácred-gróve of Jóve or Dían.

“To lóose our sáils out tó the bréezes,
 Ánd flee héadlong ány whither,
 The shárpness óf our féar impéls us;
 But wárned by Hélenús’ instrúctions

Nót to attépt the nárrow pássage,
 Séparáting déath by Scýlla
 Fróm Charybdis' néighbouring déath,
 To stéer our cóurse back wé détermine —
 Whén from Pelórus' stráits — behóld!
 Bóreas comes dówn, and sóuthward béars us
 Pást Pantágia's rócky móuth,
 And Mégara's inlet, ánd low Thápsus:
 These pláces Ácheménides,
 Hápléss Ulysses' cómrade, shówed us,
 Ás we bóre him báck alóng
 The cóasts he fórmérly had sáiled up.

“An island — cálléd of óld, Ortygia —
 Strétches acróss the báý Sicánian,
 In frónt of billowy Plemmýrium.
 Fame sáys that híther Élis' ríver
 Alphéus wróught his hídden wáy
 Únder the séa's bed, ánd is nów
 Thróugh thy fóuntain, Árethúsa,
 Míxed with thé Sicilian wáves.
 Tó the great lócal Déities hére
 The réverénce prescribed we rénder;
 Then léave behínd the sóil enriched
 Bý the o'erflówing óf Helórus,
 And, únder thé tall précípices
 Óf Pachýnus' rócky héadland
 Álong cóasting, sée, far óff,
 Cámarína, bý the Fátes
 Ínterdicted fróm all móvément,
 And Géla — só cálléd fróm its ríver —
 Wild Géla, ánd the pláins Gelóan.
 Steep Ácragás, the bréeder ónce

Of génerous hórses, thén displáys
Ín the dístance íts vast rámparts.
Thee too, with á fair wínd, we léave,
Pálmy Selínus, ánd scud ón
Óver the dífficult Lílybéum's
Réefy wáters. Drépanum's pórt,
And jóyless shóre recéive me thén.
Hére, after áll my búffetíngs
With the tempéstuous séa, I lóse,
Alás! I lóse my síre Anchíses,
Sólace of áll my tóils and cáres;
Hére thou desértest thy tired són
O bést of síres, alás! in váin
Snáched from the mídst of só great dángers.
Néither síre Hélenús this gríef,
Though mány a hórror hé predicted,
Nor díre Celéno éver tóld me.
This was the lást of áll my tróubles,
The goál of my long trávels thís.
Whén I depárted thénce, a Gód
Lánded me hére on yóur sea-bórd."
Só, while all lístened, síre Enéas
Reláted thé dívíné ordáinments,
Ánd his trávels' hístory tóld;
And hére at lást came tó an énd,
And céased alike from wórd and áction.

IV.

But áll this lóng while thé Queen 's sórely fréttíng,
The póison óf the wóund works in her véíns,
A slów and smóulderíng fíre wastes hér awáy;
Óft to her mínd recúrs how éxcellént
The mán himsélf, honóred how múch the nátion;
His lóoks and wórds adhére fixed in her bréast,
Nór to her fráme allóws care plácíd sléep.

Mórrów's Auróra hád from héaven remóved
The húmid shádw, ánd with lámp Phoebéan
Was súrveyíng the éarth, when, síck at héart,
She thús accósts her sóul-accórdíng síster:—
“O síster Ánn, what térrífýíng vísions
Dístráct and fíll me with anxíetý!
What néw-sort guést this, tó our séats arríved!
How dígnífíed the expréssíon óf his fáce!
How stróng and stálwart áre his chést and árms!
I thínk, nor váín the thóught, he 's óf the Góds' race,
For tímorous éver ís the lów-born mínd.
Alás, by whát fates hé was tóssed abóut!
What wárs fought tó the drégs he sáng! Were 't nóť
My mínd's fixed ánd immútable resólve
No móre with ány óne in márriage bónd
To assóciate mé, sínce óf my fírst attáchment

I wás by Déath so chéated ánd beguiled —
 With útter tédium túrned I nót from wédlock,
 I might perháps to this one fáult succúmb.
 Ánna — for Í 'll conféss it — since the tíme
 My spóuse Sichéus mét his wrétched fáte,
 Ánd the Penátes with a frátricíde
 Were sprínkled, this man sóle my résolútion
 Hath máde to tótter, ánd my féelings bíassed:
 I knów the márks of the óld famíliar fláme.
 But ráther lét the yáwning éarth ingúlf me,
 Or with his thúnder thé omnípotent Síre
 Tó the shades húrl me — Érebús' pale shádes,
 And níght profóund — than thát, O Módesty,
 I violate thée or sín agáinst thy láws.
 Hé that first jóined me tó him bóre awáy
 My lóves at his depárture; lét the sáme
 Still háve, and in his sépulchre présérve, them."
 She sáid; and fílléd with gúshing téars her bósom.

Ánna replíes:— "O thóu, than líght more déar
 Untó thy síster, shált thou lónely píne,
 And wáste awáy in célibáte perpétual,
 Nor children swéet, nor Vénus' guérdoms knów?
 The cínders, trówest thou, ór sepúlchred Mánes
 Have thát care? Gránt, no súitors érst thy síck
 Despónding mínd have influénced, in Líbya
 Or prévious Týre; Iárbas wás despísed,
 And tríumph-téeming Áfric's óther chiefs;
 Múst thou fight thérefore éven with a lóve that pléases?
 Bethínk'st thee nót in whóse fields thóu hast séttled?
 How hém thee ín on this síde thé Getúlian
 Cíties and tribes invíncible in wár,
 The bítleless Númid ánd waste kíndless Sýrtes;

On thát the thirsty désert, ánd Barcéi
 Maráuding wide? see'st thóu no wárs in Týre's
 Horízon rising, héar'st no bróther's thréats?
 With Júnó's áuspicsés and fávoring Gódhead,
 I dóubt not, háve the Ílian véssels héld
 Their híther cóurse: O síster, whát a cíty
 Shált thou behóld this! whát a kíngdom sée
 Ríse out of súch a márríage! Cómpanied
 By Teúcrian árms to whát vast héights shall réach
 The Púnic glóry: ónly thóu the Góds' gráce
 Beg dúly ánd obtáin with sácrífice;
 Then gíve thy hósptálitý free scópe,
 Ánd with excúse upón excúse deláy him:
 Ships crázy — stórmý sée — watrý Oríon —
 In súch rough wéather whó wóuld thínk of sáiling?"

Her lóve-sick mínd with thése words shé inflámed,
 And bléw to kíndling, ánd in the pláce of dóubt
 Put fírm hope, ánd turned módesty adríft.
 First to the fánés they gó, and mídst the áltars
 Seek gráce with wónted ófferings óf seléct
 Sécond-year shéep to Législátive Céres,
 Phóebus and síre Lyéus; ábove áll
 To Júnó, pátronéss of márríage bónds.
 Óut of a pátera, in her ríght hand héld,
 Hérsélf, most lóvely Dído, póurs the wíne
 Betwéen the twó horns óf a bríght white ców,
 Ór in the mídst of thé fat áltars páces
 Befóre the présent Góds, and sólemnísing
 The dáy with ófferings, ánd re-sólemnísing,
 Intént pores ón the béstíal's ópened bréasts,
 And cóunsél áskés of thé still bréathing éntíails.
 Ah, líttle knéw the sóothsayers! vóws whát úse,

What úse are témples tó her in her frénzy?
The fláme eats hér soft márrow áll the while,
The vóiceless wóund benéath her bósom ránkles.
Stúng to a fúry, hápless Dído spéeds
Érrant and áimless ó'er the tótal cíty:
Thróugh the Dictéan wóods and bóskey gládes
So flées ahead the hínđ that shépherd's árrów
Hath pierced from fár mid Crétan wóods, unwáry,
And cárries in her flánk the déadly réed,
Nor wóts the húnter thát his shót has táken.
Now thróugh the fórts she léads Enéas with her,
Shéws him the wéalth Sidónian, cíty réady;
Begíns to spéak out, stóps in the mídst of the séntence;
Nów at day's fáll reséeks the féast, and crázed
Intréats to héar once móre the Ílian tóils,
Once móre hangs ón the líps of thé narrátor;
Áfter, when áll are góne, and in her túrn
The móon goes dówn, and stárset cóunsels sléep,
Lone móurning in the émpty hóuse, she léans
Óver the cóuch where látely hé reclined,
And sées him présent stíll, and héars him spéaking;
Or chármed with thé resémblance tó his síre,
Hólds in her láp Ascánus, tó beguíle,
Íf at all póssible, the míscréant pássion.
The túrrets háve ceased rísing; thé young mén,
Práctising árms; ports áre no móre prepáred,
Or militáry búlwarks sáfe and súde;
The wórks hang interrúpted óf the húge
And frówning wálls, and éngines hígh as héaven.

That súch a pést had hólđ of hér, so sóon
As Jóve's dear spóuse percéived, and thát her pássion
Befóre it swépt the bárrier óf fair fáme,

Satúrnia in these wórds addrésses Vénus:—
 “Nótable práise, indéed, and ámplespóils
 Ye cárry óff, thou ánd thy sòn — a gréat
 And mémoráble náme — by ártífice
 Of twó divínities if one wóman ’s cónquered;
 Nor só purblínd am Í as nóttó sée
 That dréad of wát my cápítál may yét be
 Mákes thee suspícious óf high Cárthage’ hómés.
 But wát shall bé the bóund? or tó wát púrpose
 So gréat conténtions? why not ráther stúdy
 Péace everlásting bý a márriage cóntract?
 Wát with thine whóle soul thóu hast sóught is thine:
 Dído ’s in lóve — on fire — through áll her bónes
 The pássion ráges — lét us thén this péople
 Góvern in cómmon, ánd with áuspicsés
 Équal: let hér obéy a Phrygian húsband,
 And hánd the Týrians ó’er in dówer to thée.”

To hér — for shé percéived the spéech was féigned
 With púrpose tó divért to Líbya’s cóast
 Th’ Itálian émpire — Vénus thús replíed:—
 “Whó so insénsate tó refúse such óffer,
 And chóose in préférence a wár with thée,
 Might ónly fórtune tréad in the stéps of the déed?
 But Í ’m kept vácilláting báck and fórward,
 Unáble Fáte’s inténtion tó discóver,
 And whéther it be Jóve’s will tó permít
 The Týrians ánd Troy’s trávellérs be blént
 Ínto one péople, with one cómmon cáuse,
 One cíty cápítál: his cónsort thóu,
 The privilége thine to trý wát práyers may dó:
 Ón; I will fóllow.” Róyal Júnó thén:—
 “That tásk be míne; and nów — give héed — I’ll téach thee

In féw words hów to a háppy clóse may bést
 Be bróught this búsiness: théy prépáre to gó —
 Enéas ánd most wrétched Dído with him —
 Ínto the wóods to hún't, soon ás the béams
 Of rising Títan háve tomórrów's wórl'd
 Uncóvered. Dówn upón them, át the móment
 Óf the extrémest húrriy óf outriders
 To inclóse with néts the brákes where thé game pástures
 Amóng the wóods, I 'll póur a bláckening stórm
 Of háil and ráin, and róuse the whole ský with thúnder;
 The cómpany, with díim night cóvered, flée
 On áll sides. Dído ánd the Trójan chief
 Méet in the sáme cave. Í 'll be présent thére,
 And Hýmen with me; ánd, on thy good will
 Íf I may cóunt sure, thére I 'll jóin her tó him,
 And with a lásting márrriage máke her his."
 Not lóth yields Cýtheréa thé consént
 Required, and smíles at thé device ingénious.

Mór'n hath arisen meanwhile, and léft the ócean;
 Fórt'h, at the first blaze óf the stár of dáy,
 Póur from the gátes the chósen prime óf the yóuth,
 With néts, and gíns, and hún'ting spéars broad-bláded,
 Rider Massýlian, ánd quick-scénted hóund.
 The élite óf the Póeni róund the pálace
 Awáit the Quéén, who língers ín her chámber;
 In críimson ánd in góld capárisoned stánding,
 The méttled chárger chám্পs the bít to fóam,
 At léngth with á large éscort shé sets fórt'ward,
 Clád in Sidónian chlámys with limned bórder:
 Of góld her quíver; tied her lócks in góld;
 Gólden the cláspings óf her púrple vést:
 The Phrygians tóo set óut, and glád lúlus,

And, hándsomést of áll, Enéas' sélf,
Whose cóming jóins the twó troops into óne.

As whén Apóllo Xánthus' stréams desérting
And Lýcian winter, tó matérnal Délos
Pays visit, ánd new stáblishés his chóirs;
And róund the áltars rise the míngled vóices
Of Crétan, Dryóps ánd dyed Ágathýrse;
Himsélf walks frée upón the slópes of Cýnthe,
Móulding his flówing lócks, and with soft fóliage
Bínding, and góld impláiting; ón his shóuldérs
The dárts clang; nó less lívely móved Enéas,
Nó less surpássing gráce beamed fróm his féatures.

Whén to the lófty móuntains théy have cóme
And déns imprácticáble; ló! the wíld goats,
Dríven from the híghest óf the crággy súmmit's,
Run dówn the stéep slopes; in anóther quárter,
Acróss the ópen pláins, in dústy gróups
The déer scour fúgítive, and quít the móuntains.
Bút in the válleys' mídst the bóy Ascáníus
Jóys in his méttled stéed, and nów past thése,
Past thóse now ráces, ánd wóuld fáin to his vóws
'Móngst the dull béasts some fóaming bóar were gránted,
Ór from the móuntain cáme dówn thé tawn líon.

Begíns méanwhíle confúsió in the ský
Ánd a great rúmbling; fóllows háil-and-ráin-storm;
The Týrian cómpány, Trójan yóuths, and Vénus'
Grándson Dardánian, fríghted, várious shéltér
Séek everywhére the fíelds thróugh; fróm the móuntains
Rush rívers; Dído ánd the Trójan chíef
Arríve at thé same gróttó; prímal Téllus

And Júnó Prónubá give signal; cónscious
 Éther upón the márriage fláshes lightnings,
 Ánd from the tóp o' th' crág the nýmphs cry "wóe!"
 That dáy was óf her déath first órigin,
 First órigin óf her tróubles; récks no lónger
 Appéarancés or réputátion Dído,
 Nor is 't a stólen amóur she méditates nów:
 She cálls it wédlock; scréens her fáult with thát name.

Incóntinént through thé great Líbyan cíties
 Goes Rúmor; Rúmor spéediést of ílls:
 Whose lífe lies ín actívity; who gáins
 Vígor by móving ón; fear kéeps her smáll
 At fírst; but býe and býe she réars hersélf
 Hígh toward the áir, and wálking ón the gróund
 Her héad amid the clóuds pokes. Párent Téllus,
 In ánger át the Góds, they sáy, producéed her,
 Encéladús' and Coéus' yóunger síster,
 Swift-footed ánd strong-winged; huge, hórrid mónster,
 That cúnts for évery féather ón her bódy,
 O wónderfúl! a wátchful eýe benéath,
 A tóngue, a gárrulous móuth, a pricked-up éar.
 By níght, no líd to swéet sleep droóped, she flíes
 I' th' dárk, mid-wáy betwíxt the ský and éarth,
 Whírring; by dáy sits séntinél on róof-top
 Or lófty tówer, and térrífiés great cíties,
 No léss of fálse and slándéroús tenácious,
 Than trúth-annóuncing. Shé the pópular mínd
 With mánifóld discóursings nów was fílling,
 Jóyous; and fáct álíke and nó-fact brúited:
 That Trójan-sprúng Enéas hád arríved,
 And béauteous Dído déígn's to máte to táke him;
 And nów the lívelong wínter with each óther

They while away in lúxurý and riot,
 Thóughtless of émpires, sláves of á base pássion.
 Such import thé foul Góddess éverywhére
 Spréads amongst mén's mouths; thén toward kíng Iárbas
 Incóntinént her cóurse turns; with her wórd
 Kíndles his spírit, ánd heaps hígh his íres.

Hé was the són of Ámmon bý the rápe
 Óf the nymph Gáramántis, ánd had ráised
 Thróugh his wide réalms a húndred témples húge
 To Júpiter, and ón a húndred áltars
 Líghted etérnal wátchfires tó the Gód.
 Rích was the flóor aróund with blóod of cáttle,
 Blóoming the dóors with váriegáted wréaths.
 Fired by the bitter rúmor, hé is sáid
 Tó have uplifted súppliant hánds supíne
 Befóre the áltars, in the hólý présence,
 And thús besóught Jove múch in híis distráction:—

“Almíghty Jóve, in hónor óf whom nów
 The Móorish nátion, rísing fróm the féast's
 Embróidered cúshions, póurs the wíne-libátion,
 Behóld'st these thínghs? Or, whén thou húrl'st thy thúnder,
 Áre there no gróunds, sire, whérefore wé should shúdder,
 And ís the bólt that fríghts our sóuls all áimless,
 Émpty the nóise in the clóuds? A wándering wóman
 Who búilt in óur confínes a tíny tówn
 On púrchased síte; to whóm we gránted léave
 Our cóast to tíll, and áct the pétty Quéén,
 Hath spúrnéd our próffered wédlock, ánd ta'en hóme
 Enéas tó be lórd of sélf and réalms;
 And nów yond Páris, with híis hálf-man suite,
 Chín-stayed Méonian mítre, ánd moist trésses,

Enjôys his plúnder; tó thy témples wé
Bring gifts forsóoth, and fónkle an éempty náme."

Him práying só, and hóliding bý the áltars
Th' Almighty héard, and tóward the róyal-fórtress,
And lóvers, óf a bétter fáme forgétful,
His eýes turned; thén to Mércurý thus sáid,
And gáve commissiôn:— "Gó, son, cáll the Zéphyrs;
Glide on thy wings down; ánd to the Dárdan chief
Who nów in Týrian Cárthage whíles his tíme,
Regárdless óf the cíties thé Fates gránt him,
Béar through the súpple áir my wórds:— 'Not súch
Prómised him tó us his most lóvely móther,
Nór for such púrpose twice from Gráian árms
Snátched him; but tó be whó should rúle Itália
Grávid with émpires, róaring wíld with wár;
Whó should perpétuate Teúcer's lófty líne,
And réign lawgíver ó'er the tótál wórld.
If cóld he túrns from só great glórious próspect,
And will not fór himsélf moil, cán a síre
Grúdge to Ascániús the tówers of Róme?
What mákes he? ór amídst a hóstile nátion
With whát expéctance língers; nór one lóok
Cásts toward Ausónian prógeny, and fiélds
Lavínian? Lét him sáil; this is the súm;
Of this our méssage bé ambássador."

'Twas sáid; and hé the mándates óf his gréat síre
To obéy prépared; and fírst ties ón his féet
The gólden ánklets, which, or óver lánd
Or óver séa-plain, béar his flíght sublíme,
Swift as the blást; then tákes the wánd with which
From Órcus hé evókes the pállid sóuls,
Ór to sad Tártarús dísmísses dówn,

Gives sléep and wáking, and dead eýes unséals.
By virtue óf this wánd he márshalled nów
The winds to his will, and with them flóated smóoth
The múrky clóuds acróss; and nów he kéns,
Dówn as he flíes, the súmmit ánd steep sídes
Of hárd-endúring Átlas, whó the ský
Próps with his crówn; Átlás, whose héad piníferóus
Black clóuds perpétual gírd, and winds and ráins
Báttér; with snów mantléd his shóuldérs; rívers
Rúsh from his áged chin down; stíff and brístling
His béard with íce. Here first Cylléníus stáyed
His éven-winged flíght; hence tóward the wátérs dówn
Flúng him precipitóus. As flíes a bírd
Abóut the shóres, the fishy rócks abóut,
Lów, near the wáter; só from his matérnal
Grándsire descéding, thé Cyllénian óffspring
Fléw betwixt éarth and ský, and cúť his wáy
Alóng the winds, by Líbya's sándy cóast.
Sóon as his winged soles tóuched the Líbyan kráals,
Enéas méets his viéw, housés erécting
And fóunding pálacés; a swórd he wóre
With aúburn jásper stárred; and fróm his shóuldérs
A clóak, the présent óf rich Dído, húng,
Whose gólden wóof was bý her ówn hands thrówn
Acróss a wárp of glówing Týrian púrple:
In wórds like thése immédiate hé accósts him:—
“Thóu the foundátions óf high Cárthage láy'st,
And réar'st uxórious á fair cíty? áh,
Forgétful óf thy réal'm and ówn affáirs!
From bríght Olýmpus sénds me dówn to thée
Himsélf the rúler óf the Góds, who túrns
Éarth and the ský with his déity; himsélf
Bids béar this méssage thróugh the súpplé áir:

What mák'st thou, ór with what expéctance linger'st
 Ídle in Líbyan lánd? If cóld thou túrn'st
 From só great, glórious próspect, and moil'st nóť
 For thine own próper práise, regárd Ascánus,
 Regárd thy rising héir, hopefúl Iúlus;
 To whóm are dúe the kíngdom óf Itália
 And Róman lánd." So háving sáid, Cyllénus
 The mórtal vísion léft abrápt, and fár
 Ínto the thín air vánished fróm the eýes.

Enéas át the síght stood dúmb and wítless;
 His háir with hórror brístled, and the vóice
 Cláve to his thróat. Astónished át so gréat
 Monítion and commándment óf the Góds,
 He búrns to flée awáy, and léave that swéet land.
 Ah! hów procéed? with what accóست now dáre
 Come róund the ráging Quéen? make what exórdium?
 And híther nów his súpplé mínd he húrries,
 Now thítter, and toward évery síde dívides;
 Tries évery wáy, and, vácilláting lóng,
 At lást thus fíxes. Mnéstheus and Sergéstus
 And bráve Serést he cálls, and bíds, the fléet
 In sílence fít out; tó the shóre the créws
 Down gáther; thé sea ímpleménts prépare;
 And what the occásion óf the móve díssémbles.
 Hímself méanwhíle, sínce únware éxcellent Dído,
 Nor bréach of só great lóve expécteth áught,
 Will trý how bést to appróach her; whích the sóftest
 Tímes for díscóurse; what thé propítious méthod.
 Tó the commánder áll yíeld glád obédíence,
 And quíck perfórm the órders. Bút the Quéen —
 Whó may decéive the lóver? — féaring dánger,
 Becáuse there séems to bé none, is the fírst

To cách an ínking óf the inténded móvement,
 And wáres the guile befórehand. Thé same héartless
 Rúmor has sét her ráging with the néws
 Of óutfit óf the fléet, and préparátions
 For sáiling. Fúrious, tó a fréncy kindled,
 She bácch'nals thróugh th' whole cíty, like a Thýias
 Whóm the retúrñ of thé triénñial órgies
 Góads to delíríum, whén the sácred stóres
 Are áll put ínto móvement, ánd at níght
 Cithéron 's vócal with the shóut of "Bácchus!"
 At lást, of hér own mótion, shé accósts
 Enéas thús:— "And hást thou hóped, perfídious,
 Thou míght'st so gréat enórmity díssémbles,
 Ánd, not one wórd said, fróm my lánd depárt?
 Our lóve — thy plighted ríght hand — nót detáins thee;
 Nor Dído léft to díe a crúel déath?
 Áye! thou must éven benéath the stárs of wínter
 Ríg out thy fléet; must húrry tó the hígh-deep
 Éven in the Nórth wínd's téeth, thou crúel! Whát?
 If áncient Tróy were stánding, ánd 'twas nót
 For hómes unkñown and fóreign lánds thou sáil'dst,
 Wóuld'st thou for Tróy sáil cróss the bíllowy séa-pláin?
 Is't mé thou flée'st? By thése tears ánd thy ríght hand
 (Mysélf have léft my wrétched sélf nought élse) —
 Bý our connúbials — bý our úndertáken
 Márríage — if áught of thée I háve desérved well —
 If áught of míne was éver tó thee déar —
 Take píty ón a fálling hóuse, I práy
 (If práyers may yét aváil), and dó that mínd off.
 Becáuse of thée the Líbyan nátions háte me,
 And Nómád Kíngs; becáuse of thée, in chóler
 The Týrians; thróugh the méans of thé same *thée*
 Extínet my módestý, and (óñly páth

Which led me toward the stars) my former fame.
 To whom desert'st me in my dying need,
 Guest, since the name of spouse thou know'st no longer?
 Why prolong life? Is it until my brother
 Pygmalion overturn my city's ramparts,
 Or the Getule Iarbas lead me captive?
 Had I but had of thee, before thy flight,
 Some progeny; played but in my pavilion
 Some little Enéas, not resembling thee
 Except in features, I should not, methinks,
 So wholly overraught seem and deserted."

She said. He, of Jove's admonition mindful,
 His eyelights held unmoved, and struggling pressed
 Down to his heart the care; then answered brief:—
 "Never shall I deny, O Queen, that great
 Are thy deserts toward me as thou canst find
 Words to express; nor ever aught but joy
 Shall the remembrance of Elisa bring me,
 So long as I hold memory of myself,
 So long as o'er these limbs the spirit rules.
 Few words the case requires; I never hoped
 (Invent it not) to hide a stealthy flight;
 Of spousal torch I never made profession,
 Nor to a compact of that kind was party.
 I, if the fates permitted me to live
 Self-governed, and make settlement of my cares
 As I might choose, would pay my first attentions
 To the sweet relics of my Trojan home;
 Priam's high dwelling should have permanence,
 And I would rebuild Pergamus for the conquered.
 But now to great Italia the Grynéan
 Apollo bids betake me, to Italia

The Lýtian fáte-lots; thére then is my lóve,
 My cóuntry thére. If Cárthage' citadéls,
 This Líbyan cíty's smíle, have chárms for thée,
 For thée Phoenícian, whérefore tó us Teúcrians
 Grúdgést a sèttlement in the Ausónian lánd?
 Óurs the same ríght as thíne to séeek far kíngdoms.
 Mé, oft as níght with húmid sháde the éarth
 Cóvers, oft ás the fiery stárs arise,
 The tróubled ímage óf my síre Anchíses
 Admónishés in dréams and térrífies;
 Me mónishés my són Ascáníus' wróng,
 Whose déar self Í defráud of thé Hespérian
 Réalm, and the lánds pronóunced by fáte his ówn.
 Even nów the Góds' ambássadór, despátched
 From Jóve hímsélf — wítnéss be bóth our héads —
 Bóre through the súpple áir his mándates dówn;
 Mysélf behéld the Gód in mánifest líght
 Éntering the wálls, heard wíth these éars his vóice.
 Céase wíth thy pláints to infláme both mé and thée;
 Nót of my frée wíll Í pursúe Itália."

Hím, as he spéaks, she lóng tíme víéws askánce,
 Róllíng her eýeballs hítherwárd and thíther,
 And wíth her sílent eýeglance scáns all óver;
 Then thús, inflámed, speaks óut:— "Nor Góddess-párent,
 Nor Dárdanus áuthor óf thy ráce had'st thóu,
 Tráitor; but hórríd, hárd-rocked Cáucasús
 Begát thee, ánd Hyrcánian tigressés
 Héld thee their dúgs. For — whý should Í díssémbles?
 Résérve me fór what wórse? — at mý lámént
 Gróaned he? bent hé his eýeglance dówn? or, sóftened,
 A téar shed, ór took píty ón the lóver?
 Whát shall I gréater óutrage cáll, what léss?

Certain nor gréatest Júnó, nór the síre
 Satúrnian, ón these dóings lóoks appróval.
 Nówhere on éarth can cónfidénce be pláced:
 Shípwrecked, in néed, I tóok him ín, and máde him,
 Fóol that I wás! the pártner óf my kíngdom;
 Restóred his lóst fleet, sáved his créws from déath.
 Háh! Furies fire — transpórt me. Nów it is
 Áugur Apólló; Lýcian fáte-lots nów;
 Nów bears the hórrid mándate thróugh the áir
 The Góds' ambássador, by Jóve himsélf sent.
 A líkely lábor thát for thé immórtals!
 A líkely cáre thát tó distúrb their quáiet!
 I hólđ thee nót; thy wóords refúte not; gó —
 Set sáil for Ítalý — rush thróugh the wáters
 In séarch of kíngdoms — Sóme hope stíll is míne,
 That mídst the rócks — if nót quite ímpotént
 The Góds' retributive jústice — thóu shalt féel
 Púnishment pierce thee, and shalt óft invóke
 The náme of Dído. With dark smóuldering fires
 My mémory sháll pursúe thee, and when déath
 Hath cóldly séparáted sóul and bódý,
 My spéctre háunt thee whéresoé'er thou góest —
 Wrétch, thou shalt háve thy méed; and Í shall héar,
 And the news wélcome in the inférnal Mánes."
 With thése words bréaking óff, she túrned awáy,
 And flúng her óut of síght, and fléd the líght,
 Sícked; and there léft him hésítant, and afráid
 To spéak the wóords thát tó his tóngue were crówding.
 Her máidens hér collápsed límbś ín their árms
 Recéive, and tó her márbled bédchambér
 Béar, and place ón the cóuch. But kínd Enéas,
 Though gréat be his desíre her gríef to sóothe,
 And her cares túrn awáy with wóords of cómfort,
 Yet éxecútes — not without mány a gróan,

And lovesick wávering of résolution —
The Góds' hest, ánd his fléet visits once móre.

Then, thén indéed, the Teúcrians ply the wórk,
And óver thé whole séa-bord thé tall ships
Draw dówn, and with hulls néw-tarred sét aflóat;
And in their zéal for flíght bring fróm the wóods
Uncárpentered tílber with the léaves and bránches.
Thou might'st behóld them mígrating, and fórth
Fróm the whole cíty rúshing: ás when émmets,
Míndful of winter, plúnder á huge córñ-heap,
And úp in stóre lay; ó'er the pláin they gó,
A bláck troop, ánd alóng the nárrow pátth
The bóoty thróugh the gráss bear tó one céntre;
Sóme, with the whóle strength óf their shóuldérs strúggling,
Púsh the great pickles fórward, óthers kéepe
The tróop togéther, ánd chastíse deláy.
Évery path 's hót with wórk. What félt'st thou thén,
Dído, that síght behólding? thine what gróans
Whén, out of thine high cástle, thóu hadst próspect
Óf the wide shóre round in one bústling férment,
And sáw'st befóre thine eýes there thát commótíon,
That míghty shóuting óver thé whole séa-pláin.
O cáitiff Lóve, to whát compéll'st thou nót
Poor mórtals' bréasts! To téars she is fórced once móre;
Once móre to trý the pówer of práyers, and húmbly
To lóve submít her spírit, thát in váin
She díe not, while resóurce remáins untríed:—

“Ánna, see'st óver thé whole shóre what hástening?
From évery quárter róund they have cóme togéther;
The línt-sheet cálls the bréezes, ánd alréady
The jóyful sáilors ón the póops have pláced
The córonáls. As sùre as Í have hád —

Stréngth to anticipáte this wéight of sórrow,
 So súrely, síster, Í 'll find stréngth to béar it.
 Yét for me míseráble this one thíng
 Dó, Anna; fór to thée alóne that tráitor
 Pays cóurt, thou ónly hást his cónfidénce,
 Knów'st his soft tímes, and hów best tó appróach him.
 Gó, síster; tó the próud foe, súplíant sáy:—
 'Í never with the Dánaí at Aúlis
 Conspíred the Trójan nátion tó extírpate;
 Néver sent fléet to Pérgamús, or tóre
 The síre Anchíses' cínders fróm the tómb;
 Ínto his hárd ears whý my wórds admit not?
 Whíther so hásty? Ón a wrétched lóver
 Lét him bestów this lást grace; lét him wáit
 Tíll a fair wind facílitátes his flíght.
 'Tís not that áncient wédlock hé played fálse to,
 I nów beg; ór that his fair Látian réalm
 He shóuld renóunce; mere tíme I ásk; some spáce
 To lét subside my pássion, ánd the léssoñ
 Of résignátióñ léarn fróm mý misfórtunes.
 Píty thy síster bégging this last gráce,
 Whích when he háth accórded mé, I 'll gíve
 Tróuble no lónger; móre than déad, though líving.'

Súch were her práyers, her téars; convéyed to him
 And réconvéyed by hér most wrétched síster;
 But hé is bý no téars moved, bý no wórds
 Persuáded; thé fates hínder; ánd the Gód
 Obstrúcts his plácíd héaring; ánd as whén
 Bóreases Álpine stríve whose blásts shall fírst
 O'erthrów an óak, by mány a yéar stout-tímbered,
 And nów from this síde whístling thróugh the bránches,
 And nów from thát, the gróund strew déep with léaves,

And sháke the trúnk, which yét clings firm to the cliff
With róot that dówn toward Tártarus as fár
Strétches, as tóward the éthereal áir its tóp:
Só on the héro béat the assíduous vóice
On éither síde; so cáre his gréat breast thrilled:
Unálterable stánds his résolútion,
And téars (alás, what úse!) roll dówn his chéeks.

'Tis thén indéed that, át the fátes dismáyed,
Unháppy Dido práys for déath; heaven's cónvex
Behólds with wéarinéss. More tó persúade her
To éxecúte her púrpose, ánd the líght leave,
She sáw, when ón the incense-búrning áltars
Plácing her ófferings, (hórrible to téll!)
The sácred líquors blácken, ánd the póured wines
Túrn into góre obscéne; this síght to nóne,
Not éven tó her síster's sélf she tóld.
Fúrther; there wás benéath her róof a chápél
Of márble, tó her fórmer húsband sácred,
Much hónored óbject óf her spécial cáre,
With féstal frónd and snów-white fléecy fillet
Gárlanded; hénce her spóuse's vóice she thóught
She héard artícúlate cálling, whén dark night
Cóvered the éarth, and his funéreál díрге
The móping ówl upón the róoftop chánted;
And pláined and pláined in lóng-drawn nótes of woe.
Mány predictions tóo of píous séers
Hárrów her sóul with térrible monítion.
Himsélf, saváge Enéas, in her dréams
Pursúes, to mádness dríves her; éver móre
She séems to bé alóne left; éver móre
To trável á long róad uncómpánied,
And séek her Týrians in a désert lánd;

As when crazed Péntheus thé Euménides' bánds
 Sées, and the twó suns, ánd a dóuble Thébes;
 Or ás when, ón the tráic stáge, Orést
 Ágamemnónian flées befóre the firebrands
 And lúrid snákes of his pursúing móther,
 And in the dóorway sit the avénging Dírae.

Só when at lást by ánguish óvercóme,
 Posséssed by fúries, shé resólves to díe;
 The tíme and mánner with hersélf she fixes;
 Thén under cléar brow and a lóok of hópe
 Híding her púrpose, thús her sorrowing síster
 Addréses:— "Síster, Í have fóund a wáy,
 (Congrátuláte thy síster) which shall éither
 Bríng me my lóver báck, or frée me fróm him.
 Ón the confínes of ócean, nigh the súnset,
 The Éthiópians' útmost dwélling líes,
 Whére on his shóulder gréatest Átlas spíns
 The áxis stúdded bríght with búrning stárs.
 A priestess thénce of thé Massýlian tríbe
 They have shówn to mé; the sáme that wás caretáker
 Óf the Hespérídes' fáne, and úsed to kéep
 The sácred bóughs intáct upón the trée
 By méans of a drágon whóm she cóaxed to stáy near
 By sprínkling dáinty hóney ón his fód,
 Ánd the sweet séed of thé somníferous póppy.
 The sáme profésses íncantátions pótent
 To éase the héart of tróuble, ánd to lóad
 With héavy cáres whatever héart she wíll,
 To stóp the flówing rivers, túrn the stárs báck,
 Ráise the noctúrnal Mánes: thóu shalt sée
 The ásh come dówn the móuntain; héar the gróund
 Béllow benéath thy féet. I cáll to wítness

The Góds, and thée, and thý sweet héad, dear sister,
 Agáinst my will I pút the mágie árt on;
 Be sécret thóu, and in the intérior cóurt
 Eréct a pyre; and lét them ón it pláce
 The árms which thé coldhéarted mán left hánging
 In my bedchámber; with whatever élse
 Belónged to him; and thé connúbial béd
 Whereón I pérished: 'tis some sátisfáction
 Áll the memórials óf th' iniquitous mán
 To abólish; and the priestess só dirécts."
 These wórds said, shé was silent; and her fáce
 Grew súdden pále: yet Ánna, thát her sister
 With thése new rites masks déath's prepáratíve,
 Not dréams, nor háa a nótion óf such fúry,
 Nor cónsequénce aught gráver ápprehénds
 Thán at Sichéus' déath; so dóes her bídding.

Nów has the Quéen within the inmost cóurt
 A pyre érécted húge, of hólme-oak bíllet
 And tórch-pine, and the pláce with flówer-festóon
 Hung róund and cháplet óf funéreal léaf:
 Ánd, knowing wéll what is abóut to bé,
 The cóuch placés on tóp, and ón the cóuch
 His éffigy, the swórd he léft behínd,
 Ánd whate'er élse was hís; aróund stand áltars;
 Ánd with dishévelled háir and vóice of thúnder
 The priestess thrice the húndred Góds invókes,
 And Érebus, and Cháos, and the thrée
 Fáces of Vírgin Dían, tríple Hécate.
 Aspérson shé had máde too, with factítious
 Avérnus' wáter, and had sóught for hérbs
 Dówny and bláck-bane júiced, and réaped by móonlight
 With brázen síckle; sóught too thé love-phíltre,

Törn (ere the dām's tooth cōuld lay hōld on it)
 Fróm the just-bórn colt's fórehead. Ín ungírt
 Véstment, hersélf, and with one fōot unshód,
 Ánd in devótional hānds the sáltmeal hólđing,
 Beside the áltars, cálls, from the édge of déath,
 The Góds to béar her wítness, ánd the stárs
 That sée her fáte, and if there bé a pówer
 Has cōgnisánce of únrequited lóve,
 Implóres that ríghteous, thát remémbering pówer.

'Twas níght, and évery wéary fráme on éarth
 Was sōund asléep: the fórests wére at rést,
 Ánd the fell séas; the stárs in míd course glíding:
 Húshed were the fíelds, and flócks, and páinted bírds,
 And fár and wíde the líquid láke's indwéllers,
 And évery ténant óf the bósk and bráke,
 In slúmber's árms at thé dead hóur of níght
 Sóothed their heart-sórrows, ánd their tóils forgót:
 But nó sleep, nó forgétfulnéss, no níght
 Wrétched Phoeníssa ón her eýes recéives
 Ór in her bréast; redóubling cóme her cáres;
 Agáin love ríses in his míght and fíerceness,
 Agáin in á great súrf of íre she flúctuátes,
 Insísting thús and with hersélf revólving:—
 “Wéll! what to dó? Mocked thús, my fórmér súitors
 Sháll I agáin try ánd a Nómad márríage,
 And súppliant wóo whom Í so óft have spúrned? —
 Then lét me tó the Ílian fléet betáke me,
 The Teúcrians' húmblest, móst obédient sérvant:
 Becáuse forsóoth the fórmér áid I gáve them,
 So stéads me nów? such míghty grátítude théirs
 Fór my past sérvicés? But gránt, I wóuld;
 Whó will permít me? Ínto théir prouđ ships

Whó will recéive me háteful? Áh! thou lóst one,
 Not yét knowst, féelst not yét the pérjuries
 Óf the Laómedon tribe? What thén? in sóle
 And sécret flíght shall Í accópany
 The exúlting sáilors? ór bear dówn upón them,
 By áll my Týrian sóldiery escórted;
 And drive to séa, and bíd set sáil agáin,
 Thóse whom I scárce could téar from Sídon cíty.
 Náy, but avért pain with the knífe, and díe
 Ás thou hast méritéd. Thou, síster, thóu first,
 Tó my tears yíelding, thréw'st me tó the fóe,
 And héap'dst my mádness with this lóad of tróuble.
 I hád not léave to léad a síngle lífe,
 And, cóy as fórest wílding, kéep me cléar
 Of mátrimónial cóuch and cáres like thése;
 I 've bróke the tróth pledged tó Síchéus' cínders."
 SúcH was the gréat wail ínto wích she búrst.

SÚre of his jóurney, ánd all thíngs prépared,
 Enéas nów on thé hígh stérn was sléeping,
 Whén, in a dréam, the Gód-form with same lóok
 Présents ítsélf retúrning, ánd agáin
 Séems to admónish; líke, in áll respécts,
 To Mércury; face, cólor, gólden lócks,
 And yóuthful límb decórous:— "Cánst thou thén,
 O Góddess-bórn, in súc conjúcture sléep,
 And nót percéive what cónsequent rísks surróund thee,
 Mádman! nor héar'st the zéphyrs blówing fáir?
 Búsy is hér breast with a wórk of guíle
 And díre íniquity, and fíxed to díe
 She flúctuates ín a chángeful súrf of ánger.
 Fléest thou not hénce précipítate, wílst flée
 Précipítate thou máyst? All ín commótion

The séa with ships and thé stern firebrand's gláre,
 Alive the shóre with flámes, thou shált behóld,
 If mórn but tóuch thee in these lánds deláying.
 Awáy, awáy, this instant: várious éver
 And mútable is wóman." Só he sáid,
 Ánd with the dárk night míngled. Thén indéed
 Enéas, át the súdden ápparítion
 Térrified, stárts from sléep, and his compánions
 Wórries:— "Awáke, men, instant, ánd in áll haste
 Táke your seats ón the rów-bench; lóose the sáils quick.
 A Gód, despátched from thé high éther, spúrs us,
 Behóld! a sécond tíme, to spéed our flíght,
 And cút the twisted cábles. Thée we fólloiw,
 O hólý déity, whoé'er thou árt;
 A sécond tíme thine órders wé obéy
 With jóyous éxultátion. Gránt us thóu
 Thy présence ánd seréne aid, ánd stars rísing
 Propítious in the ský." He sáid, and fórth
 Snátched from the shéath the líghtning bláde, and smóte
 With the bare stéel the háwser. Thé same árdor
 At ónce possésses áll; they ráp and rúsh,
 And háve the shóres desértes; thé fleet hídes
 Viéw of the séa-plain: with stout-túgging árms
 They whirl the fóam, and thé cerúlean swéep.

And nów leáving Tithónus' sáffron cóuch,
 Auróra príme the éarth with néw líght sprínkled;
 The Quéen — when fróm high lóok-out shé behéld
 The first grey dáwn, and with squared sáils the fléet
 On-móving; ánd the éempty shóre percéived,
 And rówerless pórt — her lóvely bréast three tímes,
 And fóur tímes smóte, and tóre her áuburn háir:—
 "He *will* go thén, by Júpitér," she cried,

“This interlóper! áfter hé has máde
Mé and my réalms his spórt! Why dónt they árm
Áll through the cíty’s bréadth: why dón’t they téar
The véssels fróm the dócks down, ánd pursúe?
Gó, get the flámes quick; wéapons hére; row, rów; —
What sáy I? ór where ám I? ór what mádness
My bráin turns? Hápless Dído, tóuch thee nów
Thy héartless dóings? Thé fit time was thén,
Whén thou didst scéptre him. Behóld how hé,
Whó, they say, béars with him his fátherlánd’s
Penátes — hé, who ón his shóuldérs cárried
His áge-worn síre — his fáith keeps, ánd pledged right-hand.
Cóuld I not táke and téar his bódy píecemeal,
And scátter it tó the wátérs? his compánions —
Ascánius’ sélf could Í not stáb to déath,
And cóok and sérvé up tó the fáther’s táble?
Bút the fight’s fórtune hád been dóubtful — Hád it,
Of whóm was Í, so sóon to díe, afráid?
Firebrands and flámes intéo his ármamént —
Ínto the mídst of his décks — I wóuld have bórne;
Wóuld have extérmináted són, síre, ráce;
And lást, mysélf intéo the rúin flúng.
O sún, whose eýe of fláme behóldést áll
That ’s dóne in thé whole wórld — and thóu, O Júnó,
That knów’st my súfferings wéll, béíng thysélf
Ágent of théir inflicción — ánd thou, Hécate,
To whóm the cróss-ways óf the cíties ráise
The mídnight cry — and yé, avéngíng Dírae,
And Góds of díyíng Elísa — héar my práyer,
O héar, and lét the méritéd rétribúción
Pursúe the cúlprit: íf ’t be nécessáry
Thát the arch-críminál should vóyage sáfe,
And réach port, ánd Jove’s Fátés will háve it só,

And this a términús may nót be móved;
 Lét him at léast by thé belligerent árms
 Óf a bold péople hárassed — fróm his cónfines
 Expátriáte — torn fróm Iúlus' émbbrace —
 For hélp beg, ánd behóld his fóllowérs
 Dishónored díe; nor whén he háth submítted
 To térm's of péace disádvantágeous, lét him
 Enjóy his scéptre, ór that wished-for dáy;
 Bút prematúre fall, ánd unbúried líe
 Ín the sands' mídst: my práyer this; with my blóod
 I póur these lást words fórt'h: and yé, O Týrians,
 Plágue and detést the whóle stock, róot and bránc'h;
 Be thát the présent yé shall sénd our cínders.
 Betwíxt the péoples lét there bé no lóve,
 No léague. Out óf my bónes arise, avénger,
 That shált the Dárdan cónonísts pursúe
 With fíre and swórd; now, láter, whénsoé'er
 Thou máyst and cánst. Oppósed — my práyer and cúrse is —
 Be shóres to shóres, to wáves waves, árms to árms;
 Sélves, sons, and sóns' sons, cómbatánt for éver."

She sáys; and cásts o'er ín her mínd on áll sídes,
 Hów from the háted líght to bréak awáy
 Sóonest: then bríefly thús addrésses Bárce,
 Síchéus' núrse, for ín old síre-land láy
 Her ówn nurse, á black cínder: — "Híther, núrse dear,
 Sénd me my síster Ánna: lét her quíckly
 Sprinkle her with the stréam's lymph, ánd bring with her
 The atónements fróm the flóck that háve been shówn her.
 And thóu thysélf with píous fillet váil
 Thy témples; mý inténtion ís, to pérfect
 Those sácred rítes I háve comménced ín hónor
 Of Stýgian Jóve; and énd my cáres, by gíving

The pyre of that Dardanian to the flames."
 She said; and zealously the aged nurse
 Makes such speed as she can.

But Dido — fluttered
 With her wild darings — in a savage transport —
 With bloodshot rolling eyes, and tremulous cheeks
 Spotted with hectic, paled by death's nigh view —
 Into th' interior precincts bursts, and furious
 Mounts the high pyre, and bares — not for such use
 Had she obtained that gift — the Dardan sword:
 But when the Ilían vestments met her view,
 And the known bed, a little while in tears
 And thought she lingered, leaning on the bed,
 And these, her last words, uttering: — "Sweet remains, —
 For sweet ye were while heaven and fate permitted, —
 Receive this soul, and free me from these cares:
 I 've lived; I 've run the race that fortune set me;
 And great 's the image of me that shall now
 Beneath the earth go; I 've a noble city
 Founded; seen my own battlements rise round me;
 Avenged my spouse; punished my hostile brother;
 Happy, alas! too happy, if but only
 A Dardan keel had never touched our shores."

She said; and with a kiss the couch impressing: —
 "Though I die unavenged, I 'll die," she says;
 "My downward journey, so — aye, so, precisely —
 Becomes a pleasure; let the cruel Dardan
 Gaze from the high-deep on these flames, and with him
 My death take for the omen of his voyage."
 She said, and while she yet spake the attendants
 Behold her sink stabbed; the sword reeking blood,

Her hánds flung pówerless fróm her. Tó the háll's heights
 The shóut goes; thé repórt runs bÁCCHANÁL,
 Sháking the cíty; wíth lámént and gróan
 And wóman's cries the hóuses áre in úproar;
 Loud rings the éther wíth the gréat hand-cláppings,
 Breast-smítings: júst as íf the fóe had rúshed in,
 And Cárthage áll, or áncient Týre were fálling,
 And ó'er the híghest tóps of húman dwéllings
 Ánd of dívíne, the ráging flámes were rólling.
 The síster héars — more líke a córpse than líving —
 And thróugh the mídst runs — rúshes — ín dísmáy
 And trépidátion, smítíng ón her bréast,
 Téaring her fáce, and ón the dýíng cállíng
 By náme:— “And wás 't for thís then, síster? mé
 Sóught'st thou to óverréach? wás 't thís, thís pyre,
 These fíres, these áltars wére prepáring fór me?
 Whát shall I móst compláin of, Í forlórn,
 Spúrnéd and desérted bý my dýíng síster?
 Thou shóuldst have hád my cómpaný, have cálléd me
 Tó the same fáte; wíth óne death-wóund we twáin,
 Ánd at the sélf same móment, shóuld have pérished:
 Búilt I ít wíth these hánds for thee? for thee
 Invóked I wíth thís vóice our cóuntry's Góds,
 Then, crúel, fróm thee strétched here, stáíd awáy?
 Thou 'st rúíned, síster, bóth thysélf and mé,
 Péople, and síres Sidónian, ánd thy cíty.
 Gíve wáter hére, and lét me wásh her wóunds,
 Ánd her last bréath, íf ány lást breath stíll
 Hóvers abóut her, gáther wíth my móuth.”

So sáyíng shé had scáled the lófty stéps,
 Ánd her half lífeless síster ín her bósom's
 Embráce wás hól díng cúddled, gróaníng mÚch,

And drying with her garment the black gore;
 But she, her heavy eyes to lift endeavoring,
 Again faints; grides beneath her breast the infixed wound:
 Thrice, on her elbow leaned, she raised herself;
 Thrice on the couch fell back; with wandering eyes
 Sought high heaven's light, and, having found it, groaned.

Omnipotent Júpiter then, her long pain pitying
 And difficult departure, from Olympus
 Sent Íris down to free the struggling soul,
 And the knit limbs relax; for as 'twas neither
 By fate she perished, nor her own deserving,
 But premature and wretched, in a sudden
 Kindling of fury, Proserpine had not
 The auburn lock parted from her crown,
 Nor to the Stygian Orcus doomed her yet.
 Down therefore through the sky on saffron pinions
 Flies dewy Íris, thousand various tints
 Borrowing from th' opposite sun; and standing nigh,
 Over her head:—"This consecrate to Dis
 I bear as bid, and from that body free thee,"
 She says, and shears the lock; and life away
 Fléd to the winds, and cold became the body.

V.

In the méantime through wáves that with nóthwinds were bláckening,
Enéas detérmined was cútting his wáy,
Back cásting his lóok on the tówers which alréady
Are all lit up with hápless Elísa's pyre-flámes.

Though hidden the cáuse of so gréat conflagrátion,
A préséntiment sád thrills the bréasts of the Teúcri,
When they think, of a lóve-cross how bitter the pángs are,
And whát a vexed wóman can dó in her fúry.

And nów that the véssels are óut on the wide sea,
And lánd is nowhére any móre to be séen,
But éverywhere róund them the séa and the ský;
Right óver his héad hangs a lívid cloud lówering,
With níght charged and témpet; and into dark wrínkles
The séa-surface cúrls; and thús Palinúrus
The stéersman himsélf, from the héight of the póop:—
“Ah! whát art thou át, father Néptune, and whérefore
Encómpass such stórmclouds the éther abóut?”

This said, he commands them
 To gáther their óars up,
 And with might and main rów;
 Sets the sáils at a táck,
 And to this effect speáks:—
 “Magnánimous Enéas,
 I wóuld not believe
 Even Júpiter's sélf,
 That with ský such as this
 We could still make Itália;
 The áir to mist thickens;
 The wínds have changed quárter,
 And, in their might rising
 From the óvercast súnset,
 Roar right thwart our cóurse;
 Nor with áll our endéavor
 Can we hólđ our diréction,
 Or máke head agáinst them.
 Since Fórtune 's victórious,
 Come, lét 's follow Fórtune,
 And túrn at her cáll;
 Nor fár distant hénce
 Are the sáfe shores, I wéen,
 Of brótherly Éryx,
 And the hárbour Sicánian,
 If ónly my mémory
 Pláys me no fálse trick,
 As I cóunt my course báck
 By my nótes of the stárs.”

Then géntle Enéas:—

“I tóo observe súrely
 The wínds are this lóng time

Detérmined upón it,
And áll to no púrpose
Agáinst them thou strivest.
Tack abóut; could there lánd
To mé be more gráteful,
Or to which with my tired ships
I 'd more gládly run dówn,
Than that lánd which préserves for me
Dárdan Acéstes;
Than that lánd which holds lápped
In its bósom the bónes
Of my fáther Anchíses?"

When thús he had sáid,
They máke for port stráight:
Fair zéphyrs the sáils stretch,
And swiftly the fléet
O'er the rólling flood cárry,
Till at lást to the knówn strand
With jóy they turn in.

But fróm the high hill-tóp afár,
Acéstes hád obsérved with wónder
The véssels óf his friends appróaching,
Ánd all brístly ó'er with jávelins
And Líbyan béar-skin, cómes to méet them;
Ánd, for bý a Trójan móther
Hé was són of stréam Crimísus —
Ánd his párents' mémory hónored —
Jóyful wélcomes théir retúrñ,
Ánd with stóre of tréasures rúral
And friently fúlness éntertáins
And sólacés their wéarinéss.

As soon as in the éarly éast
 Bright mórn the stárs had róuted,
 Enéas fróm the cóast all róund
 Súmmons his cómrades tó assémbly,
 Ánd from the túmulus' móund thus speáks:—
 “Míghty Dardánidáe, descéded
 Fróm the hígh blood óf the Góds,
 The yéar its círcle háas achíeved,
 And óne by óne its mónthas compléted,
 Sínce my dívîne síre's lást remáíns
 Dúly ín the gróund we láíd,
 And cónsecráted thé sad áltars;
 And nów, unléss I érr, is cóme
 That dáy which Í shall éver hólđ
 A dáy of bíternéss, shall éver —
 Your wíll be dóne, O Góds! — hólđ hónored.
 Whéther I páss this dáy ín éxíle
 Amíd the Sýrtes óf Getúlia,
 Ór by stréss of wínd and wéather
 Dríven íntó Mycénae cíty
 Óut of thé Argólic máín;
 Gífts annivérsary ón this dáy
 I 'll cárry ín procéssíon sólemn,
 Ánd wíth due ófferíngs héap the áltars.
 Só much the móre then lét us cóme —
 Nów that we 've éntered fríendly pórt,
 And fínd óursélves upón the spót,
 Nót, as I thínk, wíthóut the Góds'
 O'errúling wíll and próvídeñce,
 Besíde my párent's bónes and áshes —
 Lét us all cóme, and jóyfully
 Célebráte the féstal dáy,
 And bég the Gód to gránt us wínds,

Ánd to allów that in a témples,
Tó his sérvíce dédicáted,
Ín my cíty Í may óffer
Évery yéar a símilar hónor.
To éach ship's créw Troy-bórn Acéstes
Makes présent óf a páir of béeves.
Bring to the féast your ówn Penátes
And thóse your hóst Acéstes wórships.
Besídes, when thé ninth rádiant mórn
Shall ráise the stándard óf boon dáy,
Ánd unvéil the glóbe to mórtals,
I 'll give the Teúcri á regátta,
Tó comménce their gámes withál.
And thén let áll who áre good rúnners,
And évery óne whose bóld proud stép
Télls of his skíll to spéed the dárt,
Ór the light árrów, ór whose stréngth
Véntures the gáuntlet's crúde encóunter,
Be présent ánd expéct the príze
That sháll rewárd the cónquerór.
Lénd me your fávoring vóices áll,
And bínd your bróws with fóliage."

He sáys, and with his móther's mýrtle
Át the sáme time véils his témples;
So Hélymús, ripe-áged Acéstes,
And só does tóo the bóy Ascáníus;
The óthers thé exámples fóllow.
Diréct from thé assémbly thén,
Amídst a gréat encírcing bévy,
He tákés his wáy to the túmulús,
Accómpánied by mány a thóusand;
Thére on the gróund in dúe libátion

Pours two bowls of unmixed wine, two
Of new milk, two of sacred blood,
And flings bright purpling flowers and says:—

“Sanctified parent, hail once more!
Ashes, soul, and shade paternal,
Saved to no purpose, hail! all hail!
’Twas not to be, that we should seek
Italia’s fated fields together,
And that unknown Ausonian Týber;
’Twas not to be.”

Scarce had he said,
When, trailing forth
Out of the deep
Interior cell
Its sevenfold roll
Of seven huge coils,
A slimy snake
The tumult
Benignantly
Encómpassés,
And glides about
Amidst the altars.
Its scaly back
Was all one blaze
Of glowing gold
With spots of blue
And purple fleckered,
Bright as the thousand
Various hues
Cast in a bow

Upón the clóuds
Frónting the sún.

Ín amázeement
Gázed Enéas,
Whílst the sérpent,
Midst the pólished
Cúps and góblets
Lóng time glíding,
Sipped at lást,
And áfter sipping
Léft the víands
Ánd the áltars,
Ánd innóxious
Tó the túmulus'
Dépths retúrned.

Dóubtful, whéther
Tó estéem it
A lócal Géníus,
Ór the atténdant
Óf his síre,
He célebrátes
So múch the móre
The rites begún
Ín his síre's hónor,
Ánd, complying
With the cústom,
Sláys two shéep
Whose twó broad téeth
Show twó years óld;
Álso two swíne
Ánd a like númer
Óf black cáttle;

And from bówls
 Pours wine-libátion,
 And invókes
 The sóul and Mánes
 Of gréat Anchíses,
 From Ácherón,
 On léave, retúrned.
 His cómrades too,
 As éach has méans,
 Bring gifts with jóy,
 And sláughter stéers,
 And lóad the áltars;
 And sóme at éase
 Stretch ón the gráss,
 And sóme in órder
 Sét brass cáldrons,
 Or pláce live cóals
 Benéath the spíts,
 And róast the flésh.

And nów the stéeds of Pháëtón brought in
 The mórning óf the nínth, the expécted dáy,
 Seréne and bright; and rúmor ánd the náme
 Of fámed Acéstes hád the shóres all róund
 Filled with reúnion jóyful óf the néighbours,
 Thrónging to sée th' Enéadáe, and sóme
 Prepáred too tó compéte. The prizes first
 Are fúll in víew placed in the círcus' mídst;
 Religious trípods — córonáls of gréen —
 And pálms, the méed of víctory — and árms —
 And vésts all crímsoned ó'er — and góld and sílver,
 Of éach a tálent. Thén, from the mídst of the móund,
 The trúmp procláims the amúsements háve comménced.

The first gáme is betwéen
Four wéighty-oared bóttoms,
Selécted as máches
From the whóle of the fléet.
With his stóut rowers Mnéstheus
Impéls the swift Grámpus,
Mnéstheus who sóon shall be
Mnéstheus Itálian,
Fírst of the ráce
That shall cáll themselves Mémmi.
With his thrée complete bénches
Of rówers Dardánian
In tríple rows ráising
Their óars simultáneous,
Fóward drives Gýas
The huge cíty-like máss
Of unwieldy Chiméra.
Ín the great Céntaur
Is cárried Sergéstus,
From whóm takes its náme
The fámily Sérgian;
Ánd in blue Scýlla,
Cloánthus, from whóm
Thy ráce is deríved,
O Róman Cluéntius.

Óver agáinst the fóaming shóre,
Fár in the séa there is a rók
Which, óverwhélmed and búffettéd
By swélling billows át such tíme
As wintry Córi híde the stárs,
Lífts sílently, in tíme of cálm,
Óver the stíll and wáveless déep,

Its lével field, the fávorite háunt
 Óf the súnshine-lóving séamew.
 Fáther Enéas hère erécts
 A vérdant góal of léafy ílex,
 Sígn to the sáilors hère to túrn,
 And whéel from hénce their lóng course báck.
 Their pláces thén they chóose by lót;
 Effúlgent fróm the stérns afár
 The cáptains' sélves distingúished shíne
 In órnaménts of góld and críimson;
 The óther yóung men háve their náked,
 Glístening shóuldérs sméared with óil,
 Their bróws with wréaths of póplar sháded.

On the rów-benches séated,
 Arms strétched to their óars,
 Hearts pít-a-pat béating,
 Exúlting and bréathless
 With kéen greed of glóry,
 All alive, all atténtive,
 They wáitch for the sígnal.
 Then whén the shrill trúmpet
 Its lárúm has sóunded,
 From the bárrier awáy
 Withóut stop or stáy
 They áll leap togéther;
 Sálors' húrrah's strike éther;
 Turned úp by the sínewy
 Túg of their árms
 The séa-surface fóams;
 All alike, all togéther
 They plóugh up, they téar up,
 They shátter with óars

And with tridentéd bóws
The whóle yawning séa-plain.
Less precípitous rúshing
And tó the race dáshing
Páir-in-hand cháriots
Búrst from the bárrier,
And scóur o'er the pláin;
Less ímpetus spéeds
The caréer of the stéeds,
Though the drivers the wávy reins
Sháke to them lóose,
And óver the lásh
Lean their whóle bodies fóward,
And háng on each stróke.

With handclápping and shóut
And pártisan róut
The enclósing shores róund
And wóodlands resóund,
And with péals of hurráhs
The hills rebóund.

Amidst the crówd and dín
Fóremost scúds awáy
Gýas ó'er the wátters;
Cloánthus, bétter rówer,
But bý his héavy tímbers
Retárded, fóllovs áfter.
Céntaur thén and Grámpus,
Behínd at équal dístance,
Conténd which sháll be fóremost:
And nów 'tis Grámpus háas it,
And nów huge Céntaur cónquers,
And pásses Grámpus bý;

And nów with bóws abréast
 They dásh alóng togéther,
 And síde by síde with lóng keels
 Fúrrów thé sea bríne.

And nów to the rók
 They were fást appróaching,
 And júst at the góal,
 When fóremost, victórious,
 In the mídst of the swéll
 To his stéersman Menoétes
 Thus cálls aloud Gýas:—
 “Whíther awáy to the ríght so fár?
 Hítherward, híther;
 Húg the shore clóse,
 And lét your oar-bládes
 Graze the rókks on the léft;
 Leave to óthers the déep.”

He sáid, but Menoétes,
 Súnken rókks féaring,
 Wrésts the prow séaward:—
 “Whíther awáy stray’st
 Óut of the stráight course?
 For the rókks make, Menoétes.”
 So a sécond time shóuted
 And cálléd him back Gýas,
 And revérting his lóok,
 Lo! behínd him Cloánthus
 Close préssing upón him
 And táking the néar way.

Brushing bý in the ínterspace
 ’Twíxt the resóunding rókks

And the lár-board of Gýas,
In a twinkling Cloánthus
Is óut on the sáfe sea,
And behind has left Gýas,
Behind left the góal.

Then indéed the youth's bónes
With kéen anguish búrnéd,
Nor wére his cheeks téarless;
And óf his crew's sáfety
Forgétful no léss
Than óf the respéct
Which he ówed to himsélf,
Headlong into the séa
From the hígh poop he húrled
Dull plódding Menoétes;
Himsélf takes the rúdder,
Himsélf becomes stéersman,
And chéers the crew ón,
And shóreward the hélm turns.

But, whén from the bóttom
At lást he 's come úp —
And not éasily éither
From yéars and the wéight
Of his wét dripping gárments —
Heavy-láden Menoétes
Makes fór the rock's tóp,
And thére on the drý stone
Séts himsélf dówn.
The Teúcri laughed át him
Both fálling and swimming,
And láugh at him nów

As he spéws from his inwards
The sált water úp.

And nów in the twó last,
Sergéstus and Mnéstheus,
The jóyous hope kindles
To béat lagging Gýas.
Sergéstus starts fóremost
And dráws near the róck,
But nót by the léngth
Of the whóle keel fóremost;
By the stéerage he 's fóremost,
While ón him abáft
The bów of the Grámpus
Émulous présses.

But Mnéstheus goes mídships
And chéers the crew ón,
In their véry midst pácing:—
“Now, nów on your óars rise,
Brave féllows Hectórian,
Whom in Tróy's fateful hóur
I selécted as cómrades;
Now pút forth that vígor,
That spírit put fórt, —
Which érewhile ye shówed
In the Sýrtes Getúlian,
The Iónian séa,
And Málea's péstering
Wáves pertinácious.
I ásk not the fírst place,
Nor stríve now for cónquest,
Though gládly had Mnéstheus —

But I léave those to cónquer,
To whóm thou, O Néptune,
Hast gránted the cónquest;
Only lét 's not be lást,
Conquer só far at léast,
And avért that dishónor —
Fellow tównsmen, avért
That fóul, crying sín."

With extrémé, utmost éffort
They léan themselves fóward;
The brónzed vessel trémble
Benéath the vast strókes
That ráise the keel óut of
And óver the wáter.
The thick panting shákes
Their limbs and dry móuths;
On áll sides abóut them
The swéat flows in rívers.

Mere áccident bróught them
The wished-for hónor;
For, whilst in a fúry
His prów forcing úp
On his ríval's lar-bóard,
And for wánt of room cútting
Too clóse to the rócks,
On a jútting reef fást
Stuck hápless Sergéstus.
The crág was concússed,
And ón the sharp snág
The prów, where it strúck,

Hung suspended, and crack
Went the óars in the strúggle.

The sáilors, at fáult thrown,
With lóud clamors rise
From the bénches togéther,
Ply shárp-pointed póles
And íron-shod hánd-spikes,
And pick up the bróken óars
Óut of the abýsm.
But Mnéstheus, made stóuter
By his véry succéss,
Invókes the winds' áid,
And with swift sweeping óar-banks
Pulls jóyous awáy
In the ópen sea-róom,
And rúns with the fáll
Of the wáter in lándward.
As a dóve, that a súdden
Alárm has distúrbed
From her nést and sweet yóung
In óne of a púmice rock's
Númerous hídings,
Awáy to the fields
Flies óut of the cáve
With a térrified flútter,
But sóon on expánded
And mótionless pinion
Glides swiftly alóng,
And dówn through the still air
Her líquid way swéeps:
So Mnéstheus flies óver
The lást of the cóurse;

Her mere impetus só
Carries Grámpus fóward.

And first he desérts
Sergéstus hard strúggling
In the hígh rocky shállows
And in váin calling hélp
And léarning to ráce
With bróken óars.
Then awáy after Gýas
And enórmous - diménsioned
Chiméra hersélf,
Which, strípped of her stéersman,
No lóng time compétes.
And nów at the úttermost
Énd of the cóurse
Remains ónly Cloánthus;
Hím he makes áfter,
And his whóle strength exérting
Presses hárd upon him.

'Tis thén indeed áll
Repeat shóut upon shóut,
And chéer on the chásér,
Till éther resóunds
With the crásh of the clámor:
These indignantly clíng
To the crédit acquired,
And fást hold the hónor
They have cóunted their ówn,
And are willing to bárter
Existence for glóry.
Succéss feeds the óthers:

They dóubt not they 're áble,
And thérefore they 're áble.

And with bów beside bów
They had bóth perhaps wón
The prizes togéther,
Hád not, with bóth hands
Outstrétched toward the séa,
Cloánthus thus vówed,
Ánd to the déities
Póured his prayer fórch:—

“Ye séa-ruling Góds,
Upon whóse plains I ráce,
Only gránt me my wish,
And I 'll hólđ myself bóund
To bring to your áltars
And sólemnly óffer,
On this very shóre,
A brilliant white búll,
And into the sált waves
With jóy fling the éntails,
And the flówing wine póur.”

He sáid, and the whole chóir
Of the Néreids and Phórcus,
And the máid Panopéa,
Benéath the waves, héard him,
And fáther Portúnus,
With a púsh of his gréat hand,
Himsélf urged him ón.
Swífter than Nótus,
Than fléet arrow swífter,

The b ark flies to l and,
And into the d eep port
Sh oots away f ar.

Then the s eed of Anchises,
F ollowing the c ustom,
C alls all tog ether,
 And with the h erald's
L oud voice procl aims
Clo anthus vict orious,
 And with green l aurel
M antles his t emples;
And comm ands him to ch oose
For  each ship three st eers,
And g ives him for  each ship
A pr esent of wine
And a gr eat silver t alent.

On the c aptains thems elves
He best ows the chief h onors:
On the vict or a chl amys,
With g old over-wr ought,
And twice with a br oad
Purple str ipe Melib ean
Me andered all r ound;
And in-woven th ere
Was the r oyal b oy,
St alking the swift deer
On l eafy  Ida:
His l ance in his h and
He is h ot at the sp ort,
You may s ee him p anting;

But dówn on him swóoping
 Jove's winged armour-béarer
 Up alóft in his tálons
 From Ída has snátched him;
 Aged guárdians in váin
 Stretch their hánds toward the héavens,
 And fierce-barking dógs bay the áir.

But to him who hath wón
 Second pláce by his prówess,
 He gives a mail cóat
 Triple pláited with méshes
 Of búrnished gold wire
 (Adórnment alike
 And defénce in the báttle),
 Which his ówn victor sélf
 From Demóleos had tórñ
 Under hígh Ilium's wálls
 Rapid Símoïs beside:
 Exérting their whóle strength,
 Scarce áble the ménials,
 Phégeus and Ságaris,
 On their shóuldérs to cárry
 Its mánifold plies;
 But Demóleos lóng ago
 Hád it upón him,
 When húnting and chásing
 The Trójans abóut.
 To the thírd he présents
 A páir of bronze básins,
 And two éwers of wrought silver
 With figures embóssed.

With their gifts they had áll now
Just só been presented,
And were márching alóng
In the pride of their wéalth,
With their témples bound róund
With ribbons of críimson,
When, with múch skill and tróuble,
From the féll rock pulled óff,
And láme with the lóss
Of a whóle tier of óars,
Sergéstus brings úp,
In the mídst of derísion,
His hónorless véssel.

As whén on a cáuseway
A snáke is surprísed
And bý a brass whéel
Obliquely run óver,
Ór with a héavy blow
Máimed by way-fárer,
And léft on the stóne
Between líving and déad;
In lóng coils it wríthes,
And in váin to flee stríves,
And lífts up on hígh
Its fóre-part ferócious,
And its híssing neck réars,
And with fiery eyes gláres,
While, twisting and twíning
In knóts on itsélf,
Its wóunded and láme
Hinder párt keeps it báck:
So límpingly rówed

The slów bark alóng,
But made sáil notwithstanding,
And únder spread cánvas
Éntered the pórt.

Enéas, rejóicing
That véssel and créw
Have been bróught back in sáfety,
Bestóws on Sergéstus
The prómised rewárd:
A sláve not unskilled
In the wórks of Minérva,
Phóloë, the Crétan,
With twins at her bósom,
He háš for his príze.

This cómbat dismissed,
Tender-héarted Enéas
Hies to whére, round abóut
By a théatre girdled
Of cúrved, wooded hills,
On the vále's intermédiaire
Smooth gréen was a circus.
'Twas hither the héro,
With mány a thóusand,
Repáired, and his séat took
On a high-raised estráde,
In the mídst of the assémbled
And séated spectátors;
And to shárpen the spírit
Of súch as might háply
Incline to conténd
In the rápid foot-ráce,

The prizes set out,
And displayed the rewards.

They come flocking from all sides,
Teucri mixed with Sicáni:
First Eurýalus and Nísus;
Eurýalus of beauty rare,
In the frésh green of yóuth fair;
Nísus with áll his heart
Virtuously, ténderly
Lóving the lád.
Next áfter in órder
Comes róyal Dióres,
Descéded from Priám's
Pre-éminent stóck;
Then Sálius and Pátron,
Acarnánian the óne,
Of Tégea's Arcáidian
Líneage the óther;
Then twó youths Trinácrian,
Hélymus and Pánopes,
Well úsed to the wóods,
Aged Acéstes' páges:
And mány besides
Of dím fame obscúre.
In the mídst of whom thén
It was thús spoke Enéas:—

“Give jóyful atténion,
And héar what I sáy.
Of áll that are hére
I 'll nótt allow óne
To depárt unrewarded:

A páir of darts Gnóssian
Of bright, polished stéel,
And a twó-headed póle-axe
With ráised work of sílver,
Shall bé to each óne
Presénted alike.

“Prizes shall bé
For the fóremost thrée,
And a wréath, round their héads,
Of táwny ólive:
For the first a supérbly
Capárisoned hórse,
The rewárd of the victor,
An áamazon's quiver
The sécond shall háve,
Full of Thrácian árrows;
It hángs in a bróad belt
With góld overláid
Ánd with a táper-turned
Jéwel-stud fástened.
Let the thírd depart pléased
With this hélmet Argólic.”

When thús he had sáid,
They táke their stands éach;
Then, well márking the góal,
Awáy on a súdden,
At the sóund of the trúmpet,
Rush into the cóurse,
Like a fást-dashing shówer,
And behínd leave the bárrier.

Far before all the rest
Nisus shoots away first,
More swift than the winds,
Or the winged thunderbolt.
Next him, but next
With a long interspace,
Salius comes after,
And then, on the ground
They both have passed over,
Euryalus third,
By Helymus followed,
Close behind whom, behold!
Diores comes flying,
Leans over his shoulder
And treads on his heels;
And, give him but more ground,
He'll slip clear away from,
And quite behind leave,
Him whom now he's so close to
You doubt which is foremost.

And now they're almost
At the end of the course,
And wearily nearing
The very goal,
When Nisus slips, luckless,
In some glairy blood
Which where bullocks, it chanced,
Had lately been slaughtered,
Lay spilled on the ground
And had wet the green sword.
The youth was already
Victorious, triumphant,

When on this spot his fóot,
 To táke firm hold céasing,
 From únder him wént,
 And flát on his fáce
 He féll in the midst
 Of the góre sacrificíal
 And éxcrement fól.

Of Eurýalus, howéver,
 And his lóve for Eurýalus
 He wás not forgétful;
 Bút, from the slippery ground
 Úp as he róse,
 Oppósed himself right
 In the wáy of Sálius,
 Who féll and rolled óver
 On his báck in the thícK sand.

In the midst of handcláppings
 And shóuts of appláuse
 Awáy shoots, awáy flies
 Eurýalus fórward,
 And bý his friend's kindness
 Has wón the first pláce.
 Up comes Hélymus áfter,
 And, nów to the third palm
 Entitled, Dióres.

Here Sálius, with lóud shouts
 The húge concave fílling,
 Insists to the whóle
 Of the assémbled spectátors,
 And móst to the síres

In the frónt places séated,
That the hónor is his,
And múst be restóred him,
Of which an unfáir
Manoeúvre has róbbed him.

For Eurýalus pléad
His becóming téars;
His virtúes, enhánced
By his pérsonal gráce,
Win the géneral fávor;
Dióres too hélp him,
And shóuts for him lóud,
Having cóme in, in váin,
For the lást palm and príze,
If to Sálius restóred
The first márk of distínction.

Then fáther Enéas:—
“Your présents, young mén,
Remain cértain and fixed,
And no óne shall distúrb
The pálm from its órder;
But mé you ’ll allów
To commiserate a friend,
Whose misfórtune is dúe
To no fáult of his ówn.”

So sáid, he gave Sálius
The húge hide uncóuth
Of a líon Getúlian,
Gólden-clawed, shággy,
A búrthen to cárry.

Then says Nísus:— “If súch
 Thy compásson for fálls,
 And so gréat the rewálds
 Thou bestów'st on the cónquered,
 Let me sée the fine présent
 Thou hast réady for Nísus;
 For him who had glóriously
 Wón the first gárland,
 Had he nót been o'ercóme
 By the sáme spiteful fórtune
 That óvercame Sálius.”
 He sáid, and displáyed
 His fáce and limbs fóuled
 With the sóft, dungy óoze.

The most éxcellent Fáther
 Smiled at his plight:
 Then bídding be bróught forth
 The shíeld manufáctured
 By skílléd Didymáon,
 Which the Dánaï had púlléd down
 From Néptune's door sácred,
 Bestówed the choice gift
 On the wórthy young mán.

The ráce at an énd,
 And the présents awárded:—
 “Now if ány man hére
 Has indwelling cóurage
 And spírit suffícient,
 Let him stánd forth, and líft high
 His gáuntleted pálms.”

He said, and set forth
The battle's twain honors:
For the victor a steer,
Vailed with fillets of gold;
A sword and grand helmet
To solace the conquered.

Then loud was the buzz of the admiring assembly
As Dares his mighty front raised on the instant:
'Twas Dares that used to contend against Paris,
Other equal for Paris was none.
He too it was that at mightiest Hector's
Tumulus sepulchral smote conquering Butes,
And stretched on the tawny sand dying the giant
Whose haughty deméanour showed how well he knew
He was come of Bebrýcian Ámycus' race.
Such was Dares that raised his high head first to battle,
Displayed his broad shoulders, and thrusting and cuffing
With each arm alternate, pommelled the air.
A match is sought for him; but, of all that array,
Not one dares approach him or draw on the gauntlet.

In high spirits therefore,
And thinking that one and all
Yield him the palm,
He stands right in front
Of the feet of Eneas,
And without more ado
With his left hand takes hold
Of the bull by the horn,
And says:—"Goddess-born,
If there's no one so bold
As to venture the battle,

What énd of my stánding?
 How lóng must I wáit?
 Bid me léad the prize óff."
 Same tíme the Dardánidae
 Cálled out unánimous
 To lét the brave mán
 Have the prómised rewárd.

Here with gráve words Acéstes
 Repróaches Entéllus,
 As beside him he sát
 On the gréen grassy bánk:—
 "Entéllus, in váin once
 The brávest of héroes,
 And wilt thou so támely,
 Withóut even a strúggle,
 Allów such a prize
 To be cárried awáy?
 Whére is our Gód now,
 That Éryx thy máster
 Thou váunt'st of so idly?
 Where nów thy renówn
 All Trinácria fílling,
 And the spóils thou 'st at hóme
 Hanging úp in thy hóuse?"

"It is not féar" —
 Thus ánsivered hé —
 "Nor scáred awáy
 My lóve of glóry
 And fáir áchievement;
 But slów old-áge,
 With númbing fróst,

Has chilled my blóod,
 And wórned out quíte
 My bódily vígor.
 Hád I but nów
 The yóuth I had ónce,
 That yóuth in which
 Yon wrétch exúlts
 So cónfident,
 Nor gíft had Í
 Nor fáir steer néeded,
 Tó indúce me
 Tó come fórward.
 Who líkes may táke
 The príze, for mé."

Só having saíd,
 He cást intó
 The mídst a páir
 Of móst enórmous,
 Wéighty gáuntlets,
 With whose hárd hide
 Dóughty Éryx
 Úsed to stráp
 His hánds and árms,
 Évery tíme
 The lísts he éntered.

All mínds were astóunded,
 So húge were those sévenfold
 Plíes of ox-léather,
 So stíffened with ín-plaited
 Íron and léad.
 Abóve all the rést

Dares' sélf is astónished,
 And will upon nó account
 Trý the encóunter.
 Then, while the magnánimous
 Són of Anchises
 Swings hither and thither
 And túrns every wáy
 The vólume immense
 Of those pónderous bánds,
 The óld man gives útterance
 To wórds such as thése:—

“And whát had ye sáid,
 Hád ye but Hércules'
 Ówn gauntlets séen,
 And the sád fight he fóught
 Upon this very shóre?
 These gáuntlets belónged
 To thine hálf-brother Éryx
 (Thou sée'st them with blóod still
 Besprinkled and bráins);
 With thése he confrónted
 Mighty Alcides;
 To thése I was úsed,
 While a frésher blood-cúrrént
 Supplied me with vígor,
 And nó yet had óld age
 Envíously sprinkled
 My témples with hóar.
 But íf Trojan Dáres
 These wéapons refúses,
 And géntle Enéas
 Is sátisfied só,

And if my abéttor
Acéstes appróves,
Let us máke the fight équal;
I dó not insist
On the gáuntlets of Éryx
(Dismiss thy misgivings);
And thóu, put thou óff
Thy Trójan gloves too."

He sáid, and his dóublet
Threw óff from his shóuldern,
His gréat limbs laid báre
And his gréat bones and músclcs,
And fórt in his míght stood
In the mídst of th' aréna.

Then the séed of Anchíses
Like gáuntlets brought fórt,
And with the matched wéapons
The sire strapped the hánds
Of the óne and the óther.
Upright on their tóes
In an ístant both róse;
And undáunted arms hígh
Lífting úp toward the ský,
And lófty heads dráwing back
Fár from the stróke,
With hánd to hand spárring,
The báttle provóke.

More nímble the óne
In the príde of his yóuth;

Stronger limbed was the óther,
 And móulded gigántic,
 But trémulous slów
 Are his tóttling knées,
 And his vást limbs shake sóre
 With the pánt of his bréathing.

Mány a blów
 They tóss to and fró,
 Áll to no púrpose;
 Mány a blów
 Loud ráttling rings
 On hóllow chést
 And sídes, redóubled.
 Abóut ears and témples
 Róves the hand fréquent,
 And únder the hárd cuffs
 The jáws go crick cráck.

In the sáme sustained pósture
 Entéllus stands héavy,
 And with vigilant eýes
 The pásses avóids
 By ónly inclíning his bódý.
 His oppónent, like óne
 Who bríngs works of wár
 To béar on a high-seated cíty,
 Or sóme mountain cástle beléaguers,
 On this side tries nów,
 Now on thát the appróaches,
 And the whóle place abóut
 Reconnóitres with skill,

And with várious assáults
Inefféctual prèsses.

Réars himself úpright
Entéllus, and shóws
His ríght hand uplífted;
The óther wares quick
The dówn coming blów,
And with nímble evásion
Slips óut of the wáy.
Entéllus dischárges
His stréngth on the winds,
And tó the ground pónderous
Fálls of himsélf
With his vást heavy wéight:
As on Érymanth sómetimes,
Or ón mighty Ída,
A hóllo pine túmbles
Torn úp by the róots.

All at ónce and togéther,
In their ínterest for éither,
The Teúcri rise úp
And the yóuth of Trinácria;
To the ský mounts the clámor:
Acéstes the fírst is
Who rúns to, and pítying
Lífts from the gróund up,
His équal-aged fríend.

But, bý his mischánce
Nor retárded nor scáred,
The héro retúrns

But more kéen to the fight,
 Of vâlor self-cónscious,
 Wrath róusing his vígor,
 Shame kindling his míght;
 And, áll in a glów,
 Drives óver the whóle plain
 DARES héadlong befóre him,
 And nów with his léft hand
 Redóubles his blóws,
 And nów with his ríght.

There 's nó stop nor stáy,
 But with blóws of each hánd,
 As thícK, fast, and fréquent,
 As páttering háilstones
 Down shówering on róof-tops,
 The héro thumps Dâres,
 And knócks him abóut.

Then fáther Enéas,
 Permitting no fúrther
 Their íres to procéed,
 Nor Entéllus to ráge on
 In súch bitter spírit,
 Put an énd to the fíght,
 And réscued tired Dâres,
 Ánd with kind, pétting words
 Thús to him sáid:—

“Luckless wíght, what delúSION
 So stróng has posséssed thee?
 Percéiv'st not, thou wárrest
 Agáinst a God's stréngth,

And that Héaven 's turned against thee?
 Give wáy to the Gód.”
 He sáid, and the báttle
 Decláred to be énded.

But awáy to the véssels
 His fáithful compánions
 Bring Dáres, his crázy knees
 Drággíng alóng,
 His héad now to this
 Now to thát side tóssing,
 And clóts of blood míxed with teeth
 Fróm his mouth spéwing;
 Then, súmmoned, the swórd
 And the hélmet receíve,
 And léave to Entéllus
 The pálm and the búll.

Then, exúberant in spírits
 And próud of the búll:—
 “Goddess-bórn,” says the victór,
 “And yé other Teúcri,
 Behóld both what stréngth
 My yóuthful frame ónce had,
 And from whát certain déath
 Ye have Dáres delívered.”

He sáid, and right ópposite
 The fáce of the stéer stood,
 That was bý-standing thére,
 The príze of the báttle;
 And rísing bolt-úpright,
 And dráwing back his ríght hand,

Swung the hard gauntlet
 Between the two horns,
 And the frontal bone fractured,
 And crushed in the brain;
 Prostrate the felled ox
 Lies on the sword stretched,
 Senseless and quivering.
 Then, over him standing,
 These words he put forth:—
 "With this better life, Éryx,
 I pay thee in full
 For my not killing Dares,
 And victorious here put by
 My gauntlets, and with them
 The art pugilistic."

Then straightway Enéas
 Invites to compete,
 Who haply may wish,
 In the swift arrow contest,
 And the prizes sets out;
 And Seréstus' ship's mast
 With his huge hand erects,
 And suspends in a noose,
 From the top of the mast,
 The mark to be aimed at,
 A swift-winged pigeon.

The competitors meet,
 And into a brass helm
 Their lot-counters flinging,
 Forth comes first of all,
 Amid shouts of applause,

The lóť of Hippócoon,
Hýrtacus' són.
Close áfter whom fóllovs
Mnéstheus, just nów
In the shíp-race victórious,
Mnéstheus with ólive bough
Gárlanded gréen.
Thírd comes Eurýtion,
Who cláims thee for bróther,
O Pándarus most glórious,
Thóu that in óld time,
Obédient to órders,
The fírst wert thy weápon
To flíng midst the Achívi,
And th' ármistice bréak.
Lowest dówn in the hélmet
And lást lay Acéstes;
For hé too had dáred
In the tásk of the yóung man
His hánd's strength to trý.

Then évery man tákes out
His sháft from his quíver,
And gállantly évery man
Bénds his strong bów;
And fírst from the twánging string,
Cléaving the swift air,
Through the ský speeds the árrow
Of Hýrtacus' són,
And cómes and sticks fást
In the frónt of the mást:
The mast thróugh and thróugh quívers,
The fríghted bird flútters,

And fills the place round
With its clapping wings' sound:

Bold Mnéstheus next after,
With bended bow standing,
His aim took on high
With strained shaft and strained eye,
But, alas! the bird missed,
Though he broke the lint noose
In which, tied by the foot,
From the tall mast it hung:
And away to the south winds
And dark clouds it flew.

Then in all haste Eurýtion,
Who for some time was holding
Bow bent and shaft levelled,
Made a vow to his brother,
And under the black cloud
Covered and pierced
With his arrow the pigeon,
That in the free sky there
Its glad wings was clapping.
Life leaving above
In the starry ethereal,
It tumbles down senseless,
And back to the ground
Brings the shaft in the wound.

Sire Acéstes, the only
Remaining one now,
Though the victory's lost,
Yet his science to show
In twanging the bow,

High into the ský
 His árraw let flý.
 Here méets the eye súdden
 What divíners too láte,
 By the gréat event táught
 To prognósticate right,
 Have decláred was an ómen
 Of import terrífic;
 For the réed, in th' untróubled
 Clouds óf the fine wéather,
 Took fire as it fléw,
 And its páth marked with fláme,
 Then into the thín winds
 Awáy withdrew spént.
 So óftentimes flý
 Shooting stárs through the ský,
 And draw áfter them swéeping
 Their lóng trail of háir.

Confóunded, astóunded,
 To the Góds pray the Teúcri
 And mén of Trinácria;
 Nor refúses the ómen
 Most mighty Enéas,
 But embráces, and héaps
 With great gifts, glad Acéstes,
 And thús to him sáys:—
 “Accépt this, O fáther;
 For Olýmpus' great king
 By this pórtent decláres thee
 Entitled to hónor
 Apárt and espécial.
 This rich-embossed winebowl,

Which gréat-aged Anchises
 Himsélf once posséssed,
 Thou shalt háve for thy bóon,
 Thracian Císseus of óld
 On my párent Anchises
 The gréat gift bestówed
 To be képt as memórial
 And plédge of his lóve.”

He sáid, and salúted
 Acéstes first víctor,
 And bóund round his témples
 With láurel-branch gréen.
 Nor did wórthy Eurýtion,
 Though 'twas hé alone bróught down
 The bírd from the hígh sky,
 With jéalousy lóok
 On the hónor put pást him.
 For the néxt gift comes ín
 He that rúptured the córd;
 Last is hé whose swift árrów
 Stood fíxed in the mást.

But fáther Enéas,
 Ere énded that gáme was,
 Calls Epýtides tó him,
 Compánion and guárdian
 Of béardless Iúlus,
 Ánd in his trústy ear:—
 “To Ascánus awáy quick,
 And íf he has with him
 His yóung troop of hórsemen
 All equipped now and réady

To go through their manoeuvres,
Bid him with them come hither
In arms, and parade
To his grandfather's honor?
Out of the long circus
Himsélf bids depárt
The whole influx of péople,
And léave the field frée.

All glittering alike
On their wéll-bitted hórses,
The láds make their éntry
In sight of their síres,
Admired by the whóle youth
Of Tróy and Trinácria,
And chéered as they gó.
They áll wear their háir,
As required by the cústom,
Cut clóse in a róund crop;
Two stéel-pointed lánces
Of córnel each cárries,
And sóme on their shóuldérs
A smóoth burnished quíver;
At the tóp of the chést
Round the néck goes a cóllar
Of fléxile gold twisted.

Thréé troops of hórsemen,
Distínt and apárt,
Perámbulate thére,
Each tróop with a cáptain;
Twice six glittering yóuths
Every cáptain commánds.

One youthful troop 's led
 In ovation along,
 By a tiny Priam
 (Called áfter his grándsire),
 Thine illústrious óffspring,
 Polítes, and sóon
 With a néw, vigorous gráft
 To add stréngth to th' Itálians.
 The pásterns are white
 Of his píed Thracian chárger,
 And lóftily cárried
 The pród forehead white.

Átys, from whóm come
 The Látin clan, Átii,
 Little Átys is néxt,
 The fávorite boy-friend
 Of the bóy Iúlus.

Last and lóveliest of áll
 Iúlus comes, móunted
 On chárger Sidónian,
 By fáir Dido gíven him
 In remémbrance of hér
 And in plédge of her lóve.
 On áged Acéstes's
 Hórses Trinácrian
 Ride the rést of the yóuths.

Pít-a-pat gó their hearts,
 Ás the Dardánidae,
 Gázing delighted,
 Ánd in their fáces

Trácing their fóresires,
Recéive them with pláudits.

When nów round the whóle
Of the séated assémbly
They have rídden, with jóy,
In their rélatives' síght,
And to sét out are réady,
Epýtides gives them
The sígnal from fár
With whip-crack and shóut.

Each trúop then dívides
Into twó equal párts,
Which túrn about quíck,
And trot óff from each óther;
Then whéel round agáin
At the wórd of commánd,
And chárge, face to fáce.

Then their táctics they chángé,
And in ópposite ráńks
Adváńce and retíre,
And retíre and adváńce,
And whéel round and róund,
And in íntricate ríńgs
Intercépting and cróssing
And báffling each óther,
Fight óut their sham báttle;
Sometímes their backs túrning
Deféńceless and róuted,
Sometímes spéar grappling spéar,

And thén again, péace made,
Paráding united.

As the intricate blíndways
And thóusand turns púzzling
Of the Lábyrinth they téll of,
In hígh Crete of óld,
Where nó clue to guíde you
Back, fórward, or óut,
You wándered for éver
Abóut and abóut:
So púzzled the trácks
Of the sóns of the Teúcri,
So perpléxedly wóven
Sportive báttle and flíght,
Like the gámbols of pórpoises
Pláyfully frísking
Ín the sea-wátters
Carpáthian or Líbyan.

Ascánius of óld,
When róund Longa Álba
He dréw his walls' círcle,
Re-estáblished this gáme
And these mánège manoeúvres,
And táught the old Látins
How hímsélf, when a bóy,
And the Trójan lads wíth him,
Had been úsed to perfórm them.
The Álbans their yóuth taught,
From whóm mightiest Róme
In dúe course recéived,
And, hónoring her fáthers,

Preserves to this day
The sport they call Tróy
And the Trójan Battálion.
So much for the gámes
In the sáinted sire's hónor.

Here Fórtune, unfáithful,
Begán first to chángé;
For whilst at the túmulus
With várious amúsements
The day 's solemnised,
Júno Satúrnian,
Mány a scheme póndering,
And nóted sated yét
Of her áncient ill wíll,
Dówn from heaven Íris
On fáir wafting bréezes
To the Ílian fleet sént.

Swift alóng her bow's páth
Of a thóusand bright dýes,
Down unséen runs the máid;
The great cóncourse survéys,
Round the cóast casts her eýes,
And obsérves the port éempty,
Desérted the fléet.

But apárt on the lónely beach,
Wéeping in sécret,
Troy's mátrons were wáiling
The lóss of Anchíses;
And áll, as they wépt,
On the déep sea were gázing:—

“Alás, such a lóng way ’s
Still lýing befóre us,
And, tíred as we áre,
We have só much sea wáter
To sáil over stíll!”

It was thús with one vóice
They áll were excláiming;
A cíty ’s their práyer;
They are síck, sore and sórry,
And the tóils of the séa
Will no lónger endúre.

Ínto the mídst of them,
Práctised in míschief
Thérefore she flíngs her,
And púts off the figure
And vést of a Góddess,
And mákes herself Béroë,
The áged spouse becómes
Of Tmárian Dorýclus,
Who ónce possessed children
And kíndred and náme.

In this guíse amídst
The Dárdan dames míngling:—
“Wretched wómen,” she cries,
“Whom Acháian hands lóng ago
Drágged not to sláughter,
When fíerce raged the báttle
Your nátive walls róund —
O unfórtunate créw,
For whát worse destrúction
Does Fórtune reserve ye?

The séventh summer nów
Since the rásing of Tróy,
Its cóurse is revólving,
Yet o'er lánd and o'er wáter
We 're wándering stíll;
Amidst bléak, savage rócks,
Under stránge skies are róaming,
And, tóssed on the bíllows,
Chace thróugh the great séa
Itália, that éver
Befóre us is fléeing.
Ín the fratérnal
Domáins here of Éryx,
Hére where we 're kíndly
Recéived by Acéstes,
What hinders from fóunding
Our cíty's walls hére,
And éntering at ónce
On a cítizen lífe?
O my cóuntry, and Ó ye
Penátes, in váin
Rescued óut of the fóe's midst,
Shall there nó, now at lást,
Be a cíty called Tróy?
Am I nó where to sée
A Símoïs' or Xánthus'
Hectórean stréam?
Nay, náy, come alóng,
And hélp me to búrn down
These ún lucky véssels;
For prophétic Cassándra's form
Séemed, as I slépt,
A lít torch to hánd me;

Here, she sáys, is your hóme,
 In this spót seek your Tróy.
 Opportúny wórks,
 Ánd the great pródigy
 Méets with no híndrance:
 See hére where to Néptune
 Four áltars are stánding;
 With lít brands, with cóurage
 The Gód's self supplies us."
 She sáid, the way léd,
 And the ránkling fire séized,
 And, with ríght hand uplifted,
 From whére she stood, brándished
 And with míght and main flúng.

The spírits are róused
 Of the Ílian mátrons,
 With amázement their héarts struck;
 And óne of the óldest
 Óf the whole númer,
 Pýrgo, nurse róyal
 Óf the so númerous
 Children of Príam:—
 "No Béroë Rhoetéán,
 No spóuse of Dorýclus
 Ye have hére, dames;" she cries:
 "See hów her eyes búrn,
 Mark her beauty dívine,
 Her expréssion, her spírit,
 Her vóice and her gáit.
 I mysélf but just nów,
 When I cáme away híther,
 Left Béroë síck,

And in sád disappointment
That shé, only shé,
The great óffice should miss,
And nót pay Anchises
The mérited hónors."

She sáid, and the mátrons
At first stood uncértain
And éither way swáying;
Ánd on the véssels
An ill eye were cásting —
On the óne hand sore love
Of the lánd that was présent,
On the óther the cáll
Of the Fáte-destined réalms —
When the Góddess her wings spread,
And úp through the ský sped
Her flíght the clouds únder,
Alóng the great bów.

Then indéed, by the pródigy
Smóte with amázeament,
Impélled by a fúry,
The mátrons a shóut raise
At ónce and togéther,
Snatch the fire from the héarths,
(While sóme strip the áltars),
And fling bránds with their whóle force,
And léafy twig-fággots.
Through óars and row-bénches
And páinted pine póops
With lóose reins caréers
Raging Vúlcan unbridled.

To the tómb of Anchíses
 Ánd to the théâtre's
 Wédge-grouped spectátors
 Eumélus the néws brings
 That the fléet is on fire;
 They look báck and themsélves see
 The dárk, showering áshes;
 And Ascánius the first is
 (Just só as he wás there,
 All jóyous conduéting
 His hórsemen's manoeúvres)
 Off tó the distúrbed camp
 At fúll speed to gálop,
 Nór can his térrified
 Guárdians restráin him:—

“What strange mádness is this?
 What wóuld ye be át now?
 What wóuld ye?” he cries:
 “Ah! unháppy townswómen,
 It is not the fóe,
 Not the cámp of the Árgive,
 'Tis your ówn hopes ye búrn.
 See, Í 'm your Ascánius!”
 And he tóok off and thréw
 At their féet down before thém
 The hélmet he wóre
 In the shám-fight amúsement.
 At the sáme time Enéas
 Comes úp in all háste,
 And the Teúcrian bands cóme.
 But the wómen, affrighted,
 Awáy flee on áll sides

Wide óver the shóre,
And into the wóods steal,
Or skulk into whatever
Caves and hóles they can find.
They repént their attépt,
They 're ashámed of the líght,
They acknówledge their friends,
Their whóle temper 's chánged,
And óut of their bréasts
They have quíte shaken Júnó.

But nót the less ráges,
For áll that, the fíre,
Nor abáte the flames thérefore
Their wíld, untamed stréngth;
Benéath the moist tímbers
The cálking tow smóuldérs,
And slów vomits smóke:
The élement súpple
Gnaws slówly the húlls;
The pést descends dówn
Through the whóle of the fráme:
All the stréngth of the héroes,
All the flóods they throw ón it,
Aváil not to stáy it.

Then géntle Enéas
Tears his vést from his shóuldérs,
His hánds toward heaven strétches
And the Góds' help invókes:—
“O omnípótent Jóve,
If not yét to a mán
Thou detéstest us Trórans,

If thou 'st still some remáins
 Of the pítý wherewith
 Thou wast wónted of óld
 To regárd human tróubles,
 Grant our shíps now, O Síre,
 An escápe from this fíre,
 And réscue Troy's slénder
 Estáte from destrúction;
 Or compléte thy work óutright,
 And, if súch my desérving,
 With ángry bolt hére
 On this spót overwhélm me,
 Ánd with thy ríght hand
 To déath send me dówn."

Scárce had he úttered,
 When the ráins were let lóose,
 And a dárk tempest ráged
 Beyond précedent fúrious,
 And highlands and pláins
 With thúnderpeals ráttled.
 Down fróm the whole éther
 'Tis óne pour of wáter,
 One thíck, rushing shówer
 Of black bláck, troubled sóuth-rain.
 The shíps fíll, and run óver,
 The chárge'd timber 's drénched,
 The fíery glow 's quénched,
 And fróm the pest sáved
 All the véssels but fóur.

But fáther Enéas,
 By the sóur mischance shócked,

Weighty cáres in his bréast
With himsélf was revólving,
And betwéen the two wáys
To and fró vacilláting:
Should he séttle down thére
In the fíelds of Sicília
And fòrgét the fates quíte,
Ór for th' Itálian coasts
Máke right ahéad.
Then élderly Náutes,
Whom Pállas Tritónian
Had spécially táught,
And réndered distínguished
Abóve every óther
For sóothsaying skill —
(Her ánswers would téll him
What it wás the great wráth
Of the Góds was forebóding,
What is wás the Fates' préordained
Órder required),
In consóling words thús
To Enéas begán:—

“Whíther the Fátes
Do so púll and re-púll us,
Goddess-bórn, let us fólloù.
Let whát will, be cóming,
No fórtune 's so bád
But it máy be surmóunted
By pátient endúrance.
There 's Acéstes, a Dárdan
And fróm the Gods sprúng,
To hím impart fréely

Thy plán of procéding;
 He 's réady and willing
 To hélp and advise thee.
 The créws of the lóst ships
 Hand óver to him,
 And whoéver are sick
 Of the gréat undertáking
 And óf thy concérnments,
 And the véry old mén,
 And the séa-weary mátrons;
 And chóose out the wéak ones
 And súch as are tímíd,
 And hére in this lánd
 Let them fíx their abóde,
 And bestów on their cíty
 (Thou 'lt allów them the privilége
 Of chóosing the náme)
 The náme of Acésta."

'Twas thén indeed, thén,
 That, inflámed by the wórds
 Of his élderly friend,
 He was réally distrácted:
 And dárk Night was nów
 Alóng the sky driving
 In páir-in-hand téam,
 When, dówn from heaven glíding,
 Appéared on a súdden
 The fórm of his párent
 Anchíses, and séemed
 Words like thése to pour fórth:—
 "O són, once than life
 (When I hád life) more déar;

O sòn by the Ílian fates
Hárassed so sóre;
By that Júpiter, whó
Drove the fire from thy ships,
And from high heaven at lást
Took compásson upón thee,
I come híther, commáded.
Obéy the advisings
Of élderly Náutes,
That so chármingly fít
With the présent conjúcture:
Yóuths of the stóutest heart
Chóose out and táke
To Ítaly with thee;
Thou 'st a rúde, hardy péople
In Látium to wár down,
But the únder-ground dwélling
Of Dís visit first,
And thróugh deep Avérnus
Come dówn, son, and méet me;
For nót kindless Tártarus'
Glóomy shades ówn me;
In delightful Elýsium
I wón with the géntle.
Holy Síbyl, when mány
A bláck sheep has bléd,
Shall híther conduét thee.
Of thine whóle future ráce
And the cíty vouchsáfed thee
Thou shalt thén be infórmed.
And nów fare thee wéll!
Humid Níght has the hálf
Of her jóurney compléted,

And with his pánting steeds
Féll Morn blows ón me.”
He sáid, and like smóke
Into thín air awáy fled.

“Whither rúshest thou thén?”
Says Enéas, “or whither
Beták’st thyself fróm me?
Whom fléeest? who kéeps thee
Awáy from my árms?”
So sáying, he stirred up
The fíre’s sleeping émbers,
Ánd fumigáted
Pergámean Lár
And hóar Vesta’s shrine
With a fúll box of incense,
And óffered the blést meal,
And pút up his práyer.

The wórship compléted,
He súmmons his péers
And, abóve all, Acéstes;
And Júpiter’s órders
Lays fúllý befóre them,
And his déar sire’s injúnctions,
And his ówn, formed opiníon.
Acéstes gainsáys not;
The vóte ’s not long pássing;
They transcribe to the cíty
And sét down from trável
The mátrons and áll who
To stáy are inclíned,
Minds whóllý devóid

Of the pássion for glóry.
Themsélves then repláce
The half-éaten ship-tímbers,
Make néw the row bénches,
And with óar and rope-táckling
Ríg out afrésh;
They 're a bráve, gallant créw,
Though they múster but féw.

In the méantime Enéas
Marks óut with plough-fúrrow
The síte of the cíty,
And lóts out the dwéllings;
And hére bids be Ílium,
And thére bids be Tróy.
And Trójan Acéstes
Delights in his réalm,
And, fixing by édict
A Fórum, presídes
O'er the Fáthers assémbled.
On Éryx' high tóp too,
Not fár from the ský,
For Vénus Idálian
A séat is estáblished;
Ánd to Anchises' tomb
Ádded a priest;
And a gróve consecráted,
With wide-spreading púrlieus.

And nów for nine dáys
All the péople were féasted,
And ófferings, for nine days,
Were láid on the áltars;

And benéath the mild bréezes
The séa-plain lay lével,
And the stéady and fáir breath
Of Áuster once móre
To the hígh-deep was cálling —
Then thróugh the bayed shóres
The great wáiling arises;
In mútual embráces
They línger, and dráw out
The dáy and the níght;
And the mátrons themsélves
And thóse very mén
To whóm the sea's fáce
But just nów seemed so róugh,
And the wéather a thíng
That was nót to be bórne,
Are desírous to gó,
And endúre to the énd
All the tóil of the trável:
Whom with kínd, friendly wórd
Good Enéas consóles,
And with téars recomménds
To their kinsman Acéstes;
Then thrée calves commánds
To be sláughtered to Éryx,
And a lám to the Témpests,
And one áfter anóther
To lét go the cábles.
Himsélf, with a clipped
Olive wréath round his héad,
Stands far óff on the bów,
And into the sált waves
The éntails consígn,

And the flówing wine póurs.
A wind rises áft
And convóys them alóng;
And, áll hands with rival oars
Smíting the déep,
O'er the séa-plain they swéep.

But cáre-harassed Vénus
Meanwhile accosts Néptune,
Ánd from her bréast forth
Pours this lamentátion:—
“The sérious and éver-
Unsátiated ánger
Of Júnó's breast, Néptune,
Compéls me to áll
Sorts of práyers to descénd;
Unsóftened by léngth of time,
Úntouched by pity,
Unsubdúed by the Fátes,
By Jove's mándate unquélled,
She néver rests quiet.
Not enóugh for her hórrible
Spíte to have tórtured
With áll sorts of tórture
And óut of the mídst
Of the Phrýgian nátion
Cut their cápital city,
She must pérsecute stíll
Murdered Tróy's poor remáins,
Her bónes and her cinders;
Best knówn to hersélf
The cáuse of such fúry.
Thou thysélf art my witness,

What a cóil but just nów
 She raised, áll of a súdden,
 In the Líbyan sea - wátters;
 How the whóle sea and ský
 She mixed úp in one póther,
 On th' Eólian blasts squállly
 Relyíng in váin —
 In thý realms she dáred this.
 See tóo, how she has driven
 Troy's dámes into crime,
 And fóully our ships burned,
 And ón an unknow'n land
 Compélled us to léave
 Our cómrades behind us.
 One thing, and one ónly,
 Remáins for us nów,
 Ánd for that ónly
 One thing I entréat thee,
 Safe vóyage acröss
 To Lauréntian Týber,
 If the Párcae permit us
 Our cíty to fíx there,
 And if I claim nóthing
 But whát 's been accórded."

Thus spóke then the déep sea's
 Satúrnian contróller:—
 "Thou 'st all ríght, Cytheréa,
 To confide in my réalms,
 Since from thém thou art sprúng:
 I desérve it too fróm thee:
 For thée I 've suppresséd oft
 The wíld, raging fúry

Both of ský and of séa;
Ánd that I háve not
Óf thine Enéas
Taken léss care on lánd,
Let Xánthus and Símoïs
Téstify fór me.
When agáinst their own wálls
Pursúing Achilles
Dashed Tróy's half-dead squádróns,
And sléw many thóusands,
And, with déad bodies filled up,
The rívers' beds gróaned,
And Xánthus no lónger
Could find out a pássage
Or ról to the séa,
From mighty Pelídes,
For whóm he was nó match
In Góds or in stréngth,
Safe in a cloud's hóllo
I snátched off Enéas,
Though stróng my desíre
To o'ertúrn from the bóttom
That pérjured Troy cíty
Mine ówn hands had búilt.
Now tóo I 've the sáme mind
Unáltered and stéady;
Fear nó — he shall sáfely
Réach, as thou wíshes,
The pórt of Avérnus,
With the lóss, on the déep,
Of a síngle man ónly,
Whose óne life shall ránsom
The líves of the mány."

The sire, with these words
 Having gladdened and soothed
 The heart of the Goddess,
 Puts the bit in the mouths
 Of his wild, foaming steeds,
 With their gold harness yokes them,
 Lets run through his hand loose
 The whole length of the reins,
 And in his dark-blue car
 Flies lightly along
 O'er the face of the sea:
 The swollen waters subside,
 And spread level under
 His thundering axle;
 Out of the vast ether
 Away flee the storms.
 In his motley cortége
 Was the great, monstrous whale,
 And old Glaucus' choir,
 And Inóan Palémon,
 And swift-speeding Tritons,
 And Phórcus' whole muster;
 On his left hand was Thétis
 With Neséa, Thalia,
 Cymódoce, Spio,
 The maid Panopéan,
 And Mélité.

Here through the mind anxious
 Of father Enéas
 Bland joy in its turn thrills;
 He commands them to set up
 All the masts quickly,

And the sáils on the yálds spread.
 They unfúrl sail togéther,
 First on the lárboard side,
 Thén on the stárboard side,
 Ánd to the gúnnel
 The cléw-lines brace fást;
 All at ónce they heave úp
 Their yárd-horns on high,
 Then hául them taught áft,
 And befóre the wind scúd.
 Palinúrus, ahead,
 The dénsé squadron léd;
 All the óthers were órdered
 To shápe course by him.

And now dámp Night had réached
 About hálfway her góal,
 And beside their oars strétched
 All alóng the hard bénches
 The sáilors in still sleep
 Their límbs had reláxed,
 Whén from th' ethéreal sky
 Dówn gliding light,
 The múrky air pártíng,
 And scáttering the dárkness,
 Sómnus to thee comes,
 Ó Palinúrus,
 Ánd for no fáult of thine
 Bríngs thee sad slúmbers;
 And, in fígure like Phórbas,
 On the high poop the Gód sat,
 And póured this discóurse:—

"Palinúrus Iásides,
 Stéady the fléet goes
 Befóre the fair wind;
 'Tis the hóur of repóse;
 Lay thine héad down to slúmber,
 And stéal for thy tíred eyes
 A móment of rést:
 I mysélf for a while
 Will take ón me thy dúty."
 To him Palinúrus,
 His eýes scarce uplífting:—
 "And desírest thou mé
 To confide in this mónster,
 As if I knew nót
 What the plácid face méans,
 And the cálm of the sált sea?
 Or wóuldst thou have mé,
 Whom a fáir-seeming ský
 So óften has chéated,
 Give Enéas in chárge
 To the tréacherous bréezes?"

He sáid, and kept wátching
 With fíxed eyes the stárs,
 And clung clóse to the tiller,
 And wóuld not let gó:
 Then ó'er both his témples,
 Behóld! the God shákes
 A bóugh drenched in Léthe's
 Stygian déw soporífic,
 And reléases his swimming
 And únwilling eýes.
 No sóoner the fírst touch

Of sléep unexpected
His límbs had reláxed,
Thán with his whóle weight
He léans down upón him,
And into the eléar water
Púshes him héadlong,
With the bróken-off hélm
And a párt of the póop,
And óft on his cómrades
In váin for help cálling;
Then úp to the thín air
Awáy soars himsélf.
But the fléet notwithstanding
Sails dáuntlessly ón,
In sire Néptune's word sáfe:
And nów they were néaring
The rócks of the Sirens,
Dángerous of óld,
And with sáilors' bones white;
Far óff heard the cónstant
Hoarse róar of the bréakers;
When the Fáther, percéiving
The ship drifting wide
For wánt of her hélmsman,
Himsélf steered her ón
Through the mídnight wáters,
Much shócked, and láménting
With mány a gróan oft
The ill chánce of his friend:—
“O tóo much confiding
In fáir sea and ský,
On an únknown shore náked,
Palinúre, thou shalt lie.”

VI.

With téars he sáid, and gáve his fléet the réins;
Ánd at last glides to Cúma's shóres Euboéan.

Móored by the áñchor's tóoth tenácious,
The véssels' cúrved sterns line the cóast;
Óut toward the séa the próws are túrned:
Fóρθ on the shóre Hespérian léap
The árdent yóung men in a bánd:
Sóme for the séeds of fire make séarch,
Whére in the flint's veins théy lie hídden;
Sóme through the wóods scour ánd the déns
And thicket's óf their wild indwéllers,
Or find and shów where flów the rívers.

But kind Enéas séeks afár
The stéep where hígh Apóllo réigns,
Ánd the vást and áwful cávern,
Sécret háunt of dréad Sibýlla,
Whóm the séer of Délos fílls
With ínsprátions hígh and míghty,
Ánd foreknówledge óf the fúture.

Ánd now tó the gróves of Trivia
Ánd the gólden fáne they cóme;

Dédalús, so sáys repórt,
 Fróm the réalms of Mínos fléeing,
 Dáred on fórward-béaring pinions
 Tó confide him tó the ský,
 And, bý that únfrequented róute
 Tóward the gélid Ártic sáiling,
 Lightly sèt his fóot at lást
 Ón the high Chalcídic stéep.

Hére where he fírst touched lánd agáin,
 He ráised thee, Phoébus, á vast témples,
 And in it cónsecráted tó thee
 The wings with which he hád rowed thithér.
 Andrógeos' déath was ón the dóors,
 Ánd the Cécropidaé compélléd
 To páy awáy in ánnual múlct,
 Ah wóe! seven óf their sóns alive:
 You sée befóre you stánding thére
 The úrn from whénce they've dráwn their lóts.

And córrespónding, óppósíte,
 The Gnóssian lánd, raised ó'er the séa,
 Displáys the unnátural, stólen connéxion
 Óf Pasíphaë with the búll,
 Ánd the mónstrous pássion's frúit,
 The bíform Mínotáur, memórial
 Óf the confúsió between kinds.

Here tóo is séen th' eláborate hóuse,
 That máze from which there 's nó escáping —
 But Dédalús, out óf compássió
 Tó the gréat love óf the quéén,
 With a clúe the cáptive's blínd steps

Himself guided, ánd unrávelled
The building's cúnning róundabóuts.

Thou too, O Ícarús, hadst hád,
Hád the fáther's grief permitted,
A lárgé share in so gréat a wórk —
Twice he essáyed in góld
The disáster to móuld;
Twice the patérnal hands
Pówerless féll,

Bút befóre they cóuld entírely
With their eýes the wórk go óver,
Achátes, whóm they hád befóre them
Despátched as cóurier, hád retúrned,
Ánd Deíphobe, Gláucus' dáughter,
Phoébus' and Trívía's priestess, with him,
Whó in thése words tó the kíng:—
“This is nó time fór sight-séeing;
Bétter fár it wére to óffer,
Ás demándeD bý the cústom,
Séven steers fróm th' unblémished hérd,
Ánd an équal númer chóice sheep
Thát have cút their sécond-yéar teeth.”

The priestess, whén she hád in thése words
Addréssed Enéas (nór were théy
Slów to perfórm the rítual órdered),
Ínto the hígh fane cálls the Teúcri.

The síde of thé Euboéan róck
Ínto a cávern húge is hóllowed,
Whíther a húndred wíde appróaches

Thróugh a húndred bróad mouths léad,
 Whénce the ánsvers óf the Síbyl
 Ín a húndred vóices rúsh.

Tó the éntance théy had cóme,
 Whén the vírgin:— “Tó demánd
 The fátes now is the tíme,” she sáys:
 “The Gód! see thére! the Gód! the Gód!”

While thús befóre the dóor she spóke,
 Her cóunténánce, all óf a súdden,
 And cólor chánged; intó disórder
 Fél her combed háir; high héaved her bréast,
 Sávae and rábid swélled her héart;
 Táller than húman lóoks her státüre,
 Lóuder than mórtal's sóunds her vóice,
 As clóser still and clóser ón her
 Blóws the Gód's inspíring bréath:—
 “Whý so slów with thy vóws and práyers,
 Trójan Enéas, whý so slów?
 Néver, until thou hast vówed and práyed,
 Will this astóunded dwélling ópen
 Its mighty, yáwning móuth.”

This sáid, she húshed; an icy trémor
 Thrilled thróugh the hárdy Teúcrians' bónes,
 And fróm the bóttóm óf his bréast
 Poured fórth these práyers the kíng:—

“O Phoébus, óf Troy's grievous tóils
 Compássionate éver; whó diréctedst
 Stráight agáinst Eácides' bódy
 Páris' Dárdan sháft and hánd;
 Fóllowing whose guídance Í have éntered

So mány séas encómpassing
 So mány wídey trénding cóasts,
 Éven to the quíte out-óf-the-wáy
 Massýlian tribes, and tó the lánds
 That líe behind the scréen of the Sýrtes;
 Nów that, at lást, we háve caught hólđ
 Óf the fúgitive shóre Itálian,
 Lét our évil Trójan fórtune
 No fúrther gó alóng with us.
 Ye tóo, Gods áll and Góddesses,
 To whóm Dardánia's mighty glóry,
 And Ílium gáve such úmbrage, yé
 May wéll spare nów the ráce Pergámean:
 And thóu, most hólý séer prophétic,
 Gránt me — I ásk a déb't — the réalm
 My fátes have prómised mé in Látium;
 A séttlement fór the Teúcrians thére,
 Ánd for Troy's trável-hárrassed Góds.
 To Phoébus ánd to Trivia thén
 I 'll fóund a sólíd márble témp'le,
 And sèt apárt days tó be képt
 Féstive in Phoébus' náme and hónor.
 Thee tóo, O grácious máid, awáits
 A gréat shrine in our réalm; for thére
 A brótherhóod I 'll cónsecráte,
 To táke charge óf thine óracles,
 Ánd the mystérious fátes intérpret,
 Appóinted tó befáll my líne.
 Ónly trust nót to léaves thy vérse,
 Lést, of the rápid winds the spórt,
 Hére and thére they flý disórdered:
 Síng them thysélf, I práy."
 No fúrther wórd he ádded.

Bút, of Phoébus nót yet pátient,
 The séer ramps in the cáve, outrágeous,
 To sháke off, if she máy, the gréat God;
 So múch the móre in hánd he béars her,
 So múch the móre her rábid móuth
 Wórries and wórks, and támes her wild heart.

And nów the búilding's húndred húge doors
 Ópen spontáneous, ánd the séer's
 Respónses thróugh the áir transmit:—
 “O thóu who hást at lást o'ercóme
 The mighty périls óf the séa
 (Lánd's greater périls yét awáit thee),
 The Dárdans tó the réalm Lavinian
 Shall cóme — thine ánxious dóubts dismiss—
 Bút they shall rue the dáy they cáme:
 Wárs, horrid wárs, I sée; and Týber
 Fóaming with a blóody flóod.
 Néver shalt thóu a Símóis wánt,
 A Xánthus, ór a Dóric cámp;
 In Látíum's provided fór thee
 A néw Achilles, ánd no léss
 Bórn of a Góddess thán the fórmér;
 And néver will the Teúcrians' bággage,
 Júnó, be ábsent fróm them fár.
 Whére 's the Itálian tribe or city,
 To which in thát thine hóur of néed
 Thou shalt not ráise thy cry for hélp?
 Agáin the cáuse of só great tróuble
 Shall bé a stránger bride's espousal
 Bý a Teúcrian bridegroom-guést.
 But yield not thóu to évil fórtune;
 Ráther confrónt the ill more bóldly

The móre advérse it cómes upón thee.
 Salvátion's wáy will ópen tó thee
 Fróm a quárter whénce of áll
 Thou hóp'st it léast, a Gráian cíty."

In súch dark wórds the trúth invólving,
 The Cúman Sibyl fróm the shrine
 Cháunted her fríghtful rhápsody,
 And máde the cávern róund rebéllow;
 So crúelly Apóllo chécked
 Her ráging móuth's bars with the bít,
 And dúg intó her síde the rówels.

Át the first pause óf her fúry,
 First rest óf her rábid móuth,
 Héro Enéas thús begíns:—
 "Néw to mé or únexpécted
 Rises, máid, no fórm of tróuble:
 Í have foreséen and in my mínd
 Préviouslý gone thróugh the whóle.
 One thing I bég; since hére, they sáy,
 The dóorway óf the inférnal kíng,
 And hére the dísmal láke that cómes
 From the óverflów of Ácheron,
 Shów me the wáy that Í should gó
 My déar sire's fáce once móre to sée,
 Ópen the sácred pórtals fór me;
 Hím from the énemy's mídst I snátched,
 Upón these shóuldérs bóre him óff
 Thróugh flámes and thóusand fólloving wéapons;
 Wéak as he wás, he wént with mé
 Áll the seas róund, my trável's cómrade,
 Bore áll the thréats of wáves and wéather,

To yéars declining só unsúited.
 Náy, himself bégged me ánd commissioned
 To cóme thus súpliant tó thy dwélling.
 Take píty, grácious máid, I práy thee,
 Both ón the són and ón the síre;
 For thine is hére the pówer suprême,
 Ánd not idly Hécate gáve thee
 Dominíon ó'er Avérnus' gróves.
 If Órpheus with his Thrácian lýre's
 Resóunding stríngs could súmmon báck
 His spóuse's Mánes;
 If Póllux fór his bróther's lífe
 Could gíve his ówn lífe in redémption,
 Ánd that ród pass ánd repáss,
 Lífe for déath so óften chánging —
 Or néed I méntion míghty Théseus,
 Gréat Alcídes néed I méntion?
 Í too am sprúng from Jóve suprême."
 So práyed he bý the áltars hólдинг;
 And thús begán the próphetess:—

"Trójan Anchisiádes, séed of the Góds,
 The descént to Avérnus is éasy —
 Day and níght open stánds
 The dóor of dark Dís —
 But thy stéps to the úpper air
 Báck to retráce,
 That indéed is labórious,
 Hard wórk indéed thát,
 By those ráre ones accómplished,
 Whom, bórn of the Góds,
 Just Júpiter fávored,
 Or árdor of vírtue

Bore aloft to the éther;
 Wide wóods intervène,
 And aróund with dark bósom
 Cocýtus' stream winds;
 But if twice to sáil
 The Stýgian lake óver
 So stróng be thy pássion,
 If so kéen thy desíre
 Black Tártarus to sée twice,
 And thou lík'st at the mád toil
 To táke thy full swing,
 Hear what 's first to be dóne:
 On a dárk shady trée
 There gróws a bough sácred
 To Júnó Inférnal;
 All gólden its léaves are,
 Its tóugh stem all gólden;
 In the dépths of the gróve,
 In the glóomy glen's dépths,
 It lies hidden obscúre;
 Yet máy no one énter
 The únderground wórl'd,
 Ere this gólden-tressed shóot
 He has plúcked from the trée.
 This gift as her ówn
 Fair Prosérpina cláims,
 And commánds to be bróught her.
 The fírst branch off-bróken,
 Anóther gold bóugh
 With líke golden léaves
 Shoots óut in its stéad.
 So explóre the place róund,
 Till the bránc'h thou hast fóund,

And thén with thy hánd
 (With thy hánd it must bé)
 Break it óff from the trée;
 For 'twill gó with thee réady,
 If fór it thou 'rt fáted;
 Else nó strength of thine,
 Not éven with hard stéel's help,
 May aváil to compél it.
 I will téll thee besides,
 Thy friend lifeless lies
 (Ah! little thou dréam'st it)
 And with his dead bódy
 Pollútes the whole fléet,
 Whilst hére thou keep'st hánging
 Abóut my purlieus,
 And for óracles séek'st.
 Him awáy carry fírst,
 And dúly dispóse
 In his hóme in the tómb;
 Then bring thy black cáttle,
 And máke thy sin-óffering.
 That dóne, the groves Stýgian
 At lást thou shalt sée,
 And the réalms that no éntrance
 Allów to the líving."
 She sáid, and her móuth closed,
 And fúrther word spáke not.

Enéas, with fixed eyes and sád,
 In his mínd the dark fúture revólving,
 Quits the cáve, and with fáithful Achátes,
 Than himsélf no less cáreful and ánxious,
 Alóng walking, várious discússes

What cómrade the próphetess méant,
Whose déad body wás to be búried;
When, ló! as they cóme to the béach,
Misénus they sée lying déad,
Of a nóbler death wéll worthy hé:
Than Misénus Eólides nóne
With the sóul-stirring blást of the trúmpet
Knew bétter the báttle to kindle;
Great Héctor's compánion he 'd béen,
And, distínguished for blówing the trúmpet,
Distínguished for húrling the spéar,
In the fíght had his státion near Héctor;
But whén Hector's life had becóme
The préy of victórious Achilles,
The redóutable chámption attáched him
To Dárdan Enéas, a pátron
To Héctor himsélf not inférior.
But nów as he chanced to be máking
The séa with his hóllow conch ríng,
Ánd in his fólly had chállenged
The Góds to a tríal of skill,
Jealous Tríton, if trúe what they sáy,
Came póunce on his ríval and drówned him
In the mídst of the fóaming sea-bréakers.

So abóut him they áll,
And géntle Enéas
Móre than the rést,
Raise the lóud shout and crý,
And áll the while wéeping
Make háste to perfórm,
Withóut stop or stáy,
The commánds of the Síbyl,

And strive toward the ský
 With felled trées to raise high
 The funéreal pyre.
 Into the old wóod,
 Lofty stáble of wild beasts,
 Away they are góne;
 Down túmble the pine trees,
 The évergreen óak
 Rings with their axe stróke;
 The trúnk of the ásh
 With their wédges is rént,
 And split into billets;
 Rolled dówn from the hills
 To the héap the great Órnus.

In the mídst of such lábors
 Enéas is fóremost,
 And, gírded with líke tools,
 Exhórts on his cómrades;
 And, ón the imménse wood
 His lóok forward cásting,
 Ponders thús in his sád heart,
 And thús aloud práys:—

“Might but that gólden bough
 Nów in this gréat wood
 Show itsélf on its trée,
 Since but tóo true, alás!
 All the próphetess sáid,
 O Misénus, of thée!”

Scarce hád he the wóords sáid,
 When twó doves, befóre

His véry face, chanced
 From the ský to come flýing,
 And lít on the gréen sward:
 Then the mightiest héro,
 With jóy recognising
 His móther's birds, práyed:—

“My guides be yé,
 If wáy there bé,
 And thróugh the áir
 Befóre me gliding
 Léad me whére
 The rich branch shádes
 The gróve's rank sóil.
 And thóu, thy són,
 O Góddess móther,
 In this his hóur
 Of néed, forsáke not.”

He sáid; and his stép staid,
 The birds' route obsérving,
 And which way to gó
 They might gíve him the signal.
 So fár as the eýe
 Of óne coming áfter
 Might stíll in view hólđ them,
 Alóng they went flýing,
 And féeding betwéen times;
 Bút to Avérnus's
 Íll-smelling thróat
 No sóoner they cóme,
 Than úp lightly rising
 They glíde through the cléar air,

And táke their perch thére
 Where he só much desired,
 Side by side on the trée
 Through whose bóughs shone contrásted
 The rádiance of góld.
 You have séen in the wóods,
 How the mistletoe (bírbh
 Of a trée not its ówn)
 Wraps the táper stem róund
 With its yóung, saffron shóots,
 And púts forth its fóliage,
 And flórishés fáir
 In the cóld of the wínter:
 So lóoked the gold bóugh
 On the shády holm óak,
 In the líght breezes só
 The metállic leaf cráckled.
 Enéas forthwith grasps
 And éagerly bréaks off
 The slów-yíelding bóugh,
 Ánd to prophétic
 Sibýlla's home béars it.

On the shóre in the méantime
 The Teúcri no léss
 Were bewáiling Misénus,
 Ánd on the thánkless
 Áshes bestówing
 The last márk of respéct.
 And fírst of oak-bílet
 And únctuous tórchwood
 They búild the huge pyre,
 Ánd with dark fóliage

Its sídes intertwine,
 And funéreal cýpresses
 Sét up befóre it,
 And with árms bright and shíning
 Adórn it abóve.
 And sóme brazen cáldrons
 Of wáter get réady,
 And bóil on the fíre;
 Then báthe and anóint
 The cóld corpse, and óver it
 Ráise the loud crý;
 On the cóuch then they láy out
 The bódy laménted,
 And óver it cást
 The well-known purple quílt.

Some táke on their shóuldérs
 The gréat bier, sad óffice!
 Or únder the pýre
 The tórch hold, and túrn
 Their fáces asíde
 As their fórefathers úsed;
 Or from mány a lárge bowl
 Pour óil on the pýre,
 And húge heaps of víands,
 And ódorous gúms,
 And búrn all togéther.

But whén into áshes
 The búrning pyre sánk,
 And the fláme played no lónger,
 They throw wíne on the rélics
 And bíbulous émbérs;

And in a brass casket
Corynéus collects
And inclóses the bónes.
Thén round the cómpany
Thrée times he cárries
The púre, lustral wáter,
And, ás he goes, sprinkles
With ólive branch lucky
The light dew upón them,
And the lást, last words útters.

But géntle Enéas
On tóp of him pláces
A gréat mass sepúlchral,
The héro's arms béaring
And trúmptet and óar,
At the fóot of that móuntain
High in the air tówing,
Which nów has from him
The náme of Misénus,
And will through all áges
Perpétuate the náme.
This dóne, he procéeds with,
And éxecutes quickly,
Sibýlla's commánds.

By a bláck lake protécted
And glóomy woods róund,
There gáped with a vást
Awful yáwn a deep cávern
All rúgged with shingle,
Over which without hárm
Could no flýing thing páss,

Such a stéam from its dárk jaws
Exháled to heaven's cónvex;
For which réason the Gráii
The pláce called Avérnus.

Hére first the priestess
Sets fóur black steers stánding,
Ánd on their fóreheads
Póurs the wine sideways;
And plúcking the úppermost
Háirs 'twixt the hórns,
Pláces the firstlings
On the fire of the áltar,
And alóud calls on Hécate
In Érebus poténtial
As wéll as in héaven.
And óthers the júgulars
Incise from belów,
And in wide, shallow sáucers
Recéive the warm blóod.
To the móther of the Fúries,
And tó her great síster,
Enéas himsél' slays
A fléecy, black lámb,
Ánd to thee, Próserpine,
A bårren-wómbed héifer;
Then tó the king Stýgian
The night áltar ráises,
And an óx's whole cárcase
Upón its fire pláces,
And óver the hót roast
Póurs the fat óil.

But, behóld! at sunrise
The ground únder their féet
Is beginning to béllow,
And the móuntain tops wóody
To quáke to and fró,
Ánd through the dárkness
Dog-bíitches are hówling;
For the Góddess is cóming:—

“Off! óff! ye profáne ones,”
The próphetess cries:
“Let not óne of you ánywhere
Ín the grove linger —
But thóu, draw thy swórd,
And set óut on thy róad;
For cóurage, Enéas,
Now, nów is the tíme;
For firmness the tíme ’s now.”
These wórds having úttered,
She plúnged all infúriate
Ínto the cáve’s mouth;
Hé, with no tímíd step,
Kept páce with his guíde.

Ye Góds who rule óver
The émpire of spírít, *hóu*
And yé, silent Shádes, *hóu*
Ye, Cháos and Phlégethon, *hóu*
Régions of wide-brooding *hóu*
Stillness and níght, *hóu*
Be the prívilege allówed me *hóu*
To téll what I ’ve héard, *hóu*
Your sánction accórded *hóu*

The things to reveal
That in dárkness are súnk
And the dépths of the éarth.

In the lónely night, dárkling,
They wént through the sháde,
Through the réalms unsubstántial
And mánshions of Dís,
As one trávels in the wóods
By the créscent moon's twilight,
When Júpiter plúnges
The ský into sháadow,
And múrky night strips
The wórld of its cólor.

In the véstibule's frónt,
And the véry beginning
And jáw's edge of Órcus,
Remórse has her cóuch placed
With Sórrow beside her,
And thére pale Diséases
And sád Old Age dwéll,
And Pénury víle,
And ill-cóunselling Húnger,
And Féar, Death and Tóil,
Frightful fórms to behóld,
And, Déath's cousin, Sléep,
And the críminal Pássions;
And in frónt, as thou énterest,
Déath-dealing Wárfare,
Ánd the Euménides'
Íron bedchámbers,
And Díscord insénsate,

With blóody band týing
The snákes of her háir,

In the midst an aged élm
Its wide-branching árms
Huge and shády spreads óut,
Under whose every léaf,
Vain, incónsequent Dréams,
They sáy, have their dwélling
And néstle in clústers,
Many mónsters besides
Of béastly forms várious
Abóut the doors kénnel;
Centaurs, Górgons, and Hárpies,
Half-mán half-fish Scýllas,
Hundred-hánded Briáreus,
Lerna's béast hissing hórrid,
Flame-bélching Chiméra,
And the thrée-bodied Sháde,

Here Enéas his swórd grasps,
In súdden alárm,
And présents the drawn édge
To thém coming ónward,
And séems to be bént
(Were it nót for the wárning
His skilled comrade gíves him,
That they 're nóthing but thín
Unsubstántial souls flitting
Under sémbulance of bódies)
To rúsh in upón them,
And, áll to no púrpose,
Cleave the sháadows in sún-der.

From hénce the road léads
 Tó where Tartárean
 Ácheron's wáters
 In vást muddy whirlpool
 Rising belch óver
 The whóle of their sánd and lees
 Ínto Cocýtus.

A férryman hórrid
 Has chárge of these wáters,
 Charon, térribly squálid,
 With eýes of flame stáring,
 And gréat grisly béard
 Uncáred on chin lýing,
 And sórdid garb hánging
 Tied óver his shóulder:
 Althóugh somewhat áged,
 The Gód is still hárdy,
 And wéars his years wéll;
 And hímself with a lóng pole
 The bóat forward scúlling,
 Hímself the sails ténding,
 Acróss in his rústy craft
 Férries his fréight.

With a rúsh the whole crówd
 Toward the férry was póuring;
 Men and mátrons were thére,
 And magnánimous héroes,
 The tásk of life óver,
 And yóung lads and máidens,
 And yóuths whom their párents
 Saw ón the pile pláced;
 As númerous as léaves fall

Detached in the fórest,
 In the first chill of áutumn;
 Or as bírds from the hígh-deep
 Tóward the land shóaling
 When the cóld season róuts
 And to súnný climes sénd them
 Awáy beyond séa.

Acróss to be férried
 The fóremost were bégging,
 And in lóve with the fúrther bank
 Strétched their hands óut;
 But the bóatman sévère
 Now sóme takes, now óthers,
 And sóme from the stránd
 Removes fár and keeps óff.

Then Enéas in wónder
 And móved by the túmult:—
 “What méans,” says, “O máiden,
 To the river such cóncourse?
 What is it these sóuls seek?
 Or fróm the banks why
 Are sóme of them túrned back,
 While sóme of them óver
 The lívid straits rów?”
 To whóm briefly thús
 The áge-stricken priestess:—

“O són of Anchíses,
 Gods’ óffspring undóubted,
 Of Stýx and Cocýtus
 Thou sée’st the deep wáters,

Which nó God may swéar by
 And nó keep his óath.
 Unbúried, forlórñ,
 All the crówd thou see'st hére;
 Yon férryman 's Cháron;
 Acróss sail the búried.
 These hórrible báñks
 And this hóarse stream to cróss
 No sóul is permítted,
 Ere his bónes in the tómb rest.
 A húndred years flíting
 They wánder these shóres round;
 Then at lást are admítted
 To vísit agáin
 The so múch longed-for wáters."

Stayed his stép and stood stíll
 The séed of Anchíses,
 Pítying their hárd lot,
 And múch within póndering;
 For thére he saw sád
 And withóut funeral hónors
 Leucásp and the Lýcian
 Crew's cáptain, Oróntes,
 Both togéther by Áuster
 O'erwhélmed in the wáters,
 And súnk with theír shíp,
 As from Tróy they sailed óver
 The stórmy sea-pláin.

And behóld sauntering thére
 Palinúrus the stéersman,
 Who, while wáching the stárs,

Had fálleⁿ overbóard
 From the stérn, in the mídst
 Of the láte Libyan vóyage;
 Whóm when he récognised
 Sórrowing thére
 (And not éasily éither,
 So gréat was the dárkness),
 He thus prior addréssed:—
 “What Gód snatched thee fróm us
 And míd the sea drówned,
 Palinúrus, come téll me;
 For in this sole respónse,
 That thou shóuldst to Ausónia’s bounds
 Vóyage in sáfety,
 Has Apóllo decéived me,
 Whom áught but truth-spéaking
 I fóund before néver.”

“O commánder,” he áns^{wered},
 “The cúrtain that cóvers
 The trípod of Phoébus,
 Has nó^t played thee fálse;
 Nór in the séa-plain
 Has ány God drówned me;
 For while to my póst
 At the hélm I kept clóse,
 And steered stéady alóng,
 I féll headlong dówn
 And dragged with me, it chánced,
 And with gréat force awáy
 From its pláce tore, the rúdder.

“By the róugh seas I swéar,
 I feared léss for mysélf,
 Thán lest thy véssel,
 Deprived of its táckle,
 Its stéersman o’erbóard,
 Should nót prove a mách
 For so gréat, rising wáves.
 During thrée stormy nights,
 Over séa-plains imménse,
 Notus bóre me alóng
 Through the rúde dashing wátters;
 Scarce at lást on the fóurth day
 From tóp of the wáve
 Had I view of Itália.

“To the lánd by degrées
 I had flóated, and nów
 Was júst out of dánger,
 When the nátives, mistáking me
 Fór a rich bóoty,
 Fell crúelly ón me,
 Weighed dówn as I wás
 With my wét clothes, and gráppling
 With my hánds crooked upón
 The cliff’s rough projéctions —
 And nów the waves háve me,
 Ánd the winds tóss me
 Abóut on the shóre.

“Bút by the ský’s
 Pleasant líght and áir,
 By thine hópeful Iúlus
 And thy síre I entréat thee,

O invincible, réscue me
 Óut of these tróubles,
 Ór to the Véline port
 Gó, for thou 'rt áble,
 And thrów earth upón me;
 Or if thou at áll may'st,
 And thý Goddess-móther
 Points óut any wáy
 (For withóut the Gods' sánction
 Thou attépt'st not, I think,
 O'er these rívers to sáil
 And this gréat, Stygian flóod),
 To a póor wretch thy hánd stretch,
 And táke me alóng with thee
 Óver the wátters,
 That in déath I may find
 At least sóme place of quiet."

These wórds he had sáid,
 When the próphetess thús:—
 "Whence, Ó Palinúrus,
 This pássion so díre?
 Shalt thóu to the shóre
 Unpermítteð go dówn?
 Shalt thóu, unentómbed,
 The sévère Styx behóld,
 The Euménides' ríver?
 Abándon the hópe
 That the fátes of the Góds
 May be bént by entréaty;
 But héar and remémber,
 And fróm my words táke
 For thine hárd case some cómfort:

Thy néighbours, impélléd
 By pórtents from héaven,
 Shall éxpiate thy déath
 Far and wide through their cíties,
 And a túmulus búild thee,
 Ánd at the túmulus
 Rítes annivérsary
 Perfórm in thine hónor,
 And the pláce shall for éver
 Be cálléd Palinúrus.”
 These wórds soothed his cáre,
 And his héart for a líttle while
 Éased of its sádness;
 That the lánd bears his náme
 Is a pléasant thing tó him.

They procéed therefore ón
 With the jóurney in hánd,
 And draw néar to the river:
 But whén from Styx’ wátters
 The bóatman behólds them
 Through the sílent wood cóming
 And tóward the bank túrning,
 He thus prior accósts,
 And begíns thus to chide them:—

“Halló! whosoéver
 Thou árt, that in árms
 Appróachest our river,
 Say whérefore thou cóm’st —
 From that véry spot sáy —
 And stóp thy step thére.
 This of Shádows the pláce is,

And Sléep, and Night drówsy;
 Live bódies to férry
 In Stýgian boat óver
 Were híg h misdeméanor;
 And smáll cause have Í
 To be glád that I tóok
 On the férry Alcídes,
 Or Piríthous and Théseus,
 Invíncible thóugh they were,
 Ánd of Gods sprúng.
 The one sóught to impríson
 The kéeper Tartárean,
 And drágged him all trémbling
 From the véry king's thróne;
 The óthers Dis' lády's
 Abdúction attépted."

To which the Amphrýsian seer
 Briefly thus ánswered:—
 "No such plóttíng is hére
 (Thou néed'st not so frét thee),
 Nór by these wéapons
 Dó we mean fórcé;
 The huge dóor-watch for ús
 May for éver and éver
 In his cávern keep bárking,
 To the blóodless Shades' térror;
 'Cross her úncle's door síll
 Chaste Prosérpina néver
 For ús need set fóot.
 Trójan Enéas,
 The géntle and bráve,
 To Érebus' lówest shades

Hére is descéding
 To visit his síre.
 If that pícture of ténderness
 Móve thee no jót,
 At léast thou 'lt acknówledge
 This bránc" — and she shówed
 The bránc", that lay hid
 In the fóld of her vést.

The swéll of his íre
 Subsides from his héart,
 And no móre words there pássed,
 But with wónder regárding
 The réverenced gift,
 The fáted wand, nó
 For so lóng a time séen,
 He 'bóuts his dark-blúe skiff,
 And dráws near the bánk;
 Then máking rough cléarance
 Of the sóuls that were sitting
 Alóng the long bénches,
 Throws ópen the gángway,
 And into the bóat's hull
 Takes gréat-sized Enéas:
 Opprésed by the wéight,
 The stíched wherry gróaned,
 And let in through its léaks
 A gréat plash of wáter;
 But at lást on the fár side
 Sets dówn without dámage
 In the yéllow-green sédge
 And ríver slob úgly
 Both héro and séer.

In a c  ve right in fr  nt
 Huge C  rberus lies c  uchant,
 Uncouth m  nster, and m  kes
 With his triple throat's b  rking
 The wh  le realm res  und.
 To him the seer fl  ngs
 (For she s  es on his n  ck
 The snakes bristling alr  ady)
 A c  ke sweet with h  ney
 And dr  gged with narc  tics.
 Wide   pening his thr  e
 Ravening g  llets, he s  izes
 The g  bbet thrown t   him,
 Then   n the ground str  tches
 His   ncouth chine   ut,
 And h  ge and rel  xed lying
 Fills the whole c  ve.
 En  as, the gu  rd
 Of the p  ssage entr  nced,
 M  kes good his   ntrance,
 And with light foot behind leaves
 The b  nk of that fl  od
 That is n  ver recr  ssed.

Imm  diately h  ard
 In the   ntrance the v  ices
 Of children's souls w  iling,
 Which,   re they had t  sted
 Of sw  et life their sh  re,
 A dark d  y snatched aw  y
 From the br  ast, and consigned
 To a pr  mature gr  ve.

Beside these were those
 Who to die were condemned
 On a false accusation.
 (Nor were the places
 At random appointed,
 Or without judge's sentence;
 But président Minos
 Shakes up in the urn
 The ballots for judges,
 And assembles together
 The stilly souls all,
 And makes inquisition
 Respecting the crimes
 That in life they 've committed.)

Next to these dwell in sadness
 Those who the light loathed,
 And though guilty of no crime
 Laid hands on themselves,
 And their lives threw away.
 How gladly they 'd poverty
 Now bear, and hard toil,
 Above in the ether!
 But the Fates stand opposed,
 The hateful wave binds them,
 And nine times wound round them
 Severe Styx's waters
 Cut off their return.

Not far hence are shown
 On every side spreading
 The Sorrowful Plains
 (For by that name they 're called)

Where, únder the cóver
 Of mýrtle groves, wánder
 In sécret paths hídden
 Those whóm unrelénting
 And crúel love's plágue
 To the córe has corróded;
 Not éven in death's sélf
 Do their sórrows forsáke them.
 Here he sées Eriphýle
 Displáying in sádness
 The wóunds which her són's
 Cruel hánd had inflicted;
 He sées here Pasíphaë,
 Phédra, and Prócris,
 And Evádne, and Láodamía,
 And sómetime male Céneus
 Now fémale agáin
 Ánd to his fírst sex
 By Fáte's will retúrned.

And thére in the mídst of them,
 Frésh from her wóund,
 In the gréat forest wándered
 Phoenícian Dído:
 Whom són as Troy's héro,
 Not fár from her stánding,
 Behéld through the sháadow,
 And récognised díim,
 As óne who the néw moon
 Sees thróugh the clouds rising,
 Or imághes he sées,
 He wépt, and with ténderness
 Thús to her sáid:—

"The néws then was true,
 O unfórtunate Dido,
 Thát thou laidst violent
 Hánds on thysélf;
 And Í have, alás! been
 The cáuse of thy déath —
 But I swéar to thee, quéen,
 By the lights of the ský,
 And the Góds above dwélling,
 Ánd by whatever faith
 Réigns undergróund,
 'Twas agáinst my will sóre
 From thy cóasts I depárted.
 Those sáme Gods' commánds,
 Which now fórcé me to trável
 Through these shádowy pláces
 Of hóar desolátion
 And this night profóund,
 Impérious compélléd me;
 Nor cóuld I have thóught
 Thou hadst félt, at my párting,
 A páng so sévère.
 Stay — withdráw not — whom flée'st?
 'Tis the lást time by Fáte
 I 'm allówed to addréss thee."

Her búrning ire's scówl
 Enéas with súch words
 And súch tears was sóothing;
 But awáy she turned fróm him,
 And ón the ground mótionless
 Képt her eyes fixed,
 And no móre her look áltered

For áll he could sáy
 Than íf 'twere a hárd
 Flínty róck that stood thére
 Or táll cliff Marpéssian;
 At lást she turns óff short,
 And flíngs herself spíteful
 Ínto the shrúbbery's
 Cóvert umbrágeous,
 Where Síchéus, her fórmér spouse,
 Rénders her lóve for love,
 Ánd with her sórrows
 Grieves sympathétic.
 Móved by the sád case,
 And wéeping, Enéas
 Fóllows her pítying
 For sóme time afár off;
 Ón his appóinted way
 Thén he procédés.

And nów they at lást reach
 Those dístant retréats
 Which brave wárríors inhábit.
 Here he cómes across Týdeus,
 And Adrástus' pale ghóst,
 And Párthenopéus
 That wárríor renówned.
 And déep was his gróan
 When he sáw the long mústér
 Óf the Dardánídae
 Fálled in báttle,
 Whóm in the wórld above
 Hé had so móurned —
 When he sáw Gláucus thére,

And Thersílochus, Médon,
And Anténor's three sóns,
Ánd Polyphoétes,
Céres' priest hóly,
And Idéus who stíll had
His cháríot beside him,
And stíll held his árms.

Thick róund him the sóuls stand
Both on right hand and léft,
Ánd, not conténted
With séeing him ónce,
Love to línger alóngside
And méasure steps with him,
And ásk why he cómes.

Bút the battálions
Ágamemnónian,
And chiefs of the Dánaï,
When they see through the sháadow
The héro's arms gléaming,
Some in gréat trepidátion
And féar turn their bácks,
As tóward their ships érewhile
Their flíght they dírécted;
And sóme, making éffort
To ráise a great shóut,
Scarcely útter a squeák.

Here, with his whole pérson
(His fáce both and límbs)
All crúelly mángled,
Deíphobus, Príam's son,

Álso he sées:
Both his hánds they are lópped,
Both his éars they are crópped,
Ánd with a wóund
Ignominious shorn óff
His nóse from his fáce.
He knéw him, though hárdly,
As cówering he stóod there,
And stríving to cóver
His púnishment díre:
And óf his own mótion
Salúted him thús
In áccents well knówn:—

“O wárríor Deíphobus,
Teúicer's blood lófty,
To dó thee this spíte
Who could fínd in his héart?
Or whó had the pówer?
The repórt to me cáme
That, on thát final níght,
Áfter thou hadst tíred thyself
Kílling Pelásgi,
Thou hadst pérished on tóp
Of a gréat heap of sláughter.
A cénotaph tó thee
I thérefore erécted
On the séacoast Rhoetéan,
And thríce in a lóud voice
Cálld on thy Mánes;
Thy náme and thine árms
Mark the pláce for thine ówn.
In váin I sought fór thee, friend,

Át my depárture,
In órder to láy thy bones
Ín their own lánd."

Priámides ánswered:—
"Thou hast léft nought undóne;
To Deíphobus' ghóst
Thou hast páid, O my friend,
All the fúneral hónors.
My déstiny 'twás,
And the wickedness déadly
Óf the Lacónian,
That in thése evils plúnged me;
These tókens are hérs;
For hów in the midst
Of false jóys we were pássing
That lást night thou knów'st
And must tóo well remémber,
When dówn on high Pérgamus
Cáme with a bóund
That fátal horse prégnant
With árméd men of wár,
She, únder preténce
Of a BÁCchanal dánce,
Leading róund in procéssion
The "Évoë"-shóuting
Mátrons of Phrýgia,
And hígh in the midst of them
Hólding a húge torch,
From the tóp of the cítadel
Signalled the Dánaï.
Exháusted with cáres,
And with drówsiness wéighed down,

I hád, at that móment,
 Withdráwn to my lúckless
 Connúbial bedchámber,
 Where ás I lay súnk
 In a déep and sweet sléep
 (Placid déath's very ímage),
 My nótable spóuse,
 Having fírst from the hóuse
 Remóved all my árms,
 Ánd from my píllow
 My trústy sword stólen,
 Throws wide ópen the dóors
 And calls in Meneláus,
 Expécting, no dóubt,
 By a bóon so impórtant
 Conférred on her lóver,
 To effáce from his mémory
 Her fórmér misdéeds.

“But why a long stóry?
 They break into my chámber,
 Eólides with them,
 That incíter to ill —
 Ye Góds, to the Gráii
 Requíte like for líke,
 If I ásk for no móre
 Than a júst retribútion,
 And nóť for revénge.
 But cóme, it 's thy túrn now
 To sáy what chance híther
 Hath bróught thee alive;
 Have the Góds híther wárned thee?
 Or hást thou thy cóurse lost

When ón the sea sáiling?
 Or whát other áccident
 Drives thee to visit
 These drear, óvercast régions,
 These súnless abódes?"

While thús they convérsed,
 Auróra alréady
 With her rósy four-hórse team
 Had máde 'cross the ský
 Half her vóyage ethéreal;
 And they might have perháps
 Whiled awáy in like mánnér
 All the périod allótted,
 Had nó comrade Síbyl
 Thus briefly admónished:—

"Night cómes on apáce,
 Enéas, while wé
 The hóurs pass in wéeping.
 This is the spót where
 The róad into twó splits;
 The ríght hand road 's óurs,
 Which by gréat Dis's tówers
 Condúcts to Elýsium:
 The léft hand 's the pénal road,
 Wáy of the wicked
 To Tártarus kindless."

Deíphobus ánswered:—
 "Be not ángry, great priestess;
 I 'll párt from ye hére
 And to dárkness retúrn
 And fill up the númer.

On, ón, O our pride,
And thy bétter fates úse."
No wórd more he úttered,
But túrned as he spóke.

Looking róund on a súdden,
Enéas behólds,
At the fóot of a róck
On the léft, a wide fórtress,
Round whose tríple wall rápid
Tartárean Phlégethon
Its tórrent of flámes pours
And lóud rumbling stónes.
So sólídly búilt
Of ádamant píllars
Its húge gate in frónt,
That of mórtals no pówer,
No pówer of immórtals
To fórcé it were áble:
High tó the air rises
The gáte tower of íron,
Where, with blóody pall gírt,
Sits Tisíphone sléepless,
And wátches the véstíbule
Bóth day and níght.
Groans are héard from wíthín,
And whíps' cruel crácking,
And íron chains clánking.

Enéas stopped shórt
Ánd to the gréat noise
Listened affríghted:—
“What púnishments thése,

O declare to me, máiden,
 Or for what crimes inflicted?
 What gréat wail is this,
 Rising high to the áir?"
 Then the próphetess thús:—

"Renowned chief of the Teúeri,
 Over that wicked thréshold
 Must no blámeless foot páss;
 But Hécate hersélf,
 When óver the gróves
 Of Avérnus she sét me,
 All the pénalties táught me
 Óf the divíne wrath,
 And thróugh the whole léd me.

"Infléxibly rígid
 And ábsolute rúles
 Gnossian Rhádamanth hére,
 Tries the cáse, and awáreds
 The rógues their chastisement,
 Compélling them fírst
 To conféss the deeds dóne
 Abóve in the wórld,
 The atónement for which
 (Inly plúming themséives
 On the sílly decéit)
 They had pút off till déath,
 And until 'twas too láte.

"With avénging whip réady,
 Insúlting Tisíphone
 Ínstantly fálls on

And lášes the cúlprits,
And her twisted snakes át them
Thrústs with her léft hand,
Ánd her fell sísterhood
Cálls to come fórward.

“Then at lást, with a hórrible
Jár of their hínges,
The cúrsed gates are ópened:
Discérn'st what a guárd
In the véstibule wátches?
Discérn'st at the dóor
What a figure keeps séntry?
More féll within séated
A Hýdra gapes hídeous
With fifty dark swállows,
And Tártarus itsélf
With its héadlong abýsm
Down belów the Shades strétches
Twice as déep as the héight
When from éarth thou look'st úp
Toward ethéreal Olýmpus.

“Here dówn to the bóttom
With thúnderbolts húrled,
Roll gróveling the Títans,
The óld brood of Térra.
Here too I had síght of
Those bódies gigántic,
The twáin Aloídae,
Who attétempted the gréat heaven
To táke by assáult,

And from his réalms above
Dówn to thrust Jóve.

“Here too, undergóing
His púnishment crúel,
Salmóneus I sáw,
Who, divíne honors cláiming,
And thinking to ímitate
Júpiter's líghtnings
And thúndering Olýmpus,
Dróve in ovátion
With tórch round him brándished
In fóur-in-hand cháriot
Through Élis' chief cíty,
Ánd through the mídst
Of the Gráian péoples,
Ánd, in his fólly,
Had fáin made the clátter
Of hórny-hoofed hórses,
And cháriot of bráss
On brass-viaduct rólling,
Páss for the unpáralleled
Thúndercloud vólley.

But the Fáther almíghty
From amóng the thick clóuds
Flung át him his míssile
(No smóky lamp wás it
Nor túrpentine tórch),
Ánd with a hídeous whirl
Dáshed him down héadlong.

“Here too to be séen
Was ómni-productive Earth's

Fóster-son Tityos,
 Whose bódy lies spréad out
 Over nine entire ácre,
 And housed únder whose táll chest
 A húge, hideous vulture
 With hóoked beak sits grúbbling
 For tit-bits his vítals,
 And kéeps ever crópping
 His líver immórtal,
 Which, as fást as cropped, bóurgeons,
 And bréeds him new tórment,
 Incéssant, for éver.

“Of the Lápithae why
 Ór of Piríthoüs
 Néed I make méntion,
 Ór of Ixíon,
 Right óver whom hángs
 A dárk, flinty róck
 Ever réady to fáll down
 And, ás it were, fálling?
 On shíning gold féet
 Rest the hígh, geníal sófas;
 With magníficence róyal
 Befóre their eyes spréad out
 The sumpúous repást;
 But the chíef of the Fúries
 Starts úp from a sófa,
 And, with thúndering vóice,
 And firebrand uplífted,
 Forbíds touch the víands.

“Here those who while living
 Have hated their brother,
 Or raised hand against parent,
 Or cheated their client,
 And those who in privacy
 Over a hoard
 Of saved money pored,
 And for relatives set not
 Some portion aside
 (And these form the chief crowd),
 And for adultery
 Those who were slain,
 And those perjured slaves
 Who against their liege lords
 Raised arm contumacious —
 All those are shut up here,
 Abiding their torment.

“Ask me not to inform thee
 What tortures they suffer,
 Or how in particular
 Each one is punished;
 Some a huge rock are rolling;
 To a wheel's upright spokes
 Legs and arms some are tied;
 There sits hapless Theseus
 And there will sit ever;
 And from the depth
 Of his misery Phlegyas
 Calls aloud through the darkness
 To all men his warning:—
 “Take a lesson from me,
 And hold not too lightly

The Góds who command you
'Be júst in your déalings'."

"This óne here for góld
 His fátherland sóld
 And placed únder the thráll
 Of a pówerful máster;
 And ón the walls vénally
 Pósted new láws,
 And fróm the walls vénally
 Óld laws took dówn:
 With a súit against náture
 His dáughter's bedchámber
 That óther inváded:
 Every óne of them dáred,
 And dáring achieved,
 Some enórmy hídious.
 No, nó with a húndred tongues,
 Nó with a húndred mouths,
 Ánd voice of íron,
 Cóuld I describe all
 Their crimes' various fórms,
 Or enúmerate the módes all
 In which they are púnished."

So said Phoébus' aged priestess,
 And ádded:— "Come, háste;
 Let 's get óver the gróund,
 And pút the last hánd
 To our gíft's presentátion;
 For I sée plainly yónder
 The Cýclops-forged tówers,
 And ópposite our fáce stands

The gáte-way's arched pórtal,
Where our órders commánd us
This gift to depósit."

When thús she had sáid,
They procéed side by síde
Alóng the dark wáy
That remáined intervéníng;
And whén to the dóors come,
Enéas goes ín,
And with frésh water sprinkles
His bódy, and hángs up
The bráñch in the éñtrance.

These thínks at last dóne,
Ánd the due cómpliment
Páid to the Góddess,
They réach the delíghtful
And gréen grassy wóodlands
Where the Bléssed resíde.
Here a wíder-spread éther
Invésts all the lándscape
With bríllíanter húes;
They 've a sún of their ówn,
And stars dífferent from óurs.
On the gráss in gymnástics
Some súpple their límbs,
Ánd on the táwny sand
Spórtívely wréstle:
And sóme of them síng songs,
And sóme of them dáñce;
And, dréssed in his lóng vest,
The Thrácian bard tó them

Trills the changes melódious
Of Músic's seven souns,
And nów with his fíngers
Alóng the chords swéeps,
Now with ivory quíll.

Here too are those wárriors
In bétter years bórn,
That óld stock of Teúcer
So lóvely to sée,
Those magnánimous héroes,
Assáracus, Ílus,
And Dárdanus, Troy's fóunder.
On their árms from a dístance
And sháadowy cháriots
With wónder he gázes;
In the gróund stand their spéars fixed;
Their hórses unyóked
Graze all óver the pláin:
Benéath the earth búried,
They táke as much pléasure
In cháriots and árms,
And the cáring and fáttening
Of sléek shining stéeds,
As they tóok when alive.

And ló! he behólds
On the ríght hand and léft
Alóng the grass strétched
Others nóurishment táking,
And sínging glad Péans
In chórus amídst
The odórous laurel gróves,

Whence Eridanus springs —
That river which rolls
Through the upper world's forest
Such a vast flood of waters.

Here the patriot handful
That bled for their country,
And those who were holy priests
While they were living,
And those hearts of gentleness,
Bards whose discourses
Were worthy of Phoebus,
And all those who had added
To civilisation
By inventions in arts,
And all those whose deservings
Had made them remembered,
Wear round their temples
The snowy white fillet:
Whom, as they flocked round them,
Sibylla addressed thus,
And chiefly Musæus,
About whom was standing
And up to him looking
A great crowd of persons
All of whom he o'ertopped
By the height of his shoulders:—
“O say, happy souls,
And thou, excellent bard,
In what quarter 's Anchises,
Or where to be found?
For his sake we 've come,

Ánd across Érebus'
Gréat rivers sáiled."

To whóm then in féw words
Thus ánspered the héro:—
"No fíxed abodes bind us;
We inhábit the gróve's
Shady cóverts, or dwéll
In frésh, watered méadows,
And ón rivers' bánk.
But yé — if so pléase ye —
Cross óver this rídge,
Ánd on the éasy path
Át once I 'll sèt ye."
He sáid; the way léd;
And fróm above shówed them
The fáir, smiling pláins:
Then they léft the hill tóp.

Now it chanced, sire Anchíses,
Far within a green válley's
Inclósure, was pássing
Befóre him in múster
Those sóuls who should shórtly
Ascénd to the líght,
And a cénsus was táking
Óf the whole númer
Óf his dear óffspring,
And cárefully stúdyng
The héroes' explóits,
Their fates, mánners and fórtunes:
But thróugh the grass tóward him
As sóon as he sáw

Enéas adváncing,
 He strétched out both hánds
 In a tránsport of jóy,
 And, while téars his cheeks cóursed down,
 In thése words addréssed him:—

“And hást thou at lást come,
 And thy filial afféction
 (As I wéll knew it wóuld)
 The wáy's hardships cónquered?
 And ám I permitted
 To lóok in thy fáce, son,
 And héar thy known vóice,
 And speak with thee as wónt?
 So indéed I considéred
 And thóught it wóuld bé,
 Counting óver the time,
 And I find I 've been right.
 Escáped from what dángers,
 My són, thou com'st tó me!
 After hów many tóssings
 On lánd and on wáter
 I háve thee here sáfe!
 How gréatly I féared
 Lest that Líbyan kíngdom
 Should wórk thee some hárm!”

“Thy ghóst,” thus he ánswered,
 “Thy sád ghost, O síre,
 Several times manifésted,
 Has híther impélled me:
 My shíps in the Týrrhene sea
 Stánd at their móorings.

Gíve me, O gíve me,
Thy ríght hand, O síre,
And fróm my embrácings
Withdráw thyself nóť."

The téars, as he thús said,
Streamed fást down his fáce;
His árms round the sháde's neck
He thrice strove to thrów;
Thrice from his frústrate grasp,
Light as the wínds,
As a fléeting dream swift,
The shádw escapéd.

In the méantime Enéas
Has séen, in a válley
Indénting the híghland,
A wóodland seclúded,
And shrúbberies rústling,
And the ríver of Léthe
Close glíding alóng
By the plácíd abóde.
On évery side róund
Innúmerous péoples
And nátions were flitting,
As thícķ as you 've séen,
In the fíne summer séason,
Bees in the meads thrónging
Abóut the white lílies,
Ánd settlínɡ dówn on
The flówers variegáted,
Ánd with their búzzing hum
Fílling the pláin.

Enéas, in ignorance,
Starts at the súdden sight,
And ásk's what the cáuse is,
What ríver that yónder,
And whó are the péople
That fill all its báńks
In such thícķ, swarming númbers.

Then fáther Anchises:—

“Those sóuls to whom dúe
Second bódies by Fáte,
Here, át the care-éasing
Ríver of Léthe,
Drínk long oblívion
Óf their first bódies.
This lóng time I ’ve wished
To póint these out tó thee
Hére in thy présence,
And with thee count óver
The tále of my óffspring,
That nó less than míne
May be thý exultátion
That Ítaly ’s fóund.”

“And cán it be thóught, sire,
There áre any sóuls
That are hénce to ascénd
To the ský, and once móre
The dúll body énter?

What dire yéarning is this
Of the wrétches for líght?”

“I ’ll téll thee the whóle, son,
And nóť in dóubť léave thee,”

Thus Anchises the word took,
And explained all in order:—
“In the ský and the éarth
And the líquid sea-pláins,
The móon’s shining glóbe,
And the plánets Titánian,
There dwélls from the fírst
An intélligent mínd,
A spírit intérnal,
Diffúsed through the mémbers
And sétting in mótion
The whóle, mighty máss.
Hence derived are the líves
Of mán, beast and bírd,
And óf the strange mónsters
Produced undernéath
The séa’s marble súrface.
In the émbryo of éach
Is a prínciple fiery
Descénded from héaven
Although dúlled and impáired
By a fráil, earthy móuld,
And a frámework of flésh,
And límbs that must pérish:
From this cláyey admixture
Their féars and desíres come,
Their páins and their jóys,
Ánd that, shut úp
In a dárk prison’s glóom,
They cást no look báck
On the ský’s radiant líght.
Not éven with the lást
Closing dáy of their líves

Does the bád wholly léave them,
Nor quíte depart fróm them
The plágues of the flésh,
For múch of the ill
Has néeds grown invéterate,
And márvellous déep
The ingráin of long hábit:
They are thérefore torménted,
And súffer the páins
Of their áncient misdéeds;
Some fórms unsubstántial
On crósses are spréad out,
And húng to the wínds;
The déep dye of sín
Out of óthers is wáshed
Under vást floods of wáter,
Or búrnt out with fire;
And thén when at lást,
In long prócess of time,
The deep stáin is expúnged,
And the éssence ethéreal,
The éffluence fiery,
Left púre and unblémished,
And éach one his ówn
Special Mánes has súffered,
Into ámple Elýsium
We 're sént to range frée,
And sóme few to stáy
And the glád fields inhábit.
But all thése thou see'st hére,
When a fúll thousand yéars
Have complétely rolled róund,
The Gód summons fórt

In these mighty numbers
 To the river of L  the,
 That of past things oblivious
 They may become willing
 To re-  enter the flesh
 And return to the world."

Anchises these words said,
 And into the midst
 Of the crowded and buzzing
 Assembly his son brought,
 And with him the Sibyl,
 And a tumulus mounted
 From whence he might see
 And have a front view of
 The long array coming:—

"Come now and I'll tell thee
 What fates shall be thine,
 And what glory shall follow
 The son of the Dardan,
 What a race of Italians
 From him is to spring,
 What illustrious souls
 Mounting up to the world
 Shall call us forefathers.

"Thou see'st yonder that youth
 On the sceptre-wand leaning;
 He's the first for the light;
 Of the mixed blood Italian
 He to th' ethereal air
 First shall ascend,

And become Sílvius
 (That wéll-known name Álbán),
 Thy too late begóttén
 And pósthúmous sòn,
 Whom thy cónsort Lavínia
 In thine óld age shall béar thee,
 And in the woods réar up;
 A kíng he 's hímsélf,
 And the fáther of kíngs,
 And thróugh him descéding
 Our líne shall rule lórdly
 Ó'er Longa Álba.

"And néxt him see Prócas,
 The Trójan stock's príde;
 And Númítor, Cápys,
 And, glórious no léss
 For mártial áchievements
 Than for áll gentler vírtues,
 Sílvius, thy námesake,
 If to Sílvius Enéas
 Should éver descénd
 The scéptre of Álba.
 What gállant youths théy!
 See what stréngth they displáy!
 And hów with the pátriot
 Cítizen's óakleaves
 Their témples are sháded!
 These are théy who the cíties
 Fidénæ shall búild,
 And Noméntum and Gábii;
 Who shall pláce, on the hílls
 Of Collátia, the cástle;

Ánd of Pométii
Láy the foundátions,
And Ínui Cástrum
And Bóla and Córa;
All thén noted pláces,
Now lánds without náme.

“Aye; and Rómulus, Márs’ son —
Of the blóod of Assáracus
By Ília his móther —
Shall accómpany his grándsire.
See thére on his héad
How the Síre’s self alréady
Has sét the twain crésts,
Has márked him even hére
With the émblem of hónor
He ’s to wéar in the wórld.
Behóld, son, the mán
By whose áuspices léd
That chívalrous Róme
Shall acquire a dominion
With Éarth coexténsive,
A spírit for which
Not Olýmpus too lófty,
And enclóse with one cíty’s wall
Cítadels séven:
Happy móther of héroes!
Not móre blest than shé,
Drives through Phrýgia’s cíties
Turret-crówned Berecýnthia,
The Góds’ happy móther,
Whose glád arms embráce
A húndred grandchildren,

Divinities áll,
All instálled in high héaven.

“Now hítherward bénd
Both thine eýes, and behóld
Thine own nátion of Rómans:
'Tis César thou hère see'st,
And the whóle stock of Césars
Who are yét to come fórt
In Iúlus's líne,
The great firmament únder.
This, this is the mán,
The prómised man this,
Of whóm thou 'st so óft heard —
That César Augústus,
The Gód Cesar's sòn,
Who shall bríng back to Látium
And tó the fields érewhile
Reigned óver by Sáturn
The éra of góld;
Who his swáy shall stretch óver
Garamántes and Índi,
And whát lands soéver
Lie beyónd the eclíptic
And páth of the plánets,
Where ský-propping Átlas
Spins róund on his shóulder
The firmament stúdded
With bríght-burning stárs.
Of the ádvent of this man
Even nów the realms Cás pian
And lánd of Meótis
Héar with a shúdder

In the Gods' ánswers;
 And with consternátion
 Are séized even alréady
 The séven mouths of Níle.
 Not éven Alcídes,
 What thóugh he transfixéd
 The bráss-footed dóe,
 To Érymanth's wóodlands
 What thóugh he gave péace,
 Ánd with his bów's twang
 Made áll Lerna trémble —
 Not éven conquering BÁCchus,
 Who from Nýsa's high tóp
 Drove in tiger-drawn cháriot
 With réins twined with vineleaves,
 Equal spáce of land cómpassed:
 And dó we doubt still
 To ádd to our fórmer deeds
 Frésh deeds of prówess?
 Or sháll fear forbid us
 To plánt a firm fóot
 In the lánd of Ausónia?"

"But with bróws decked with láurel
 Whó is that yónder
 I sée sacrificing?"
 "By his gréy locks I knów him,
 And bý his beard grísly,
 That kíng of the Rómans
 Who shall first set the cíty
 On láw's firm foundátion.
 Tó his great góvernment
 Fróm her soil stérile

Diminutive Cúres
Shall sénd him commissioned.

“Next to him succeeds Túllus,
Who shall bréak the ináctive
Repóse of his cóuntry,
And to árms call the wárrior-bands,
Nów for some tíme
Unaccústomed to triumphs,
And flágging in spírit.
Close áfter whom fóllovs
Rather váin-glorious Áncus,
To whóm to be fánned
By the pópular bréath
Even nów 's but too pléasing.

“Dost thou wish me to shów thee
The mónarchs Tarquinian,
And the próud soul of Brútus
His cóuntry's avénger,
And the Fásces he wrúng
From the grásp of the týrant
And restóred to the péople?

This is that Brútus
To whóm shall be fírst
Commítteed the cónsulship
Ánd the fell áxes —
That únhappy síre
Who for fáir freedom's sáke
Shall cáll forth his ówn sons
To súffer the pénalty
Dúe to the néw crime
Of wár 'gainst one's cóuntry.

Let postérimy tálk
 Of the déed as they will,
 The pátriot's unbóunded
 Pássion for glóry
 Will béar all befóre it.

“Aye, and fár off behóld too”
 The Décii and Drúsi,
 And wiélding the héadsman's axe
 Rígorous Torquátus,
 And Camillus home brínging
 The stándards recóvered.

“But those sóuls whom thou sée'st there
 In équal arms brilliant —
 Concórdant souls nów
 Whilst kept dówn under níght —
 Ah, what wárs they shall wáge,
 What múrderous báttle,
 Agáinst one anóther,
 Let them dáylight but réach!
 The fáther-in-láw,
 To confrónt the son, cómes
 From Monoécus' Arx dówn
 And his rámpart of Álps:
 With áll the arráy
 Of his ármament éastern
 The són-in-law méets him.
 But dó not, my yóung friends,
 To só bitter báttle,
 Ah, dó not inúre ye!
 Against fátherland's bówels,
 Ah, túrn not your míght!

And thóu, mine own blóod,
 Be the fírst to leave óff —
 Thou Olýmpus-sprung scíon,
 The swórd from thy hánd
 Fling thóu away fírst.

“Yonder ’s hé that retúrning
 All glórious, victórious,
 From the táking of Córínth,
 And róut of the Achívi,
 Shall tó the high Cápitol
 Drive his war-tríumph.
 That óther shall Árgos
 And Agamemnónian
 Mycénae o’ertúrn,
 And fróm an Eácides,
 Líneal descéendant
 Of wárríor Achíles,
 Exáct retribútion
 For his fóresíres of Tróy
 And the fóul desecrátion
 Of the fáne of Minérva.

“Who ’d léave thee behind him
 Unméntioned, O Cóssus?
 Or thée, mighty Cáo?
 The stóck of the Grácchi
 Whó ’d leave unméntioned?
 Or wár’s pair of thúnderbolts,
 Líbya’s misfórtune,
 The Scípiadae twáin?
 Or Fabrícíus, on smáll means
 Commánding the déference

Páid to the rích?
Or thée, O Serránus,
The plóugh-furrow sówing?
But whither awáy
So húrry me tíred,
Ye fámily Fábian?
O Máximus thóu 'rt he,
That síngle one thóu,
Who by prócrastinátion
Restór'st us our lóst state.

“Other nátions, I dóubt not,
Will wórk brass with sófter,
More bréathing expréssion,
And óut of the márble
Draw féatures more lífe-like,
Will pléad causes bétter,
Ánd with the trácing rod
Dráw more corréctly
The gréat heavenly círcles,
And the rísing stars már —
But, remémber it éver,
'Tis thý part, O Róman,
To góvern the nátions;
To spáre the submíssive,
To wár down the háughty,
And impóse upon ál
Modes and hábíts of péace.”
So sáid sire Anchíses,
And as wóndering they lóoked on,
These wórd's besides ádded:—
“See hów with the *Spólia*
Opíma dístínguished,

And áll overtópping,
 Victórious Marcéllus
 Comes márching on yónder!
 In the mídst of the gréat
 Gallic túrmoil and túmult
 This mán shall the Róman state
 Hóld firm and stéady,
 And únder his hórse's hoofs
 Tréad Carthaginian
 And rébel of Gául;
 And to fáther Quirinus
 Suspénd the Spoils Róyal,
 The thírd that were éver
 By Róman arm wón."

And hére said Enéas —
 For he sáw with him góing
 A yóuth of rare beauty
 And brilliántly árméd,
 But his brów far from chéarful,
 And dówncast his eýes —
 "Who 's that yónder, O síre,
 That goes with him as cómrade?
 His són perhaps is he?
 Or óne of the gréat stock
 Óf his descéndants?
 How his cómrades buzz róund him!
 What a hóst he 's himsélf!
 But abóut his head flitting
 Dark Níght spreads her sád shade."
 Then with gúshing tears thús
 Replied fáther Anchises:—

“Ínto thy fá mily’s
Gréat grief, my sòn,
O máke not inquiry;
The Fátes shall but shów
This young mán to the wórld,
And thén away béar him.
Too pówerful, ye Góds,
Had becóme in your eýes
The bréed of the Rómans,
Had ye gíven them for góod and all
Présents like this.
How that Cámpus shall gróan there
Beside Mars’ great cíty!
What funéreal rites, síre
Tiberíne, thou shalt sée,
Ás by that néwly-raised
Túmulus thou glídest!
Néver of Ílian stock
Bóy shall be bórn
That shall ráise in his Látin
Grandfáthers such hópe;
Of nó other sòn
Shall the cóuntry of Rómulus
Máke so loud bóast.
Ah, móurn for him, móurn!
Had he líved, he ’d been géntle,
A mán of his wórd
Like the mén of old tímes,
With éver uncónquered
Right árm in the báttle.
What fóe had unpúnished
Withstóod his footchárge,
Or the rúsh of his fóaming steed

Ráked with the rówels!
 Ah! fínd but the méans
 To break thróugh thy hard fátes,
 O yóuth to be píted,
 And thóu 'lt be Marcéllus.

“Give me lílies in hándfuls;
 Let me scáttér aróund
 Flowers púrpling and bríght:
 What though váin be the óffice,
 I 'll with a profúsiön
 Of súch gifts at léast
 Heap the sóul of my grándson.”

In the bróad, airy láwns
 So they wánder abóut,
 And scrútinise évery thing
 Ín the whole région:
 All which to his sön
 When Anchíses had shówn,
 And póinted out tó him
 Each séparate óbject,
 Ánd with a lónging
 For th' óncoming glóry
 Had kíndled his sóul,
 He describes next the wárs
 To be wáged by the héro,
 And abóut the Lauréntian
 Péoples infórms him,
 And Latínus's cíty,
 And hów to avóid best
 Or béar every tróuble.

There are twó gates of Sléep,
 The one hórný, they sáy,
 And affórding free pássage
 To réally true visions:
 Through the óther, of white
 Glossy ívory wróught,
 The Mánes their fálse dreams
 Send úp to the wórld.
 Toward the ívory gáte
 Anchíses his són
 Condúcts as he speáks,
 And with him the Síbyl,
 And léts both out thróugh it.
 To the shíps and his cómrades
 Enéas retúrns;
 Then alóng the shore cóasts
 To Caiéta's port stráight.
 From the prów they cast ánchor:
 The stérns line the shóre.



CORRIGENDA.

- Sign. γ 6. Line 4 from bottom, instead of thóu, read thou
 Sign. γ 7. Line 14 from bottom, instead of óur, read our
 Sign. c 2. Line 12 from bottom, instead of impóster, read
 impóstor

- Page 1. Instead of lines 8, 9, 10 from top, read
Mars' bristling árms and Hím whom first
And léader fróm the cóasts of Tróy
Fate bróught to Ítaly réfugée,*
- Page 3. Instead of lines 13 and 14 from top, read
Which shé had been fóremost
To wáge against Tróy
On behálf of dear Árgos — *
- Page 4. Line 15 from top, instead of I, read Í
- Page 16. Line 6 from bottom, instead of Troys, read Troy's
- Page 20. Line 2 from bottom, instead of bréast, read wáist,
- Page 32. Instead of line 14 from bottom, read
For ús — we have nóthing to féar;
And thóu — thou shalt néver repént thee*
- Page 59. Instead of line 8 from bottom, read
And Macháon the príncipal móver,*
- Page 90. Instead of lines 9 and 8 from bottom, read
For while, divérging fróm the róad's
Diréction knówn, I fóllow býe-paths,
- Page 143. Instead of lines 15 and 14 from bottom, read
Í acknówledge Í 'm one
Óf that créw of Dánaĩ
- Page 152. Last line, instead of knéw, read knów
- Page 157. Instead of line 3 from top, read
Ánd on the tóp o' th' crág the Nýmphs huzzáed.*
- Page 168. Line 7 from bottom, instead of píous, read fórmér*
- Page 176. Line 11 from top, instead of Ílían, read Ílian

* For the reason of this alteration see my *Notes of a Twelve Years' Voyage of Discovery in the First Six Books of the Eneis*.

de la Haye

Dijon

Henry, J.

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